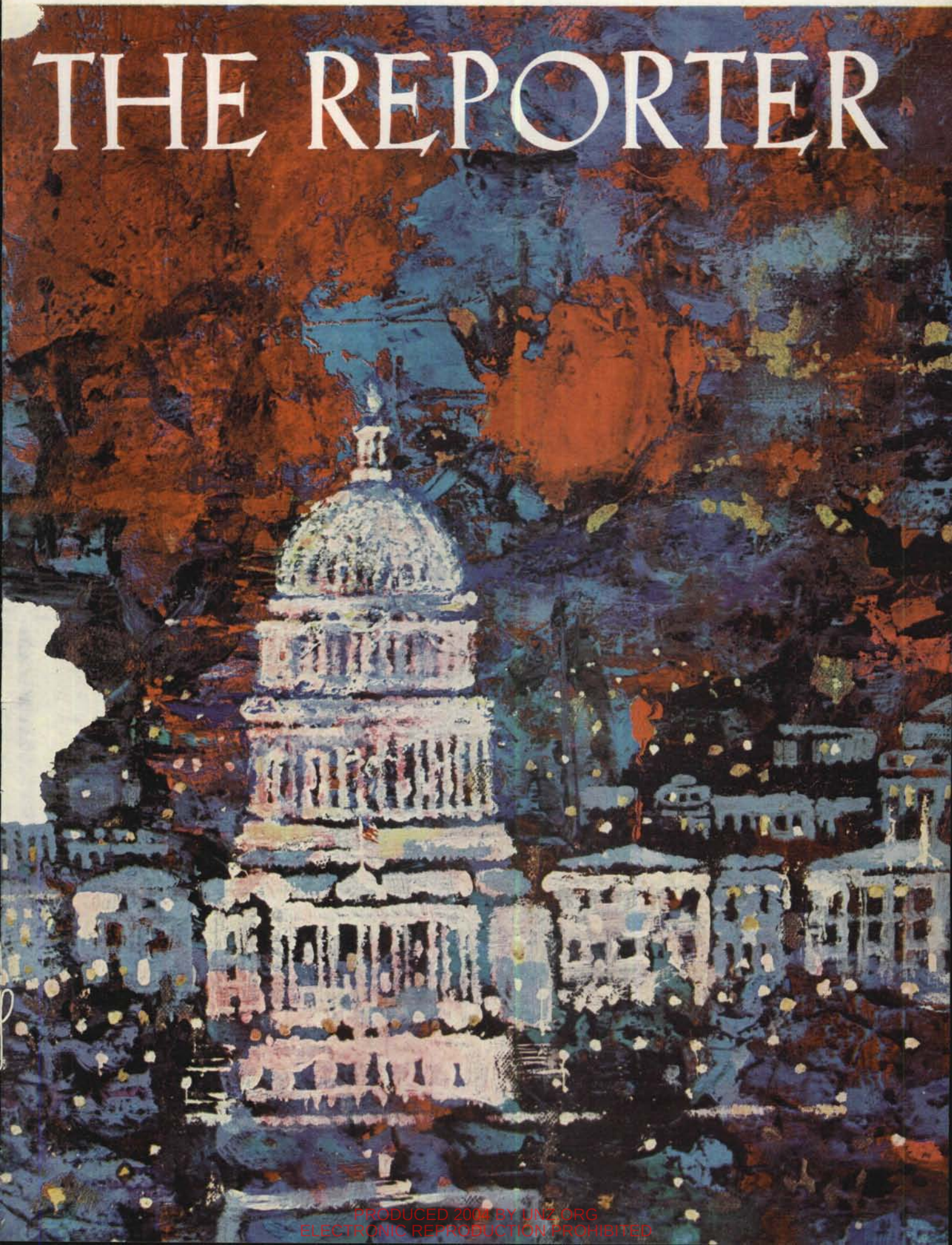
J. F. K.——The 22nd of November

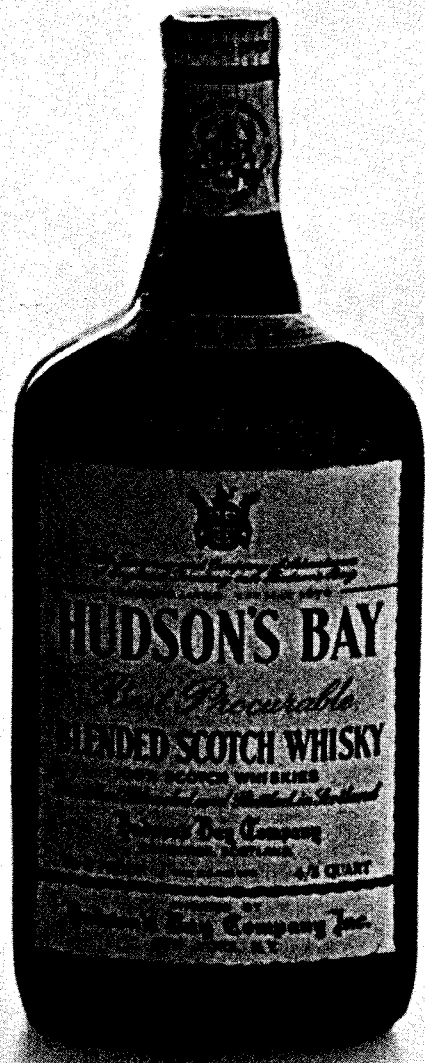
December 5, 1963 35¢

THE REPORTER



PRODUCED 2008 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now that you have acquired a taste for scotch...



you are ready for Hudson's Bay

Scotch takes a bit of getting used to. The novice will sip into it gradually. Probably start with one of the well-known "light" scotches. But once you acquire the taste, it's time for the rich full body and character of Hudson's Bay Best Procurable. (If you'd like to see how totally unalike great scotches can be, taste and compare a jigger of Hudson's Bay with a jigger of any of the others.)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

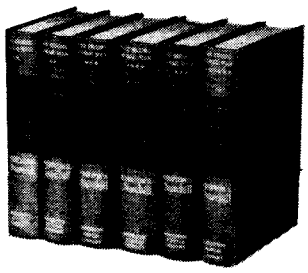
A DRAMATIC DEMONSTRATION OF THE REMARKABLE NEW LIBRARY-BUILDING SYSTEM OF THE

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

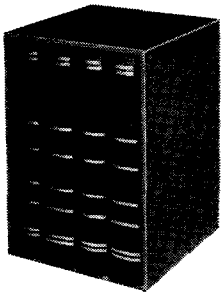
ANY ONE OF THESE LIBRARY SETS FOR $1 A VOLUME

IN A SHORT TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION . . . YOU SIMPLY AGREE TO BUY FOUR CLUB SELECTIONS OR ALTERNATES WITHIN A YEAR . . . CHOOSING THEM FROM AMONG AT LEAST 200 THAT WILL BE AVAILABLE

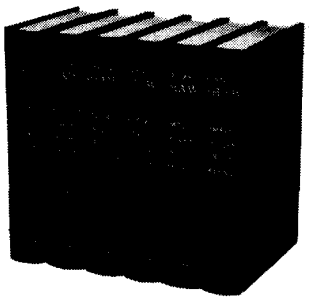
599. THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION
by WILL DURANT
Publisher's retail price **$86**



404. THE SECOND WORLD WAR
by WINSTON S. CHURCHILL
Publisher's retail prices, if bought separately, total **$39**



469. THE NEW ILLUSTRATED MEDICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA FOR HOME USE
Edited by ROBERT E. ROTHENBERG, M.D.
Publisher's retail price **$50**



560. BERNARD SHAW
Complete Plays with Prefaces
Publisher's retail price **$45**

AN UNPRECEDENTED HOME-LIBRARY BUILDING PLAN

THE PURPOSE of this suggested trial membership is to demonstrate, *by your own actual experience*, four things highly important for every reading family. First, that membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club is a certain way to keep from missing, through oversight or overbusyness, the new books you fully intend to read; second, that you will pay on the average 20% less for those books you want than you otherwise would; third, that you will have a wide choice—more than 200 books a year; and fourth, that under the Club's new Book-Dividend system, you will be acquiring useful or beautiful volumes—and fine high-priced sets—for really trifling sums, as in the case of the four sets pictured above.

✶ **HOW CAN THIS BE DONE?** The answer to that natural question is that the Club's Book-Dividend system is comparable to the traditional profit-sharing system of consumer cooperatives. The Club regularly sets aside what is termed its Book-Dividend Fund. As this total accumulates, entire editions of valuable books are contracted for, and the books themselves are distributed among members. Over the past thirty years Club members have received—through this unique plan—the staggering total of over $280,000,000 worth of books (retail value), *wholly without charge or for a nominal sum.*

✶ **YOU NOW HAVE A CHOICE OF BOOK-DIVIDENDS** • In the past a Book-Dividend was offered to members with every two books bought. Since the beginning of 1962, one has been made available *with every single Selection or alternate a member buys.* The system is simple: with each book you buy you receive a Book-Dividend Certificate, which is redeemable when accompanied by a nominal sum—*usually $1.00*—for an expensive library volume of your own choice. At present more than 100 different volumes are available as Book-Dividends. Many multi-volume sets are included (with publishers' retail prices as high as $76.00), and most of them can be acquired by paying no more than $1.00 a volume, on presenting your certificates.

✶ **GOOD SENSE FOR READING FAMILIES** • Within the next twelve months you are sure to find at least four books that you will buy anyway—among the Club's Selections and alternates. Is it not good sense to buy them from the Club, in this suggested trial? You are free to stop after you have taken four if you do not find by actual experience that membership is as beneficial as you anticipate.

DO NOT SEND MONEY . . . A BILL WILL BE SENT WITH YOUR SET

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A157-12-1
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a trial member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the library set whose number I have indicated in the box at right, billing me $1.00 for each volume. I agree to purchase at least four additional monthly Selections—or alternates—during the first year I am a member. Members' prices for these books average 20% less than the publishers' retail prices. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying these four books. During the trial and thereafter, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend Certificate with every Selection—or alternate—I buy. Each certificate together with a nominal sum—usually $1.00—can be redeemed for a Book-Dividend which I may choose from a wide variety always available. **PLEASE NOTE:** Occasionally the Club will offer two or more books together at *a special combined price.* (Such purchases are counted as a single book in fulfilling the membership obligation.) A small charge is added to all book shipments to cover postage and mailing expense.

INDICATE BY NUMBER IN BOX THE LIBRARY SET YOU WANT

MR. / MRS. / MISS .....
(Please print plainly)

Address.....

City..... *Zone*.....

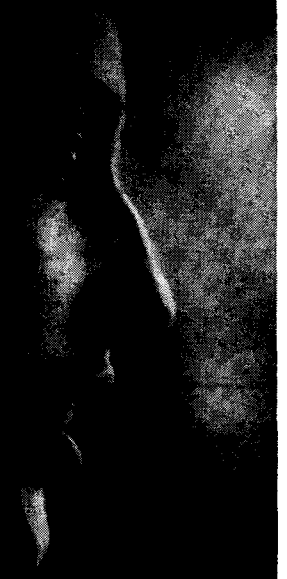
State.....

28

The trademarks BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB *and* BOOK-DIVIDEND *are registered by Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., in the U.S. Patent Office and in Canada.*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VANGUARD
RECORDS



Just Released!

JOAN BAEZ
IN CONCERT
PART 2

Once I Had a Sweetheart, Jackaroe, Don't Think Twice, We Shall Overcome, Portland Town, Queen of Hearts, Manha de Carnaval, Te Ador, Long Black Veil, Railroad Bill, Rambler-Gambler, Fennario, 'Nu Bello Cardillo, Three Fishers, Hush Little Baby, Battle Hymn of the Republic.

VRS-9113 (Mono) & VSD-2123 (Stereo)

What critics wrote of Joan Baez in Concert (Part One)

"With each successive release, the conviction grows that Miss Baez is a talent of the first magnitude; that she is, in fact, one of the great balladeers of our time . . . She is a very important, very moving artist."
O. B. Brummell, High Fidelity

"She holds firm to the same unrammeled naturalness and interpretive integrity that brought her beautiful vocalism to the fore three years ago."
Robert Shelton, New York Times

"Quite obviously, a remarkable artist, with the voice, the depth and the communicative magic to hold her audience enthralled, whatever she undertakes to sing."
Robert Sherman, Saturday Review

THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor and Publisher*

Co-Editor, Dwight Martin
Executive Editor, Philip Horton *Managing Editor*, Robert Bingham
Senior Editor, Gouverneur Paulding *National Affairs Editor*, Douglass Cater
Assistant Managing Editor, Derek Morgan *Copy Editor*, Donald A. Allan
Art Director, Reg Massie
Writers: Claire Sterling, Edmond Taylor, Meg Greenfield, George Bailey, Barbara Carter
Staff: Elizabeth Parsons (*Asst. to the Editor*), Louisa Messolonghites (*Asst. to Mng. Ed.*), Ruth Ames (*Librarian*), John A. Anderson, Jr., Lee Culpepper, Virginia Held, Nora Magid

General Manager, John J. Borghi
Circulation Manager, George Hinckley *Director of Advertising*, E. Laurence White, Jr.
Director of Promotion, Shirley Katzander *Production Manager*, Rudolph Ford
Controller, Anthony E. Lanza
Published by The Reporter Magazine Company, Nathan W. Levin, President

VOLUME 29, NO. 10 **DECEMBER 5, 1963**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 14
THE 22ND OF NOVEMBER—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 19

The House of Labor

MR. MEANY'S CURSE . . . . . *A. H. Raskin* 20
A BETTER DAY FOR BROTHER RANDOLPH . . . . . *Thomas R. Brooks* 23
WHITE-COLLAR AUTOMATION . . . . . *Thomas O'Toole* 24

At Home & Abroad

SANTO DOMINGO: THE EMPTY SHOWCASE . . . . . *Donald A. Allan* 28
NEHRU'S NEW CENTRISM . . . . . *Ashwini Kumari* 32
MY OLD LADIES . . . . . *Mary Zavada* 35
THE STALIN-TROTSKY SPLIT: A LESSON FOR KREMLINOLOGISTS . . . *Jerry A. Hough* 37

Views & Reviews

THE SITUATION—SHORT STORY . . . . . *Bloke Modisane* 40
BLACK WOMAN—VERSE . . . . . *Léopold Sédar Senghor* 41
THE COLOSSAL NIGHTINGALE . . . . . *Fred Grunfeld* 52
Books:
IN DEFENSE OF A FRIEND . . . . . *Xam Ilocsa* 56
NEW WAYS IN ARCHITECTURE . . . . . *Hilton Kramer* 58
BAN THE POOH! . . . . . *Robert S. Gallagher* 62
TRANSCENDENTAL TAX DODGE . . . . . *Gerald Weales* 63
INCOMPETENCE—DRAWING . . . . . *Fernando Krahn* 64
THE REPORTER PUZZLE 50

THE REPORTER, December 5, 1963, Volume 29, No. 10. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. © 1963 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription prices, United States and U. S. Possessions: One year $7, Two years $11, Three years $14 Additional postage for Canada and Pan-American Union, $.50 per year; all other countries, $1 00 per year. Please give four weeks' notice when changing address, giving old and new address. **Send notice of undelivered copies on Form 3579 to: The Reporter, McCall St., Dayton 1, Ohio.** Indexed in *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service.*

Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

Editorial and Business Office: 660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.; Phone: TEmpleton 2-8800. Washington Office: 500 - National Press Bldg., 14th and F Sts., N.W., Washington 4, D.C., District 7-0045.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PATTERNS OF MYTH

Alan W. Watts, General Editor

Each richly illustrated volume in this unique reference set combines extensive selections from original sources of world mythology with important interpretive texts, to form a meaningful panorama of universal themes, their symbols and significance through history to the present. Together, the three large volumes comprise an encyclopedic library of great writings that explore the fundamental structures of human experience, thought and imagination.

Good and evil, life and death, renewal and resurrection; creation, growth, and initiation—these and many other recurring themes in the mythologies of the world are examined by the authors (each a notable authority in his field) and related to the immediate experience of the individual. Using all the insights provided by contemporary anthropology, psychology, and religion, and drawing on the writings of foremost philosophers, psychoanalysts, mystics, and theologians, PATTERNS OF MYTH is a vast historical and cultural inquiry into the dynamics of myth —as illustrated in an accompanying wealth of mythic literature: epics, legends, tales, poems, and philosophical and religious texts.

The retail price of this valuable and entertaining reference work is $17.50. Yet you may have it **without charge,** as a demonstration of the many benefits of membership in The Book Find Club.

3 VOLS. IN A HANDSOME SLIPCASE • 875 PAGES • 110 ILLUSTRATIONS • OVERALL DIMENSIONS 8¾" x 5⅞" x 4¼" • BIBLIOGRAPHY AND INDEX

ALPHA:
The Myths of Creation
by Charles H. Long

From the ancient cradles of Western Civilization, to the sources of Oriental cultures and the various cultures of the South Pacific —creation myths have provided the keystones around which societies are built.

Myth and Mythical Thinking • Myth and Religion • Emergence Myths • Birth Myths • Creation from Nothing • Creation from Chaos • Dualism • Myth and the Unconscious • Mythical Symbols • Myth and Science • The Earth Mother • Bisexuality in Gods • Creation and Sacrifice

• AND MANY MORE •

THE TWO HANDS OF GOD:
The Myths of Polarity
by Alan W. Watts

Alan W. Watts begins with Chinese and Indian philosophies of the harmony of opposites, then moves Westward toward less unified ways of seeing the world, until in the Christian imagery of God and the Devil the two forces become unalterably opposed.

The Primordial Pair • Tibetan Book of the Dead • Jos. Campbell • Lao-tzu • The Upanishads • Jung • Freud • Tao te Ching • The Cosmic Dance • Bhagavad-Gita • Egyptian, Hebrew, and Other Middle Eastern Myths • The Dead Sea Scriptures • Ultimate Dualism • Plato • Greek Myths • Buddhist Texts

• AND MANY MORE •

THE WISDOM OF THE SERPENT:
The Myths of Death, Rebirth, and Resurrection
by Joseph L. Henderson and Maud Oakes

From primitive mythologies to modern psychoanalytic interpretation, the interrelated concepts of mortality and immortality have constantly and universally been considered fundamental motivations underlying the beliefs and behavior of man.

Fear of Death • Death and Rebirth as Cosmic pattern • The Dance of Shiva • Shamanism • Resurrection, Rebirth and Individuation • Baptism • Initiation as a Spritual Education • Initiation as Psychic Liberation • Death and Rebirth as a Cycle of Nature

• AND MANY MORE •

FREE
RETAIL $17.50

The important new 3-volume illustrated set **PATTERNS OF MYTH** and the *outstanding books listed below are all recent selections that the Book Find* Club has offered its members at substantial savings. You will recognize them as works of current interest and lasting value—solid, readable books that range from the social science to the fine arts. And these are only a few from the outstanding list of more than 100 books and records that the Book Find Club will make available to you, if you join now.

■ **CONVENIENCE.** Membership in the Book Find Club makes it possible for you to shop for the books you want in the comfort of your own home—enabling you to build your library conveniently and inexpensively. Moreover, *you need choose only the books you want.* ■ **AVERAGE SAVINGS OF 40%.** As a member you will regularly enjoy savings of 40% on the books you take. Furthermore on certain choices your savings will reach and even exceed 50%. ■ **BONUS BOOKS.** When your introductory agreement is completed, you will be entitled to a free bonus book **of your own choosing** after every third selection that you take. ■ Why not take advantage of this extraordinary offer today? And receive **PATTERNS OF MYTH** FREE, with the first selection of your membership.

BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THESE OUTSTANDING BOOKS

Saint Genet: *Actor and Martyr,* Jean-Paul Sartre. Retail $8.50...Member's price $5.95.
Cat and Mouse, Günter Grass; *and* **Challenge to Affluence,** Gunnar Myrdal. Combined retail price $7.90.....Member's price $5.95.
The American Way of Death, Jessica Mitford. Retail price $4.95. Member's price $3.95.
The Essential Walter Lippmann: *A Political Philosophy for Liberal Democracy.* Editors: Clinton Rossiter & James Lare. Retail $7.50.....Member's price $5.50.
Memories, Dreams, Reflections, C. G. Jung. Retail $7.50.....Member's price $5.95.
Eichmann in Jerusalem: *A Report on the Banality of Evil,* Hannah Arendt; *and* **Love Declared:** *Essays on the Myths of Love,* Denis de Rougemont. Combined retail price $10.00.....Combined member's price $5.95.
The City in History, *Lewis Mumford. Retail $11.50.....Member's price $6.95.*
Sex, Culture and Myth, Bronislaw Malinowski. Retail $6.95. Member's price $5.50.
The Basic Writings of Bertrand Russell. Retail $10.00.....Member's price $5.95.
Identity and Anxiety: *Survival of the Person in Mass Society.* Including Mead, Orwell, Rosenberg, Howe, Richards, Gorer, Jaspers, Mills, and more.
Retail $7.50.....Member's price $4.95.
Prehistory and the Beginnings of Civilization, Jacquetta Hawkes and Sir Leonard Woolley. Retail $12.50.....Member's price $6.95.
The Masks of God: *Oriental Mythology,* Joseph Campbell.
Retail $7.50. .....Member's price $5.50.

THE BOOK FIND CLUB, INC.
215 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003

You may enroll me and send PATTERNS OF MYTH free, with my first selection at the special member's price (plus postage and handling). I agree to buy four additional selections or alternates in the next 12 months from the wide range of books that will be made available to me at substantial savings. When I do not want the current selection—or prefer to order another book—I may do so on the convenient form provided for this purpose. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing the four additional books.

First Selection_____

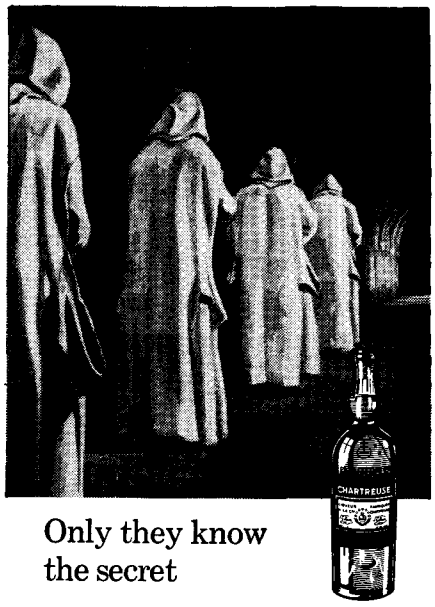
Mr.
Mrs.....
Miss Please print full name

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip Code.....

(Same offer and price in Canada. 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.) B63-123

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Only they know the secret

Only four monks of the Carthusian Order know the secret of making Chartreuse, a secret preserved for more than 350 years. Their dedication is rewarded by your enjoyment of this superb liqueur. Before or after dinner, or as a delightful chilled drink, Chartreuse is enjoyable in a variety of ways. For illustrated booklet on Chartreuse, write Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., New York, Dept. BB

CHARTREUSE

Yellow 86 Proof • Green 110 Proof

Now ! fly

ETHIOPIAN BOEING 720B FAN JETS

From 6 famous gateways Madrid, Athens, Frankfurt, Accra, Nairobi, Cairo . . . FLY ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES Imperial Jets for speed, quiet, comfort, to and across Africa . . .

Visit Ethiopia . . . an ancient culture surviving into the jet age — adventure of a lifetime!

ETHIOPIAN JETS

See your Travel Agent
TWA General Agents in U.S. and Europe

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S DEATH has touched off political and emotional reactions that will be affecting the national and international scene for months, perhaps years to come. In his editorial, **Max Ascoli** pays tribute to the young President and assesses the responsibilities the country faces.

IN WHAT may be called the triumvirate of associated giants that more or less rules our erstwhile Jeffersonian country, big labor is inevitably listed along with big government and big business. In spite of having started last, labor has reached bigness and it has been growing at a fantastic pace. Until recently, labor has been going along cosily with the other two, but now it is practically alone in facing an inanimate yet overpowering new bigness: automation. What can labor do for itself? Can business and government provide some assistance? This is certainly one of the major troubles facing our nation. No sensible person can foresee or even less prescribe, but competent people can offer valuable diagnoses of labor's plight.

We have asked a man of unsurpassed authority, **A. H. Raskin** of the editorial board of the New York *Times*, to report on the recent AFL-CIO convention at which George Meany called automation a curse. . . . **Thomas R. Brooks**, a free-lance writer who has written extensively on labor, comments on the very friendly attitude that the heads of organized labor are showing toward the Negro. . . . **Thomas O'Toole**, a former associate editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, describes the impact of automation on the white-collar workers.

MORE THAN two months after the military coup in the Dominican Republic that drove President Juan Bosch into exile, the situation in Santo Domingo—and in Washington—remains confused and confusing. **Donald A. Allan** went to the Dominican Republic to size up the situation for us. . . . **Ashwini Kumari**, an Indian newspaperwoman, discusses signs of revolt in Prime Minister Nehru's Congress Party. . . . Now in England as a research scholar at the University of London, **Mary Zavada** has been a lecturer on writing at Trinity College in Washington, D.C. . . . The vituperative quarrel between the Soviet Union and China has spurred many professionally wise people to try to figure out the use we can make, if any, of the split in our opponents' ranks. **Jerry A. Hough** points out how another great split in the Communist ranks once led to serious delusions on our part. Mr. Hough teaches in the department of political science at the University of Illinois.

Bloke Modisane is a former newspaperman who worked on the Johannesburg, South Africa, *Golden City Post*. In his autobiography, *Blame Me on History*, just published by Dutton, he writes about the strains that an educated African must endure. . . . Instead of being subjected to British and Dutch influences in South Africa, **Léopold Sédar Senghor** was exposed to the classical educational system of metropolitan France. Poet and statesman, he is president of his country, the Republic of Senegal. The French text of his poem "Black Woman," translated by Charles Guenther, is reprinted here from *Ethiopiques* (Les Editions du Seuil, Paris). . . . **Fred Grunfeld** sends musical criticism and occasional pieces from Mallorca. . . . Although the name **Xam Ilocsa** sounds vaguely Albanian, it isn't. However, Mr. Ilocsa was born in Ferrara, only a few miles from the Adriatic. . . . **Hilton Kramer** is a frequent contributor of articles on the arts. . . . **Robert S. Gallagher** is a free-lance writer. . . . **Gerald Weales**, who teaches at the University of Pennsylvania, is the author of *American Drama Since World War II* (Harcourt, Brace). . . . **Fernando Krahn**, our Chilean commentator, makes a fourth graphic appearance.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"P-Please, Mister, how do I get out of these woods?"

The green telephone truck ground to a sudden stop on the woods trail.

Installer Jim Phillips looked down from his cab at a seven-year-old boy with a feathered headdress and a quivering lip.

"P-Please, Mister," said the small Indian, "I guess I must be lost. How do I get out of these woods?"

Jim smiled, choked back a laugh, and invited the boy to hop in. But he refused. Wise parents had taught him never to accept rides from strangers.

So Jim did the next best thing. He put his truck into low gear and with Chief Lost-in-the-Woods trudging along behind, led him six blocks back to civilization.

This little story is true—and typical of the spirit that telephone men and women bring to their work. They try to be good neighbors and give good service.

Because they're human, they don't always succeed, of course. But thanks to their earnest effort, you enjoy the finest, fastest, friendliest telephone service in the world.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

SERVING YOU

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

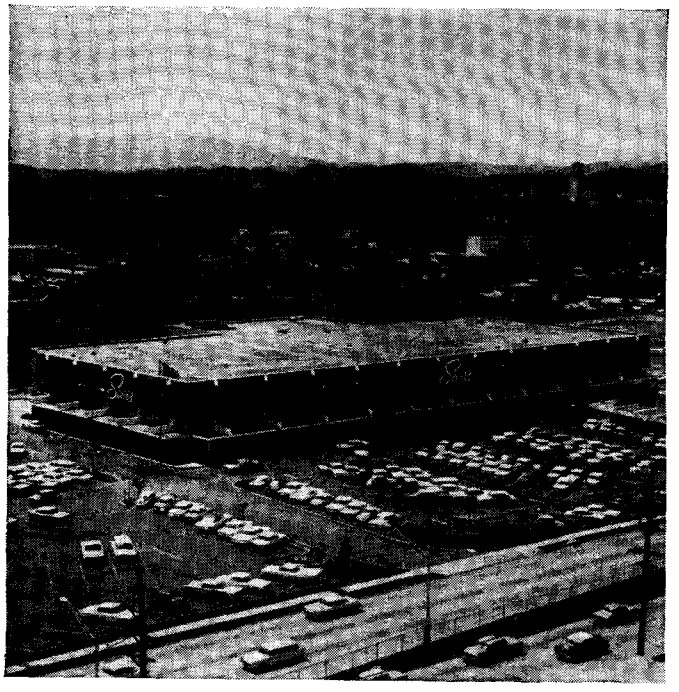
PROGRESS REPORT TO U. S. INDUSTRY FROM THE COMMONWEALTH OF PUERTO RICO:

U.S. business is now investing $1,000,000 a day in the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

Department of Commerce figures reveal U.S. businessmen invested over $400 million in Puerto Rico in 1962. Here are a few of the well-known firms that invested money in this flourishing Commonwealth last year.

Sheraton Corporation

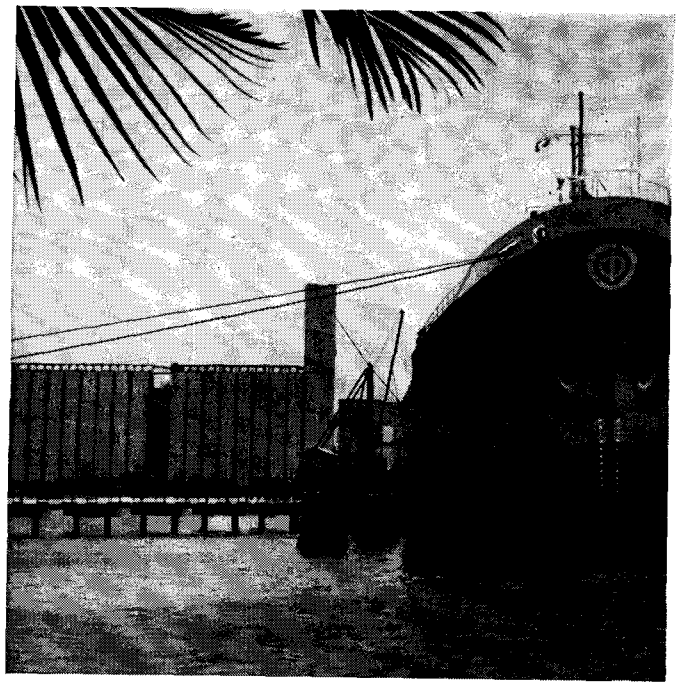
The new Puerto Rico Sheraton hotel, above, opened in San Juan on October 1st. It represents a combined U. S. and local investment of $12 million. The 450-room Puerto Rico Sheraton hotel is the tallest building in the Commonwealth—21 stories. It features: rooftop restaurant, secluded beach, and complete convention facilities.



Sears

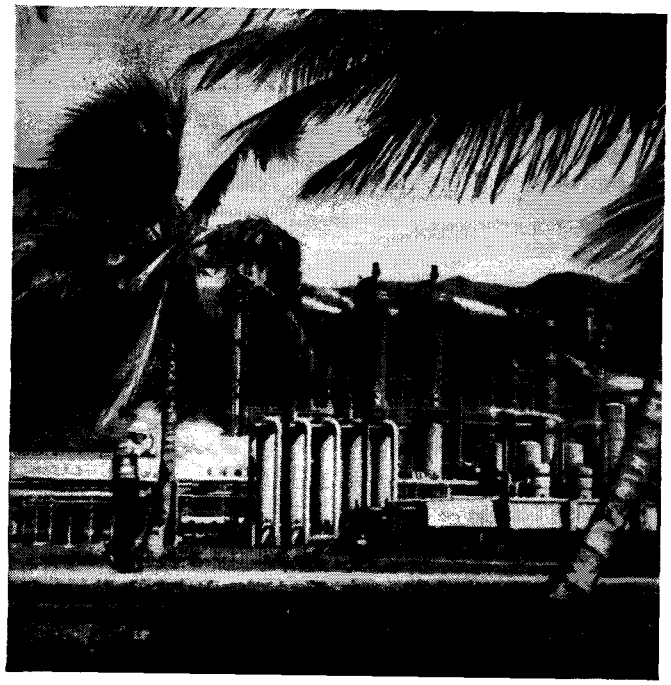
Sears, Roebuck and Co. operates 8 stores in the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. The newest and biggest is the 150,000 sq. ft. Hato Rey store above. It stocks 45,000 items. This year, Sears will buy over $12 million worth of goods manufactured in Puerto Rico for sale in Sears stores throughout the world as well as in the Commonwealth.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



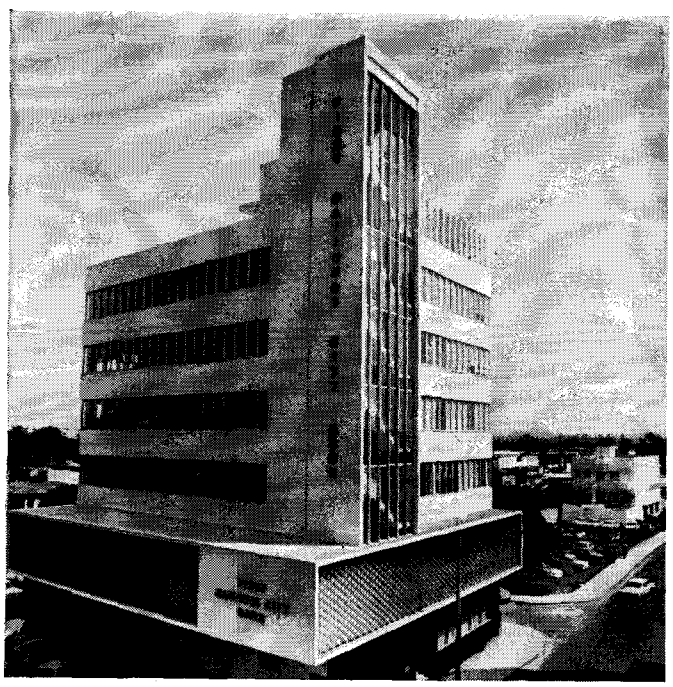
Nebraska Consolidated Mills

This firm has $10 million invested in Puerto Rico. It has built two grain elevators like the installation above. It also has a flour mill, a corn meal mill, and an animal feed mill. *The latter produces 1,600,000 tons of feed per year.* Planned additional investment: $2 million to increase storage capacity and build a soybean mill.



Union Carbide

Union Carbide recently began construction of its second plant in Puerto Rico. It will produce alcohol intermediates. The new facility will cost approximately $22 million. With its existing ethylene glycols plant, above, Union Carbide will have one of the largest single industrial investments in the Commonwealth—over $50 million.



First National City Bank

First National City Bank now has 11 branches in Puerto Rico —with 5 in metropolitan San Juan. The bank employs over 700 people on the island. Deposits in the Commonwealth total $222 million. Loans and investments: $162 million. First National City's new Santurce branch, above, was opened last March.

Blue-Chip Firms with Manufacturing Operations in Puerto Rico

Company	No. of Plants	Company	No. of Plants
American Can	2	Johnson & Johnson	1
American Hardware	1	Kayser-Roth	8
American Motors	1	Kimberly-Clark	1
Beatrice Foods	1	Libby, McNeil & Libby	1
Beaunit Mills	1	Midland-Ross	1
Borden	1	Mohasco Industries	1
Brunswick	3	National Biscuit	1
Burlington Industries	1	Parke-Davis	2
California Packing	1	Phelps Dodge	2
Carborundum	2	Philadelphia & Reading	1
Central Soya	1	Ralston Purina	1
Colgate-Palmolive	2	Reichhold Chemicals	1
Commonwealth Oil Refining	1	Shell Oil	2
Consolidated Cigar	8	Sherwin-Williams	1
Continental Can	1	Simmons	1
Ford Motor	1	Sperry Rand	2
General Electric	4	Sprague Electric	2
Glidden	2	Stanley-Warner	3
Goodrich (B. F.)	3	Sterling Drug	1
Grace (W. R.)	1	Stokely-Van Camp	1
Gulf Oil	1	Sunbeam	3
H. J. Heinz	1	Union Carbide	2
Hunt Foods	1	U.S. Rubber	1
International Paper	3	Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical	2
International Shoe	5	Wilson	1
International Tel. & Tel.	1		

This is one of a series of reports to U.S. industry on the economic and cultural development of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: Write for "Puerto Rico '63," a report on productivity, profits and special incentives. The address: Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. 102K, 666 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"This book will be read as long as our civilization continues."
—CHARLES A. LINDBERGH

Based on Dr. Goddard's own diaries and secret papers: the definitive portrait of the shy, stubborn "visionary" who invented the modern rocket and plunged a reluctant world into the Space Age.

This High Man
The Life of Robert Goddard
By MILTON LEHMAN
Illustrated with photographs and diagrams. Foreword by Charles A. Lindbergh
$6.50, now at your bookstore
FARRAR, STRAUS & COMPANY

Give him an XK-E Jag for Christmas.

Why Not? Of course, you can go one better and make it a whole stable of "souped-up" racing machines, and you might even throw in a private racing layout and everything that goes with it. Really want to be popular? Then give official 1/32 scale Strombecker Model Road Racing—the only racing sets with breathless 200 mph speeds . . . head-on competition . . . and the thrill-a-second excitement of real road racing! See Strombecker's 5 complete sets, from $24.95 to $64.95 . . . 14 famous racing cars . . . and scores of authentic accessories at all fine toy departments and hobby stores today! Send 10¢ for Table Top Topics to: Dept. RP-12 Strombecker, 600 N. Pulaski Rd., Chicago 24, Ill.

CORRESPONDENCE

PARTY REALIGNMENT

To the Editor: Roger D. Masters ("Realignment on the Right," *The Reporter,* November 7) is correct in his contention that we are quite possibly heading into a party realignment that may be comparable to those of 1856-1860, 1892-1896, and 1928-1932. This seems likely if Goldwater is the Republican nominee in 1964; with Nixon as the nominee, the process would move more slowly but would probably happen anyhow by 1968 or 1972.

My view is that if Goldwater is nominated next year, he will perform the same function for the Republican Party (in mirror-image fashion) that Al Smith performed for the Democratic Party in 1928. Smith, of course, was badly beaten, but he brought the Northern urban vote into the Democratic Party after thirty years in which it had been repelled by such candidates as Bryan, Cox, and Davis.

Goldwater's historic function may be to bring the more conservative portion of the Southern white vote into the Republican Party, where it obviously belongs. He could accomplish this even if he is as badly beaten as Al Smith was, after which the party would turn to someone else in 1968. The alignment might then be completed in 1968 by someone like Franklin Roosevelt (again in mirror-image fashion). It would be the function of the 1968 Republican candidate to win by running well everywhere while holding as much as possible of the Goldwater gains in the South.

In his handling of the historic time periods, Mr. Masters suggests that he may have read *The Politics of National Party Conventions,* by David, Goldman, and Bain, which is built around time periods similar to those he uses. If so, he neglected our analysis of what happened in the states in conjunction with party realignment at the national level. The realignment of 1896 was followed by an increasing number of one-party states; almost the whole country froze up in a one-party pattern at the state level. The opposite case followed the realignment of 1932, almost everywhere except in the South.

Currently the most pathological aspect of American politics is the continuing failure to achieve a two-party system in state politics in the South. If a Goldwater nomination will achieve this, it would be worth the price, especially since there is so little danger that he can really be elected—which is in turn the main reason why in the end he may not be nominated.

Even if one is willing to grant virtues of a mixed-up national party system, including the benefits of the present situation in Congress, a continuation of one-party state politics in the South is too high a price to pay. In terms of the problem of getting the Republican Party to recognize reality, the best thing that could happen to it would be a party realignment that gave it a continuing possibility—not a probability, just a possibility—of achieving genuine majorities in both Congressional and Presidential elections about half of the time.

PAUL T. DAVID
University of Virginia
Charlottesville

To the Editor: Professor Roger Masters suggests that a realignment of political parties would divide the nation into extreme conservative and liberal camps. This, he adds, would violate the wisdom of the Founding Fathers and menace our domestic tranquillity. Senator Jacob Javits has recently developed the same theme in another journal.

Perhaps we can be less concerned with the wisdom of the Fathers than with such wisdom as we are able to muster. Fortunately, there is a saving factor which Mr. Masters and Senator Javits overlook—the instinct of political parties to win. American parties normally must achieve a majority to win the Presidency, and no American majority will unite on an extreme program. Thus a realignment is likely to produce not extreme parties but a moderate liberal and a moderate conservative party.

This hopeful development probably will not occur at the outset of party realignment, since the exhilaration and overoptimism associated with the break may well lead the Goldwater conservatives to espouse policies which are soul-satisfying to them but repugnant to a solid majority of voters. The sobering effects of an election or two, however, will rapidly restore a normal, healthy party interest in winning. Since winning means that rigid—and archaic—ideologies must give way to pragmatic vote-getting considerations, moderation will soon set in.

A democracy should not impose a heavier burden on its people than they can reasonably bear. We ask our electorate to understand—and judge—a hopelessly tangled and chaotic political scene marked by endlessly shifting bipartisan coalitions which make party responsibility a farce. Seasoned Washington newsmen are sometimes baffled by the intricate maneuvers and complexities of the legislative melee. Party realignment would help introduce a degree of clarity and comprehensibility into our political system which may well be indispensable to the long-run survival of democracy.

REO M. CHRISTENSON
Professor of Government
Miami University,
Oxford, Ohio

POINT OF ORDER!

To the Editor: Pseudo-intellectualism, the religion of the Left, orbits in planes far removed from the common body of Americans. Specific evidence was your editorial ("Fasten Your Seat Belts") of November 7. Your normally cold, cal-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

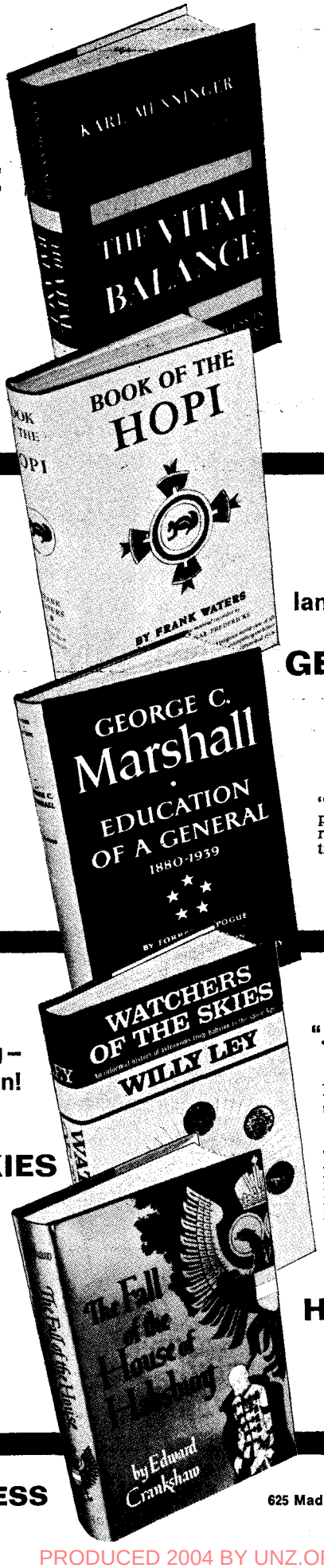
KARL MENNINGER's
crowning achievement

THE VITAL BALANCE

The Life Process in Mental Health & Illness

With Martin Mayman and Paul Pruyser

This wise and hopeful book—the fruit of a lifetime of thought, action, and experience—explains the new unitary concept of psychiatry that regards all disturbed states as stages in a single process. To read this revolutionary book is to gain new insight into the nature of mental illness and new confidence in one's inner resources. $10.00



VIKING

has some of the season's outstanding non-fiction!

A strange and wonderful book that reveals for the first time their ancient ceremonial secrets

BOOK OF THE HOPI

by Frank Waters

Drawings and Source Material Recorded by Oswald White Bear Fredericks

A work of the utmost anthropological importance that not only describes the celebrated dances and rituals of the Hopi, but tells the meaning of sacred ceremonials as elders of the tribe have at last revealed them. *Beautifully illustrated with many line drawings, color decorations, and halftones. Published Dec. 2nd.* $10.00

"The first volume in what will surely be an outstanding landmark in American biography."
—CHARLES POORE, *N. Y. Times*

GEORGE C. MARSHALL

Education of a General
1880-1939

by Forrest C. Pogue

With the Editorial Assistance of
Gordon Harrison

"Not all the heroics of World War II will surpass this cool, meticulous account of how the right man got to the right place at the right time."—*Newsweek* $7.50

Foreword by General Omar N. Bradley

The best – and most entertaining – history of astronomy ever written!

WILLY LEY's WATCHERS OF THE SKIES

Prophet and historian of the space age, Willy Ley now writes an informal history of the men who increased our knowledge of the skies from Babylon to the present. Even more, he has made this a stimulating record of our increased understanding of the heavens, including what Mariner II learned from its encounter with Venus. *With drawings and photos, appendix, and bibliography.* $7.50

"...very likely the most readable history published this year..."
In many ways, the indispensable background to understanding the Europe of today."
—ROBERT R. KIRSCH, *L. A. Times*

"Crankshaw's masterly book, his man-sized political study, does more than chart the progress of decline. It makes us feel an admiration for grandeur in decay, a compassion for an idol in his superhuman efforts not to fall."
—*Punch Illustrated* $7.50

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF HABSBURG

by Edward Crankshaw

THE VIKING PRESS

625 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An intimacy to share

Her thoughts might influence yours, if you will come along with us, *Réalités* Magazine, inside Europe. We'll take you into a World of new ventures, attitudes and dimensions... into a World that tourists seldom discover.

Each month *Réalités* takes you on an escapade with professional camera and pen down the many different avenues of life on the Continent: the arts, current events, fashion, food, philosophy, politics, travel—topics of great interest... topics of delight, always the things that make European living all-enveloping.

Be intellectually engrossed... be entertained by France's foremost commentators and journalists. Keep *Réalités* within arm's reach to see, perhaps study, the valuable collection of paintings and photographs ingeniously reproduced on heavy varnished paper. You might even agree with the critics who call this "The Most Beautiful Magazine In The World."

Mailed from Paris each month, *Réalités* is available in English-language or French-language editions. Treat yourself, and particular friends or relatives, to the thoroughly fresh and rewarding experience of "living in Europe"... for a year.

Christmas offer, $15 a year, (Regular rate $20) additional subscription $12.50

Réalités

REALITES in America, Dept. 179
301 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017
Please enter my subscription to REALITES:

☐ English Edition
☐ French Edition
☐ 1 year (12 issues) $15.00
☐ Additional subscription—$12.50

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

☐ Payment enclosed.
☐ Please bill me.
☐ Send gift announcement card.

culating pen yielded to an uneasy, tense restraint during the course of analyzing Senator Goldwater's chances in 1964.

You devised several statements illuminating the seamy side of pseudo-intellectualism:

¶ ". . . without being in any conceivable sense of the term radicals, they [the New Frontiersmen] have rallied against themselves an old radicalism irreconcilably antagonistic to the domestic and foreign policies this country must follow. . . ." Sir, I contend that you honestly believe Mr. Kennedy and his ideological cohorts are not radicals. They are merely instituting the programs *required* to execute their exclusive, infallible master plan for society. "Radical" is invective to be used only against one's opponents; therefore, it does not apply to any action taken by the pseudo-intellectuals. Perhaps this explains their (your) quiet endorsement of (a) the Federal Communications Commission's public notice of July 26, 1963, a ruthless maneuver to destroy conservative programs on radio and television by burdening the station managers with the endless responsibility *and duty* of supplying free time to offended liberals; (b) the civil rights bill of 1963, a wide-open, broadside attack on the right to control private property; (c) the King-Anderson Medicare bill of 1962, the first giant leap toward the nationalization of all professions; and (d) the Supreme Court's reapportionment decision of 1962, a literal realization of the breakdown of the Tenth Amendment. These points represent but a minor fraction of the *radical* tendencies of the New Frontier, actions considered radical by the people.

¶ "There could be no dialogue between the two sides, for there cannot be much of a debate between believers in a return to nineteenth-century America on one side and operators on the other. . . ." Interpreted, you say that no merit could ever be discovered in the ideas promoted by conservatives —no language spans the light-years separating the goodness and virtue of the New Frontier and the inherent wickedness allegedly in conservatism. This is nothing short of pure, unadulterated snobbery; this is nothing but Darwinism in the political arena—that system or idea coming later in history is innately superior.

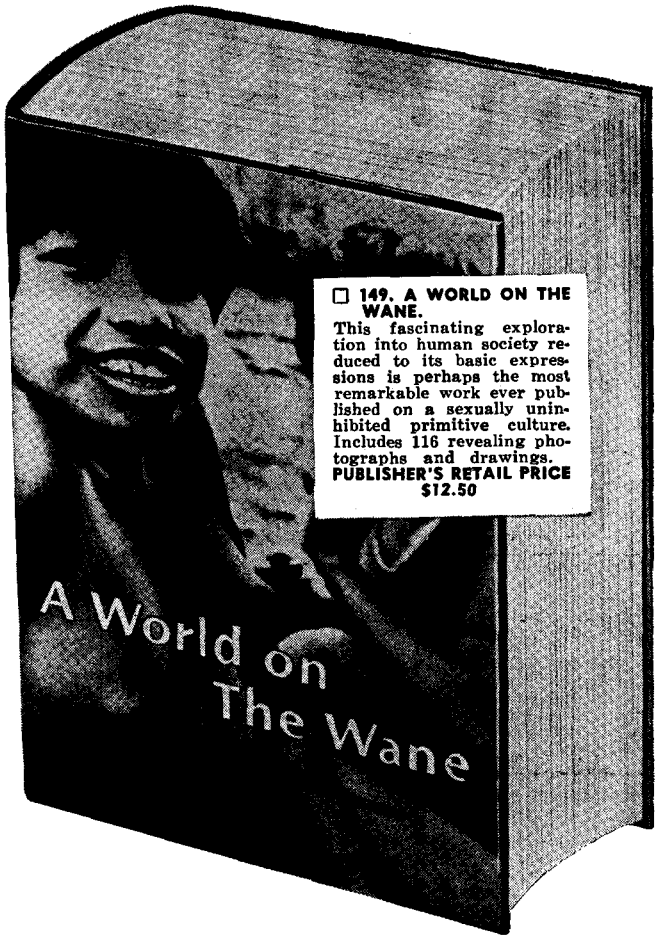
Ironically, a wider gulf segregates Conservatism from liberalism than that which disjoins liberalism from Communism.

Permeating the entire editorial is an unbased optimism. One can easily sense that you permit the wish to be father to the thought. I would advise the staff of *The Reporter* to remove the tinted glasses, for one cannot see what is really happening with them on.

David Samuel McCalmont
Editor, *The Entrepreneur*
Grove City Conservative Club
Grove City, Pennsylvania

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Another remarkable offer from
"America's most rewarding book club"
—Mid-Century Member



☐ **149. A WORLD ON THE WANE.** This fascinating exploration into human society reduced to its basic expressions is perhaps the most remarkable work ever published on a sexually uninhibited primitive culture. Includes 116 revealing photographs and drawings. **PUBLISHER'S RETAIL PRICE $12.50**

ANY 3 BOOKS FREE

WE WILL GIVE YOU

- **ANY 3 BOOKS FREE**—even if one of your choices is this extraordinary $12.50 book!
- **PLUS 1 OR MORE OTHER BOOKS** for only $2.95 each *regardless of regular retail prices up to $10 and more!*
- **PLUS $2.50 BONUS VOUCHER** for each and every book you buy later. These *$2.50 Bonus Vouchers*—which may be applied immediately, at any time, toward other books of your choice—are given in *addition* to massive *outright discounts* on club offerings. You receive at least one $2.50 Voucher for each purchase—even on the many books offered to members in the low $3 to $5 range. Other books often earn *more* than one voucher.
- **SAVE UP TO 90% NOW.** New readers may thus save up to 90% *now*—by joining the Society *at this time.* While you need take only one book at the introductory *extra-discount price,* the more you take the more you save.
- **CANCELLATION.** *Either*—return all these books after 2 weeks' free examination, without cost or obligation. *Or*—take only two more books during the coming year out of hundreds to be offered.
- **PLUS STILL ANOTHER FREE BOOK** [See coupon below] if you remit *now* for each book you decide to take at the extra-discount price.
- **THE MID-CENTURY MAGAZINE FREE,** bringing you advance reviews of new books published each month—with informed recommendations of books to both read *& keep* [no fall-apart paperbacks] in every subject-category—books for pleasure, profit, reference . . . for the many interests, needs and appetites of America's "New Renaissance" readers . . . the best *novels, non-fiction, reference works, biographies, art books, histories*—and many more.
- **PROFIT SHARING:** Because the Society can order books in large quantities, it shares profits with members through sensationally *lower prices* plus the *Bonus Book Vouchers.* Members can thus buy first-run books—in publishers' regular cloth-bound editions for their permanent libraries [not cardboard-bound "cheapies"]—for less than throw-away paperbacks cost!
- **BECAUSE** many of the books offered in this announcement are in short supply, **fulfillment of this offer can only be guaranteed for 30 days.** ***Please, therefore, enter all your choices by number on the Request Form —and mail without delay.***

PLEASE ORDER BOOKS BY NUMBER

☐ **129. VAN GOGH: A SELF PORTRAIT. W. H. Auden's** masterful condensation of the $50 three-volume set. Here, in Van Gogh's own letters and paintings is the mind, soul and vision of this tormented genius. Includes 36 little known Van Gogh paintings, drawings and sketches, many in color. **Retail $10.00.**

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORDS

☐ **53. ORIGINS by Eric Partridge.** The most comprehensive encyclopedia-dictionary in 53 years of words and their origins. Covers words — common and uncommon — including many popularly supposed to be slang or vulgar. For example: "the only two words forbidden to be printed in full everywhere in the British Commonwealth" are revealed to be "super bluebloods" whose origins even antedate ancient Latin! 12,000 alphabetized sections [including definitions and foreign equivalents] in 1,300,000 words; 970 pages. **Retail $16.00.**

☐ **908. *THE DOUGHBOYS. The* Story of the AEF (1917-18) by Laurence Stallings.** This inspired merging of forceful prose, factual accuracy and on-the-scene immediacy is the intriguing and complete story of the American Expeditionary Force . . . an unrivaled "you are there" sensation. 424 pp., 85 photos. 17 maps. 134 full-color AEF insignia. **Retail $7.95.**

☐ **207. THE CRADLE OF EROTICA.** A close scrutiny of *the unusual and unrestrained* sexual practices of Afro-Asian peoples as evidenced in their own literature [which is copiously quoted]. Shedding, as it does, bright new light on the meaning of "normal" vs. "abnormal," there is no comparable work in existence. **Retail $9.50.**

☐ **993. Johnson's DICTIONARY:** A Modern Selection from the most famous and most wickedly personal dictionary of all time. A delight to read and browse. **Retail $6.50.**

☐ **938. RIMBAUD and BAUDELAIRE by Enid Starkie.** Two (2) separate books—exciting and illuminating biographies of geniuses whose poems re-created the passions and sorrows of their tortured—and legendary—lives. Dr. Starkie's interpretations of Baudelaire [dandy and drug addict] and Rimbaud [slave trader and debauchee of remarkable pertinacity] are stimulating, sensitive and original. **Combined Retail $20.00.**

☐ **223. MEMOIRS OF HADRIAN translated by Grace Frick.** A newly *illustrated edition of this enduring* classic. An overwhelmingly sensitive reflection of the awe-inspiring accomplishments, profundities and vicious indulgences of the multi-faceted Roman Emperor Hadrian. **Retail $7.00**

☐ **238. A DICTIONARY OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN USAGE. by Bergen & Cornelia Evans.** Lively and highly readable, this complete, up-to-date dictionary of usage provides clear, informative and dependable recommendations for the effective use of grammar, style, punctuation, idioms, etc. **Retail $6.95.**

☐ **994. BOSWELL'S UNEXPURGATED "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides."** The best of all Boswell journals now offered unexpurgated by virtue of the recent discovery of Boswell's lost papers. **Retail $10.00.**

☐ **221. FLOWER IN MY EAR Polynesian Lays of Love & Life translated by E. Burrows.** Despite *joltingly amatory content,* these lyrical works (supplemented with photographs) by the gentle Polynesian people — their own song poems, folk legends and ceremonial speech-making—have a tender and childlike charm. **Retail $6.75**

☐ **229. AMERICAN NEGRO POETRY edited by Arna Bontemps.** 171 poems by 55 poets, spanning 70 years, reflect the spontaneity, warmth and folklore of the Negro people in this most extensive and representative collection of American Negro poetry yet published. Among the poets: **Frank Yerby, Richard Wright, Langston Hughes, Gwendolyn Brooks, LeRoi Jones, Retail $4.95.**

☐ **919. THE COMPLETE WORKS OF NATHANAEL WEST.** The four strangely beautiful though vicious novels of a writer whose violent cynicism cast a strong influence over contemporary American novelists. **The Dream Life of Balso Snell, A Cool Million, Miss Lonelyhearts** and **The Day of the Locust. Retail $5.00.**

☐ **167. THE RELIGION OF THE GREEKS AND ROMANS.** A beautiful prose-and-pictorial presentation of the earthy cults and rites of the Graeco-Roman religion —from the austere athleticism of Athena-worship to the hitherto shadowy doings of the Vestal Virgins. 124 breath-taking photographs. **Retail $10.00.**

☐ **132. DICTIONARY OF SLANG & UNCONVENTIONAL ENGLISH by Eric Partridge.** Defines the "secret" words not in regular dictionaries, including argot, cant and four-letter words. The new *revised and enlarged 5th edition*— **1,376 pp. 50,000 definitions totaling 1,400,000 words 9½ x 7 x 2½ inches.** Retail $16.

☐ **234. THE ODES OF HORACE translated by James Michie.** A new and brilliant translation—with the original Latin text on facing pages—of the poet who has filled modern literature with more sagacity, epigrams and wit than all other Latin writers put together. So musical are Horace's original Latin phrases that they are uniquely appealing—*even to those unfamiliar with Latin.* **Retail $6.00.**

☐ **135. THE GENIUS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.** *Leonardo's* mind as revealed through 132 illustrations in color and monochrome and his own brilliant writings, supplemented by Andre Chastel's preceptive interpretations. **Retail $12.50.**

FREE
if payment is enclosed with order

THE DELIGHTS OF DETECTION. edited by Jacques Barzun. Here is Mr. Barzun's choice of the best tales of pure detection, collected because "detective feats have been, since Voltaire and Poe, the delight of intellectuals," and designed to appeal both to addicts and "uninitiated" alike. **Retail $5.95.**

REQUEST FORM

R-45

Mail to: THE MID-CENTURY BOOK SOCIETY, 115 East 31st Street, N.Y. 16, N. Y.

Enroll me as a trial member and send me the 3 FREE BOOKS indicated below—charging me only for the one or more other books ordered at the **special new-member price** of only $2.95 each.

My only obligation is to buy two future selections during the coming year from the 100 or more to be offered at average savings of 50% under the publishers' retail prices. Over and above outright **Discounts,** I am to receive at least one **$2.50 Bonus Book Voucher** with each book purchased—no matter how low the price.

[PLEASE INDICATE YOUR CHOICES BELOW BY NUMBER.]

I. SEND THE FOLLOWING SELECTIONS *FREE—with New-Member Purchase(s)* at the right.

II. SEND THE FOLLOWING SELECTION(S) AT SPECIAL NEW-MEMBER'S PRICE [$2.95]

Name .....

Address ..... **City** ..... **Zone** ..... **State** .....

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARBORO GIFT

2749. Richard Wright: PAGAN SPAIN. A challenging, dynamic and controversial record of a Spain unknown both to the ordinary and to the more sophisticated traveller—by the author of *Native Son*. *Orig. $3.00.* *Only* **1.00**

2883. JAZZ. Edited by Nat Hentoff and Albert McCarthy. New perspectives on the history of jazz by twelve of the world's foremost jazz critics and scholars, with selected discography. Illus., softbound. *Orig. $2.95.* *Only* **1.00**

P-308. CHARGING BULL.
Magnificent black bull imbued with all the rage and frenzy of the arena, charging in an ungovernable storm across a white background—by Vaquero Tunios, 1959, 26" high x 20" wide. **1.98**

2739. THE EXECUTIONERS. By Robert Christophe. The grisly history of the Sanson family who, for 200 years from father to son, beheaded, branded, broke on the wheel, whipped and guillotined the highest as well as the lowest in France. *Orig. $3.50.* *Only* **1.49**

2882. THE WORLD OF PRIMITIVE MAN. By Paul Radin. "Wipes away half a million years almost at a stroke" and shows us a close-up of our Ice Age ancestors whose vestiges can still be traced among the Australian bushmen and the Eskimos. Softbound. *Orig. $2.25.* *Only* **1.00**

2637. FRONTIERS OF PRIVILEGE: A Century of Social Conflict as Reflected in *The Queen*. By Quentin Crewe. Delightful pictorial history of the last 100 years through the eyes of the most hidebound, snobbish, aristocratic *Society* newspaper in England—the paper that praised Hitler for his kindness to animals and never once mentioned the General Strike. 500 illus., 8½" x 11¼", handsomely bound. *Orig. $11.00* *Only* **3.98**

9862. MODERN ART MOVEMENTS. By Trewin Copplestone. With 54 full color plates and three black and white illustrations, the development of modern art is traced through Fauvism, Cubism, Expressionism, Futurism, De Stijl and Surrealism, discussing the adherents of each group, their importance and influence on art. **1.98**

P-218. RODIN: NUDES. A portfolio of eight magnificent nude studies individually silk-screened from the original black and white drawings. Ready for framing, each measures 17½" x 13¼". *All eight, special* **1.98**

9861. LAUTREC. By Denys Sutton. 48 full-color plates, magnificent reproductions of his most significant work, with an informative biography and full notes on the paintings. **1.98**

8604. KAETHE KOLLWITZ DRAWINGS. By Herbert Bittner. More than 150 plates. Considered by many the greatest woman artist the world has ever known. These are her superbly rendered drawings, with eloquent text that explains her sensitivity and creative process. *Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **4.95**

1838. CLASSICS IN PSYCHOLOGY. Ed. by Thorne Shipley. A monumental volume of over 1300 pages, containing the major writings of the great psychologists and psychiatrists of the past 150 years, covering all the significant schools and branches. *Orig. $20.00.* *Only* **5.95**

1754. THE FAMOUS HILLYER BOOKS: All by V. M. Hillyer. Revised by Edw. G. Huey. *A Child's History of the World, A Child's Geography of the World, A Child's History of Art.* A tremendous 1428 page set of highly informative and entertaining material for children 8-12. Hundreds of illustrations. Handsome red library binding. *Orig. $18.00* *3 vol. set only* **5.95**

1727. WORD ORIGINS: The Romance of Language. By Cecil Hunt. From classical mythology to contemporary word-makers, this comprehensive, absorbing and instructive book covers the centuries; it will fascinate every book-lover and prove an indispensable reference for all who write. *Orig. $4.75.* *Only* **1.98**

3065. THE WHORE'S RHETORICK In Two Dialogues. By Ferrante Pallavicino. An outrageous manual from Restoration England, placing before us an ancient bawd's experience of the human male, as related to a tender apprentice of fifteen. *Orig. $3.50.* *Only* **1.00**

3006. IMPRESSIONIST PAINTERS. Brilliant analysis of the era and its great flowering in Monet, Renoir, Manet, Degas, Cezanne, Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec, Gauguin and the other masters of light and color. 59 magnificent tipped-in color reproductions; biographical notes; English edition from the French publisher Pierre Tisne. *Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **5.95**

3008. WHO DESTROYED THE HINDENBURG? By A. A. Hoehling. Evidence long suppressed indicating that the great dirigible may have been destroyed by sabotage—a compelling book of detection and human interest. Photos. *Orig. $4.95.* *Only* **1.98**

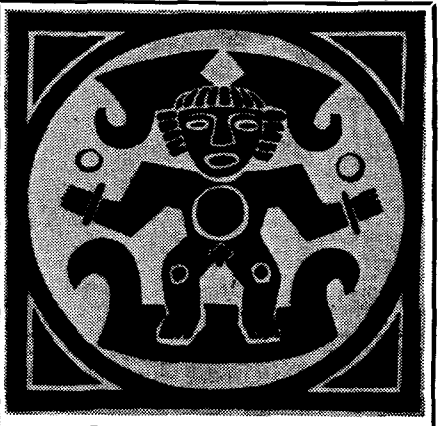
2998. Barnaby Conrad: ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BULLFIGHTING. Every phase of *la fiesta brava*—definitions, rules, biographies of all the major matadors from the 18th century to the present—a work of art as well as reference. Over 350 photos. *Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **4.98**

2997. ANTIQUE MAPS OF THE WORLD IN COLOR. 36 Old and New World maps of great artistry and imagination by Ortelius, Hondius, Mercator, Seutter, and other famous cartographers—the most colorful of the 16th through the 19th centuries, reproduced on exquisite handmade paper. *Orig. $15.00.* *Only* **7.95**

3007. Cecil Beaton: THE WANDERING YEARS 1922-1939. The Beaton Diaries, with personal sketches drawn in acid strokes of such great personalities as Dame Edith Sitwell, Marion Davies and Irving Berlin—a fascinating and disarming book, one of the most unusual memoirs of our time. Illus. *Orig. $5.95.* *Only* **1.98**

3005. Ludwig Bemelmans: ITALIAN HOLIDAY. Venice, Rome, Naples, Capri, Ischia, Florence, the Italian Riviera, lakes, spas—and the warmest most demonstrative people in the world—as only Bemelmans could sketch and describe them. Illus. *Orig. $5.00.* *Only* **1.49**

2763. THE PRODIGAL RAKE: Memoirs of William Hickey. Ed. by Peter Quennell. An 18th century rogue with the amatory prowess of a Casanova and a literary bent comparable to that of Boswell narrates a fascinating array of experiences and travels and recreates, in bawdy detail, the social milieu depicted by Hogarth. Illus. *Orig. $6.50.* *Only* **1.98**



P-307. PRE-COLOMBIAN WARRIOR.
Attention compelling Warrior from the pre-Colombian Central-American culture of the Chiriqui, ca. 1300, in black and brick-red on a dark beige reinforced burlap. 26" high x 26" wide. **5.95**

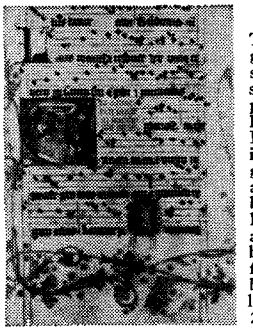
1353. *A Pictorial Treasury*—THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. A magnificent edition of one of the great treasures of world literature, *exquisitely illustrated in full color* by the noted Persian artist Sarkis Katchadourian. Printed on genuine rag paper, beautifully bound. 7" x 10". *Special* **1.98**

4667. ROGET'S THESAURUS of Words and Phrases. Authorized, revised edition of the indispensable book for everyone who wants to find the right word at the right time. 600-page hardbound edition. *Special* **1.98**

9740. THE BRIDAL BED. By Joseph Braddock. 17 Photos. Absorbing, entertaining, forthright book on marriage with all its implications; romantic, erotic and practical. *Orig. $4.50.* *Only* **1.49**

2829. Simone de Beauvoir's MEMOIRS OF A DUTIFUL DAUGHTER. This amazingly candid autobiography is both intensely personal in its revelations and broad in its application to the struggle of all women for physical and intellectual freedom; by the famous friend of Jean-Paul Sartre and author of *The Mandarins* and *The Second Sex*. *Orig. $5.00.* *Only* **1.49**

2762. UNDER THE SUN: The Abstract Art of Camera Vision. Photos by Nathan Lyons, Syl Labrot, and Walter Chappell. A superb collection of "images" by three prize-winning American photographers, each working in a new, exciting medium of visual experience. 36 photos in color and monochrome. *Orig. $7.50.* *Only* **1.98**



P-278. *ILLUMINATED LETTER.*
This beautiful serigraph of a 1487 music manuscript is on special parchment paper; the letter is illuminated with the Birth of the Virgin in vivid tones of green, red, yellow and metallic gold; a blue purple initial letter; black notes and lettering on brown lines; and a floriated border of blue, green, red, yellow and metallic gold. 24" high x 17" wide. *Special* **2.98**

2730. BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By G. H. Putnam. Long unobtainable—covers the production and distribution of literature from the fall of the Roman Empire to the 18th century—facts and sidelights on scribes and chroniclers, the scriptorium and monastic libraries, the book trade before and after movable type, and much more. 997 pages, 2 volumes slipcased; limited ed. re-issue. *Orig. $17.50.* *Only* **9.95**

2814. BESTIARE D'AMOUR. By Jean Rostand. A fascinating essay on the love life of animals by an eminent biologist who, with charm, wit and brevity, describes the phenomenon of love from single-celled beings to the mammals—with etchings by Tremois, which are at once scientifically exact and artistically excellent. *Orig. $5.00.* *Only* **2.98**

9576. An Illustrated History of the Old South: GONE ARE THE DAYS. By Harnett T. Kane. From Ponce de Leon's discovery of Florida through 1865, this magnificent, lavishly illustrated volume provides an absorbing panorama of the entire South, all the great states, fabled cities, and lusty personalities that contributed to a way of life, a culture and a society unique in history. 500 illus. 8½" x 11". *Orig. $12.50.* *Only* **4.95**

2164. HUMAN PERSONALITY: And Its Survival of Bodily Death. By F. W. H. Myers. A classic in Psychical Research, by one of the founders of the famous Society dealing with the subliminal self, self-transcendence, non-sensory communication—introduction by Gardner Murphy, tribute by William James. 2 Volumes, 1360 pages. *Orig. $15.00.* *Only* **5.95**

2260. MUSEUM MASTERPIECES 1964 ENGAGEMENT CALENDAR. An appointment book, calendar, memo and address book, aglow with full-color museum and gallery choice reproductions by Picasso, Dufy, Chagall, Klee and other great modern painters. Spiral bound, 8" high x 5½" wide. *Special* **1.00**

9570. MASTERS OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE. By John Peter. The great works and ideas of the master architects of the world. More than 70 famous composers of form in space including Louis Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright, Le Corbusier, Neutra, Gropius, Saarinen, Mies Van Der Rohe and others are represented by over 225 vivid reproductions which capture the beauty of the original structures 9¾" x 13". *Orig. $15.00.* *New complete edition* **5.95**

3045. MID-CENTURY ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA: Honor Awards of the A.I.A., 1949-1961. Ed. by Wolf Von Eckardt. Truly representative selection of the best in contemporary architecture—from homes and offices to synagogues and restaurants—by the greats such as Saarinen and Belluschi as well as the relative unknowns. 350 photos, 40 drawings, 8¾" x 11¼". *Orig. $12.50.* *Only* **4.95**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK BARGAINS $1 AND UP

2968. Cornelia Otis Skinner's ELEGANT WITS AND GRAND HORIZONTALS. A sparkling panorama of "La Belle Epoque"—Paris in the '90's—its gilded society, irrepressible wits and splendid courtesans; Gay Paree in the heyday of "finesse," of Lautrec, Dumas fils, Bernhardt, Maxim's and the Folies Bergere: of amorous dalliances and ceremonial duels. Many period photographs.
Orig. $5.00. *Only* **1.98**

2906. ART IN THE WESTERN WORLD. By David M. Robb and J. J. Garrison. Like the "well-wrought urn", this magnificent volume is both aesthetically exciting and edifyingly complete in itself—"an essential tool for the student and a standard introduction to the whole field of art", *New York Times* —treating architecture, sculpture and painting as well as the minor arts. 600 illus., many full-page size, 1050 pages, 3rd. ed. *Orig. $8.50.* *Only* **4.95**

2673. THE KAMA SUTRA OF VATSYAYANA. The classic Hindu treatise on love and social conduct, translated by Sir Richard Burton. One of the most readable and enjoyable of the classics of antiquity, long forbidden in America, it is of great value to the student of the East and a delight to the sophisticated general reader. Hardbound. *Special* **1.00**

2961. THE DEATH OF MANOLETE. By Barnaby Conrad. A stunning record, in pictures and text of the life and legend of the most famous matador of all time, the sacrifices that made the man, and his death on the fateful afternoon of Aug. 28, 1947. Over 200 photos. *Orig. $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

2940. Frank Lloyd Wright's A TESTAMENT. With 210 magnificent illustrations in photos, drawings and plans. The great autobiography containing the work and philosophy of the master architect, stimulating and inspiring. Handsome volume, size 9¼" x 12¼".
Orig. $12.50. *New Complete Ed. Only* **5.95**

2628. MARCEL PROUST, A READER'S GUIDE. By Milton Hindus. An alert, engrossing examination of *Remembrance of Things Past,* carefully tracing the many intertwining motifs, with discussions of Proust's philosophic and literary influences, his conscious aesthetic and his earlier works.
Orig. $4.95. *Only* **1.98**

P-248. KAETHE KOLLWITZ: *MOTHER AND CHILD.*

A fine silk-screen reproduction of this sensitively rendered charcoal drawing in black and white on a heavy, 26" high x 20" wide sheet.
Special **1.98**

2461. Antiques Anniversary Book: COLLECTORS AND COLLECTIONS. Ed. by Alice Winchester and the staff of *Antiques Magazine.* A luxurious volume sampling the decorative arts of the internationally famous collections of the last 40 years, among others the Du Pont and Ormesson collections—each article by a recognized authority, in a beautifully printed, handsomely bound volume, 9" x 11¾", over 150 illus., 15 in brilliant full color.
Orig. $9.50 *Only* **2.98**

2664. TOM JONES. By Henry Fielding. The first great classic of the English novel and still the most robust. A big 770-page volume with many illustrations by G. Spencer Pryse. *Special* **1.49**

6293. Sartre: BEING AND NOTHINGNESS. Transl. & intro. by Hazel E. Barnes. Jean-Paul Sartre's magnum opus, a *sine qua non* for understanding Existentialism and its importance. Over 700 pp.
Orig. $10.00. *Only* **2.98**

2764. OLD ENGLISH POPULAR MUSIC. By Wm. Chappell. The music lover's classic among all books on Old English folk music—a comprehensive selection of 303 songs, ballads and dance tunes, with music and fully documented commentary. 707 pages, boxed. *Orig. $20.00.* *Only* **9.95**

2831. ACT OF ANGER. By Bart Spicer. A homosexual attack, a murder, a trial of a young Mexican boy in the Southwest—all the courtroom excitement of *Anatomy of a Murder,* all the courage in moral issues of *An American Tragedy.* 505 pages.
Orig. $5.95. *Only* **1.00**

2972. LEONARDO DA VINCI: 1609 Gravure Illustrations, 12 Full Color Plates. An extravagantly huge, 11" x 14¾", handsome tribute to the foremost genius of the Italian Renaissance, this volume is the most complete and authoritative work ever produced on Leonardo. Prepared by 37 leading European scholars, translated, edited and updated in 1956 by a group of experts, each phase of his work is specially treated in the lucid, detailed text. Sections are devoted not only to his fascinating life and great contributions as an artist, but also as architect, sculptor, inventor of machines, biologist, and engineer. The quality throughout is superlative. 518 pages, indexes. *Orig. $35.00* *Only* **19.95**

2846. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MURDER. By Colin Wilson and Pat Pitman. A gold mine of mayhem and homicide, over 350 absorbing accounts of unusual murders and murderers ranging over 4 centuries and 5 continents—includes Lizzie Borden, Leopold and Loeb, Landru, assassinations, war crimes, etc. 70 illus. *Orig. $5.95.* *Only* **2.98**

2888. THE KABUKI THEATRE. By Earle Ernst. One of the richest and oldest Oriental drama forms, the author explores its history, staging, traditions of acting, the players, plays and dances. 58 monochrome illus., 6½" x 10", softbound.
Orig. $3.95. *Only* **1.98**

2887. RUDOLPH VALENTINO: The Man Behind The Myth. By Robert Oberfirst. On screen, the world's greatest lover, exciting women the world over—off screen, lonely, unfulfilled, deserted by the one woman he loved—here are the little-known facts behind the prototype of movie idols. Illus.
Orig. $6.00. *Only* **2.98**

4749. MODERN SEX TECHNIQUES. By R. Street. A frank discussion of sexual practices, presenting detailed instructions for achieving mutual satisfaction and offering straightforward information on basic principles and techniques. Illus.
Orig. $3.95 ***Only* 1.98**

2905. Rebecca West: THE COURT AND THE CASTLE. Intriguing examination of this recurrent theme in Shakespeare, the English novelists, Proust and Kafka—searches out the moral dilemma of Western man and illuminates the artist's mysterious mission.
Orig. $3.75. *Only* **1.98**

1664. LOVE POTIONS THROUGH THE AGES. By Dr. Harry Wedeck. A comprehensive survey of amatory devices and mores from antiquity to the present, from Babylon, China, Europe, and the Americas; man's quest for an erotic brew to ensure or restore vitality has taken him along amazing ways with strange results, some fantastic and some valid. Illus.
Orig. $10.00. *Only* **2.98**

2264. SINCLAIR LEWIS: An American Life. By Mark Schorer. The monumental, totally absorbing study of the creator of *Babbitt* and *Main Street,* the first U.S. literary Nobel prize winner—in a volume incorporating 10 years of unsparing research tracing Lewis' colorful, tormented and tragic life. 867 pages, illus. *Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

P-264. PARTRIDGE PANEL.
A glowing example of Russian folk art has been expertly silk-screened onto a special, handmade rice paper in deep, clear tones of blue-green, aquamarine, pale blue, yellow-greens and shades of yellow. A handsome decorator item that will enhance any room. 12" high x 39" wide.
Special **2.98**

2872. THE QUEST FOR YOUTH. By George Ryley Scott. A study of all available methods of Rejuvenation and of retaining physical, mental and sexual vigor in old age for men and women.
Orig. $3.95. *Only* **1.00**

2917. I LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN FROM THEM. By Virgil G. Damon, M.D. A distinguished doctor who has practised medicine for 40 years speaks candidly to and about women, answering all the questions every woman could ask about her medical life.
Orig. $5.00. *Only* **1.98**

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

marboro **Dept. R-984, 131 Varick St., New York 13, N.Y.**

Please send me postage prepaid, the bargains circled below. (Please add 25¢ postage and handling on all orders under $5.00.)

☐ Enclosed find #_____

☐ Charge my Diners' Club Account #_____
☐ Charge my American Express account #_____

Limited to orders of $5.00 or more

1353	1664	1727	1754	1838	2164	2260	2264	2276	2461	2628	2637
2664	2673	2730	2739	2749	2762	2763	2764	2814	2829	2831	2846
2872	2881	2882	2883	2887	2888	2905	2906	2917	2940	2961	2968
2972	2997	2998	3005	3006	3007	3008	3045	3065	4667	4749	6293
8604	9570	9576	9740	9861	9862	P218	P248	P278	P307	P308	

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP CODE_____

☐ **Check here if you receive our monthly bargain circular**

New York City residents add 4% sales tax. *A few cents extra for C.O.D.
Add 25¢ per title for deliveries outside U.S.A. and possessions.
10-DAY SATISFACTION OR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

VISIT A MARBORO BOOK SHOP

NEW YORK: 47 W. 42 St. • 56 W. 8 St. • 144 W. 57 St. • 8 E. 59 St.
PHILADELPHIA: 1614 Walnut St. • King of Prussia (on the Promenade)
MIAMI: 86 Miracle Mile, Coral Gables
LOS ANGELES: 21616 Sherman Way, Canoga Park • 932 Broxton Ave., Westwood
HOUSTON: 5020 Westheimer at Post Oak

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

LBJ

One thing is sure: he will provide a cartoonist's field day. The lanky man with the windmill arms lends himself to satire. He will bring to the White House a folksiness of a more provincial variety than Truman's. His style will certainly seem homely contrasted with the cultivated tone of Kennedy's occupancy. We must grow accustomed to Presidential assaults on the King's English and to rhetoric that does not always distinguish between what is moving and what is simply maudlin.

We must grow accustomed, too, to seeing Texans around the White House. It will require that we develop a sophistication some of us have not always shown in the past: we must come to understand that there are Texans and Texans. They cannot be lumped into a common mold.

Johnson himself has not always been so careful as he might in differentiating among his friends and associates. His former Senate aide, Bobby Baker, although not a Texan, seems clearly to have been one of those who—to use President Kennedy's recent phrase—"can't stand the pressure of opportunity." We trust that the Baker episode has brought a timely reminder to our new President of how unworthy associates can abuse a leader's trust.

But this, too, we must remember: there is strength and purpose and goodness in President Johnson. He is not a man to be measured by his words alone. He has shown a native shrewdness that is an essential ingredient in American political leadership. He is a man who knows, understands, and likes the use of political power; and his use of political power in the past has served the nation well. A man of enormous energy, he has always been at his best when he was facing the severest challenge. Like many leaders, he has suffered most in periods of enforced idleness. During his three decades in Washington he has revealed a remarkable capacity for growth. It is our devote hope and expectation that this is the beginning of Lyndon Johnson's greatest period of growth.

The Time Between

"Where were you when you heard about it?" "I still don't believe it." "Did they catch the guy?" Washington's reaction to the enormity of President Kennedy's death was the same as the reaction everywhere—personal, bewildered, inept. Throughout the day the city on which national television focused was itself looking at television for a clue to what was happening—for a clue, in fact, to what Washington was thinking. In government agencies as in the lobby of the White House, officials and reporters stared at the screens. In a nearly empty hotel bar across the street from the White House, two young New Frontiersmen chatted in low voices. There were all these projects, one said, that he had going for President Kennedy.

He was trying to think if or how they would be adapted to the new President's will. How would power, how would policy be transferred?

Reporters, at a loss to "cover" the event, hung around the White House pressroom and concentrated, partly by habit and partly by duty, on trivial details. Lyndon Johnson, they were informed by a briefer in Pierre Salinger's office, had left Dallas at 2:47 Central Standard Time. Was that 2:47? Yes, 2:47. He had been sworn in to office aboard the plane by U.S. District Judge Sarah T. Hughes. Could the briefer spell that? Yes, Sarah had an "h." In midafternoon Senator Hubert Humphrey stopped in at the White House and consented to an informal chat with newsmen. There was almost nothing to ask him. Did he see any significance in the fact that it had happened in Dallas? came one idiotic try. Humphrey was taken aback. He shook his head abruptly and he left. Those White House aides familiar to reporters were too stricken to be questioned, even if there had been questions to ask. "I'm sorry," was the most anyone could say.

Everywhere there was silent unease at the inability to locate the source of government, to know even where government was. It was reflected in the compulsive scuttling of reporters from one place to another where they could only observe arrivals and departures. Even more, it was reflected in an inordinate concentration on the physical whereabouts of practically everyone. Where was the Attorney General, the question recurred through the day. Had Sorensen really gone on the plane to Hyannisport? Where was Rusk?

It was not quite relief but at least a sense of location, of reality, that came on the South Lawn of the White House later in that strangely balmy evening. With terrific noise and lots of wind, resembling a monstrous wasp, the brown army helicopter bearing President Johnson bore down on the White House, hovered a moment, and then came to rest on the floodlit lawn. To be sure, the physical power of the machine—its flashing lights and its roar—seemed to overwhelm the figures who emerged. Johnson, his wife, Secretary McNamara, McGeorge Bundy silently straggled across the lawn and disappeared into the White House. But almost at once the exchange of gossipy desperate questions among reporters was altered. The known, manageable Washington seemed to return with Johnson. Where was he going? reporters now demanded. Who was he seeing? What was the President going to do?

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To celebrate our Tenth Anniversary

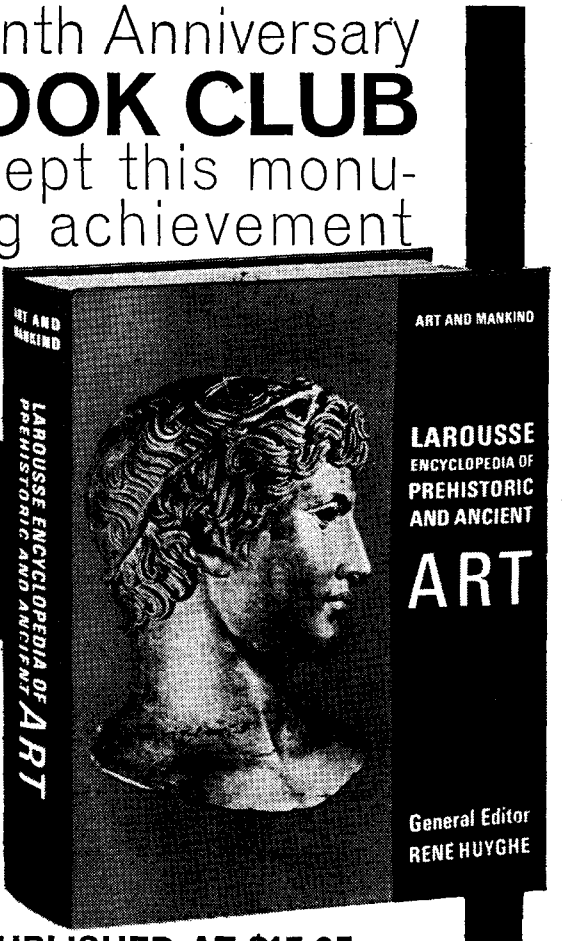
HUDSON BOOK CLUB

invites you to accept this monumental publishing achievement

FREE

with your first selection

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PREHISTORIC AND ANCIENT ART



Spanning all the ages, cultures, and races of mankind from the dawn of human society to the Fall of Rome...and incorporating the most up-to-date knowledge in the fields of Art Criticism, Archaeology, History, Anthropology, Mythology, Iconography, Ethnology, and Comparative Religion.

To prepare the LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PREHISTORIC AND ANCIENT ART, celebrated scholars labored for ten years to assemble, document, and interpret the art treasures of the Neolithic, Paleolithic, Chalcolithic, Archaic, Homeric, Biblical, Classical, Hellenistic, and Roman eras...as well as those of the comparable periods in India, China, Japan, Oceania, pre-Columbian America...and of the primitive societies that have survived into modern times.

The original French language edition from the famous publishing house of Larousse in Paris is one of the most highly acclaimed works of its kind in the world today. This is the first edition ever available in English. There is no other book like it.

EVERYTHING YOU WANT TO SEE AND KNOW can be found here in a few moments. Yet this great "reference" work is designed not only to be consulted for facts but read for pleasure. It will lead you spellbound through the history of art and the history of man as well...his ritual, folklore, myth, magic, mysticism, and symbolism.

"BEAUTY AND BESTIALITY INEXTRICABLY JOINED". Here are the cave paintings and megaliths of prehistoric man...the epic fusion of sex, religion, and art in the rites of the Mother Goddess...the lost civilizations of the Indus Valley...the art treasures of prehistoric China.

Read on and explore the art of the ancient Egyptians and Mesopotamians, Medes and Persians, Hittites, Canaanites, Phoenicians, and the long-neglected Carthaginians...the fabulous "Parisian" society of Minoan Crete...the Mycenaeans who brawled at the gates of Troy...the mysterious Etruscans...the stupendous art of Greece (greater and gaudier than the fig-leafed museum pieces have led us to believe)....the art of republican and imperial Rome...the barbaric splendors of the ancestral Celtic and Germanic tribesmen...the art of the incredible civilizations of ancient Mexico, Yucatan, and Peru...the ancient Negro empires in Africa...the art of the South Pacific (where family albums are composed of smoked ancestral heads)...and the 20th century primitive cultures in which the earliest gropings of human art live again before our eyes...**all of it illustrated and illumined in an incomparable assemblage of ancient, prehistoric, and primitive painting, sculpture, symbols, idols, rituals and sacrificial objects, many rarely seen by modern Western eyes.**

PUBLISHED AT $17.95

- *750 illustrations, many in full color*
- A giant volume of 8½" x 11" pages
- Yours FREE with membership

EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP OFFER. LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PREHISTORIC AND ANCIENT ART is typical of the kind of book offered regularly to members of the Hudson Book Club at reduced prices. Limited quantities have been set aside as Free Gifts for new members who join now. It makes good sense to send for your free copy today, with your first selection chosen from the list at right. If not delighted, simply return the books within 2 weeks and your membership will be cancelled without cost or obligation. The club takes all the risk.

ONLY THREE MORE SELECTIONS NEED BE TAKEN WITHIN ONE YEAR. The Hudson Book Club pools your buying power with that of other discerning readers who share your tastes. By means of low Members Prices and free Bonus Books, it saves you an average of 50% on the very books you would otherwise purchase at full price.

IMPORTANT TO ACT QUICKLY. Mail coupon today while free copies of LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PREHISTORIC AND ANCIENT ART are still available.

CHOOSE YOUR FIRST SELECTION NOW and receive free your $17.95 copy of the **Larousse Encyclopedia of Prehistoric and Ancient Art.**

AN AMERICAN DILEMMA. By Gunnar Myrdal. 20th Anniversary Edition of the most important book ever written on American race relations. With a review of recent developments. List, $16.50. **Members' Price $10.95**

ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM IN AMERICAN LIFE. By Richard Hofstadter. Is America's notorious philistinism rooted in our deepest democratic beliefs? A revealing study by the Pulitzer-Prizewinning author of **The Age of Reform.** List, $6.95. **Members' Price $4.95**

ASIATIC MYTHOLOGY. By J. Hackin, et al. Clear, explicit, lavishly illustrated survey of the Asian myths, by the greatest Orientalists of France. 369 plates. List, $12.50. **Members' Price $7.95**

THE PRESIDENTIAL PAPERS. By Norman Mailer. **Papers to remedy the President's "intellectual malnutrition" by a "court wit" and "amateur advisor";** a proponent of existentialist political thought in topics from **Capitol Punishment** and **The Black Bourgeoisie** to **Cannibalism and The First Lady as a Television Entertainer.** List, $5.00. **Members' Price $3.95**

CITY OF NIGHT. By John Rechy. This novel about a male prostitute is electrifying the literary world. "A humbling and liberating achievement."—**James Baldwin** List, $5.95. **Members' Price $4.50**

CELTIC HERITAGE. Ancient Tradition in Ireland and Wales. By Alwyn and Brinley Rees. The surviving manuscripts re-examined in the light of anthropology and comparative religion. List, $8.50. **Members' Price $5.95**

MARY McCARTHY'S THEATRE CHRONICLES 1937-1962. Uncompromising criticism, trenchant and original prose on the theatre as a branch of intellectual and social history. List, $4.50. **Members' price $3.45**

TROPIC OF CAPRICORN. By Henry Miller. "A **moral** work of great perception and feeling." —**Richard Seaver.** List, $7.50. **Members' Price $4.95**

JOU PU TUAN (PRAYER MAT OF FLESH). "...a strange book, brimming with Buddhism. We are in the copulatory place of the **Francion** or of Sade."—**Nouvelle Revue Francaise.** List, $6.50. **Members' Price $4.75**

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE EARTH. Monumental compendium of geology, paleontology, geophysics, oceanography, meteorology, etc. 600 illus., many in full color. List, $15.00. **Members' Price $9.95**

AMERICA AS A MASS SOCIETY. Ed. by Philip Olson. A candid, scholarly and at times merciless study of our Mass Society through the eyes of sociology, anthropology and psychiatry. These are major essays by some of the foremost authorities of our day. List, $7.95. **Members' Price $4.95**

THE MEDIEVAL WORLD. By Friedrich Heer. The high noon of medieval civilization, 1100-1350, recreated with grandeur and excitement. 100 illustrations. List, $7.50. **Members' Price $5.50**

FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO. By Geoffrey Bibbey. Life in the time of Abraham, Troy, Stonehenge, Knossos, and the glory of Egypt. List, $6.95. **Members' Price $4.95**

THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIGMUND FREUD. By Ernest Jones. One-volume edition, edited & abridged by Lionel Trilling & Steven Marcus. List, $7.50. **Members' Price $5.50**

O'NEILL. The distinguished biography by Arthur and Barbara Gelb. "An Everest of a book."—**Saturday Review.** Almost 1,000 pages, illus. List, $12.50. **Members' Price $7.50**

THE JEWEL IN THE LOTUS. A historical survey of the sexual culture of the East. By Allen Edwardes. Intro. by Albert Ellis. List, $6.50. **Members' Price $4.50**

THE HERITAGE OF PERSIA. By Richard Frye. One of the world's great civilizations—from the Medes to Darius, Xerxes, Zoroaster, and the Islamic conquest. 64 pp. of illustrations. List, $7.50. **Members' Price $5.50**

BLACK SPRING. By Henry Miller. The third volume in this forbidden trilogy. "A remarkable work of art. How could this ever be called pornographic?"—**Maxwell Geismar** List, $5.00. **Members' Price $3.95**

THE WILL OF ZEUS. By Stringfellow Barr. A history of Greece that is also a consummate literary achievement. Written with power, grandeur and beauty. Illus. List, $10.00. **Members' Price $5.95**

THEATRE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. Sartre on Brecht. Ionesco on Pirandello—and other major figures dissecting each other with no holds barred. List, $7.50. **Members' Price $4.85**

NO MONEY NEED BE SENT WITH COUPON

HUDSON BOOK CLUB, 131 VARICK STREET, NEW YORK 13, N.Y.

Please enroll me as a Trial Member of the Hudson Book Club and send me Free: **LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PREHISTORIC & ANCIENT ART.** As my first selection, send me, at the low Members' Price:

_____
(ENTER YOUR FIRST SELECTION HERE)

If for any reason I decide not to remain a member, I may return these books within 2 weeks and my membership will be cancelled without cost or obligation. Forthcoming selections and alternates will be described to me in a monthly Advance Bulletin and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided.

If I elect to remain a member I need choose only 3 more books at reduced prices during the coming year, and will be under no further obligation. Thereafter, every 4 books I accept from the Club will entitle me to a free Bonus Book of my choice.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State____

☐ Please bill me for my First Selection plus shipping charge.

☐ My check for First Selection is enclosed (Club pays shipping). Same cancellation privileges. MR-134

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

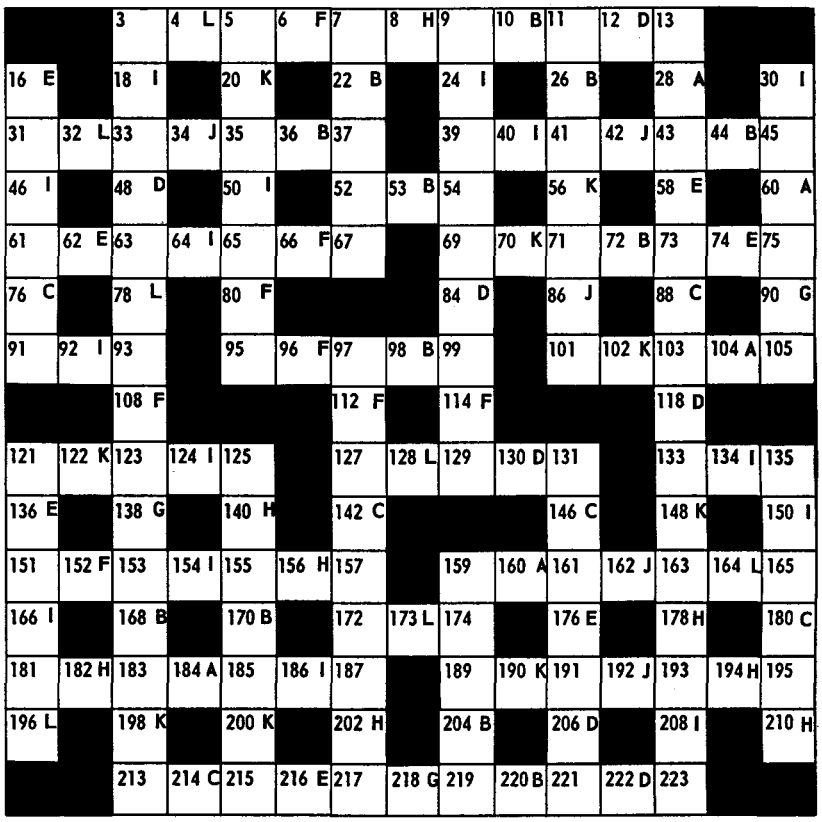
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 90

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
184 104 60 160 28 "But he clasped her like a_____." Tennyson, "The Lord of Burleigh."

B
168 22 220 10 72 170 26 44 36 53 204 98 "Love and a cottage! Eh, Fanny! Ah, give me_____and a coach and six!" George Colman, "The Clandestine Marriage."

C
88 146 214 142 180 76 Fitted an arrow on the string.

D
222 48 84 118 12 130 206 Take care (3,4).

E
16 62 216 58 74 136 176 A suspicion or suggestion.

F
6 96 114 108 112 80 152 66 Arrant coward.

G
138 218 90 Japanese admiral in World War II.

H
202 8 210 182 156 178 194 140 A complete rotter (5,3).

I
30 24 92 50 150 208 124 154 166 64 134 40 46 18 186 How a headline might read describing the economic policy of a paternalistic government (7-5,3).

J
34 162 42 86 192 Stress of voice.

K
198 20 56 122 102 70 148 190 200 Ease, convenience (2,7).

L
196 78 173 128 164 32 4 To speak against or oppose.

ACROSS

3. Zip them days or nights? Felt sorry, too.
31. Nice? Bad when with cribbed and confined.
39. Put it back and take a rest with raw metal.
52. Terminus found up in Old New York.
61. Lots about a particle of soothing medications.
69. Scuff. That is enough.
91. Wrongdoing of the Hebrew alphabet.
95. With 159 down and 121 across, distinction accorded the Acrostician (5,5,5).
101. In from 61 across for a flower (var. sp.).
121. See 95 across.
127. A sonnet loses a point at the beginning.
133. The time of ephemeral institutions.
151. A blacksmith's need of their calling (3,4).
159. Sounds as though the cat will make a sound of contentment and then swear as we tap smartly.
172. Old plural of eye never found in Germany.
181. A stone implement for the lion, perhaps.
189. Ask Alan, perhaps. He's a resident of the place.
213. Erased on washday, especially with a little science (8,3).

©1963 by
the Reporter Magazine Company

DOWN

3. Let a nation subsist with tea; there are proofs enough.
5. The son and moon or a seasonal wind?
7. Do Danes live in these mountains?
9. She lards fifty in response to high-pressure salesmanship efforts (4,5).
11. Laden with piquancy or with the skin of a walnut kernel, perhaps.
13. A sadly insufficient quantity or a lowering in the water container? (4,2,3,6).
16. Frigidity on board makes faultfinders.
30. Risings for monarchs along the river banks?
97. Boston shattered or injury to part of the wheel? (6,3).
121. A Korean city depicted in Aleppo hangings.
125. This instructor let the end of 151 across die.
131. A windstorm rend with much ado.
135. Agreement sounds as though it could be had for very little money.
159. See 95 across.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROGRAM for the Holiday Season

Origin of a Festival
Historical view of the holiday season.
December 1 (10:30-11 AM)

An Artist's View
Poetry and art in celebration of Christmas.
December 8 (10:30-11 AM)

The Five Sons
Contemporary Hanukkah drama by Howard Fast.
December 8 (1:30-2 PM)

Mr. Magoo's Christmas Carol
"Mr. Magoo" portrays Ebenezer Scrooge.
December 13 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The Redemption
A Hanukkah oratorio.
December 15 (10-10:30 AM)

The Spirit of Rebirth
Negro spirituals for Christmas.
December 15 (10:30-11 AM)

A Cry of Angels
A drama of Handel and the writing of *The Messiah*.
December 15 (4-5 PM)

Colonial Christmas
From Williamsburg, Va.
December 22 (12:30-1 PM)

The Coming of Christ
The Nativity in art.
December 22 (7-7:30 PM)

Christmas Eve Services
11:15 PM: The Cathedral of St. John the Divine.
Midnight: St. Patrick's Cathedral; National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception; First Congregational Church (Washington, D.C.)

Christmas Day Service
11 AM: Washington National Cathedral.

A Danish Fairy Tale
Life story of Hans Christian Andersen.
December 25 (7:30-8:00 PM)

Amahl and the Night Visitors
December 25 (9-10 PM)

The Holidays Come Home to You...on Television

Once again the message and meaning, the spirit of the holiday season will go out to millions of Americans through television. Art and music and drama, fantasy and history and religious faith are found among the holiday specials listed above. Other programs of special interest reflect the growing diversity of public taste and of television's offerings. Why not make your December viewing plans now?

Other Programs of Special Interest in December

Visit to London
A child's eye view of London town.
Sunday, December 1 (12:30-1 PM)

Obratsov Russian Puppet Theater
Sunday, December 1 (8-9 PM)

An American Jester
The itinerant platform humorist.
Wednesday, December 4 (7:30-8 PM)

Victory at Sea
Henry Salomon's documentary epic.
Saturday, December 7 (7:30-9 PM)

We Shall Be Heard
Pre-Emancipation Negro writings.
Sunday, December 8 (1-1:30 PM)

1776
Launching of the American Revolution.
Sunday, December 8 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Cuba: The Bay of Pigs
Analysis of a foreign policy failure.
Sunday, December 8 (10-11 PM)

The Soviet Woman
Tuesday, December 10 (10-11 PM)

The Man Who Stole New York City
"Boss" Tweed: a study in corruption.
Friday, December 13 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Lorenzo de Medici
Survey of the Italian Renaissance.
Saturday, December 14 (1-2 PM)

Of Sights and Sounds
A child's introduction to the orchestra.
Sunday, December 15 (3-4 PM)

Too Young to Hate
Cultural interchange among 11-year-olds.
Sunday, December 22 (6-6:30 PM)

Young Performers
Bernstein and N.Y. Philharmonic feature performances by promising young soloists.
Monday, December 23 (7:30-8:30 PM)

1492
Birth of the Modern West
Sunday, December 29 (5-6 PM)

Projection '64
News outlook for the year ahead.
Sunday, December 29 (10-11 PM)

* * * *

Regularly scheduled programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Sunrise Semester

Wednesdays: CBS Reports/Chronicle

Fridays: The Great Adventure

Saturdays: Do You Know?/Exploring/ Watch Mr. Wizard

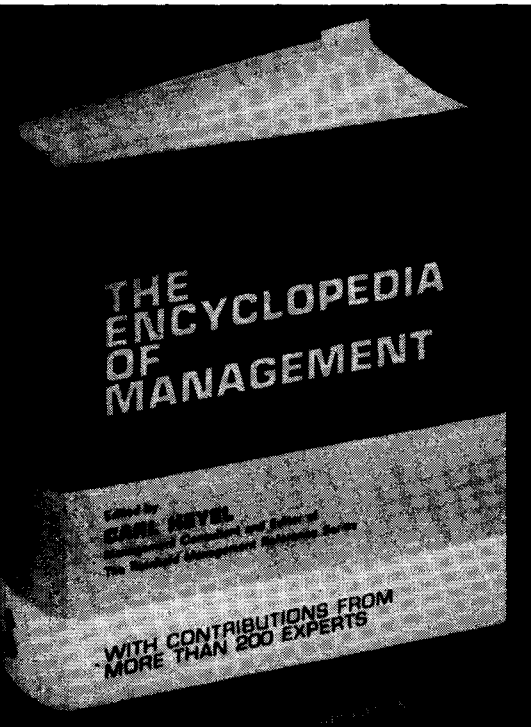
Sundays: Sunrise Semester/Camera Three/ Discovery '63/Face the Nation/Issues and Answers/NBC News Encore/Sunday/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color/ ABC News Reports

NOTE: Times (EST), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

Television Information Office
666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Make these new Reinhold books work for you in' 64



How can the top executive hope to keep abreast of the explosion in information, techniques and processes in the new, mathematically oriented "management sciences"?

How can the operating executive cope with the ever-expanding developments in other specialized areas of management?

No busy executive can keep up with the literature in all of the specialized fields that bear on his decision-making. *But now there is a way out of his dilemma...*

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MANAGEMENT

Edited by Carl Heyel

Here at last is complete, authoritative information on all these subjects, an instant reference for management on hundreds of entries, in one easy-to-use desk book. This is the largest compilation of articles ever published on principles, practices, purposes and data pertinent to business and industry. More than 300 entries, each treated in essay form, including the "new management sciences," such as "linear programming," "game theory," "queueing theory," and the like. Open discussions of controversial issues for accurate insight. Alphabetically organized, rather than arranged by categories of subjects, for rapid and convenient "information retrieval." A MUST FOR ANYONE INTERESTED IN MANAGEMENT. 7 x 10. 1200 pages. Published 1963. $25

HOW TO SELECT EXECUTIVE PERSONNEL

By Edith S. Sands, Assistant Professor, Chairman, Business Finance Department, College of Business Administration, Long Island University.

THIS IS THE BOOK THE BILLION-DOLLAR CORPORATIONS HELPED TO WRITE

Eighty-two of the nation's largest corporations cooperated with the author in seeking an answer to one of the gravest problems facing all businesses today; the recognition and selection of executive personnel. This book consolidates all the data collected, shows how to define the company's goals, how to decide what kind of men are required and where to look for them, how to appraise their qualifications for successful functioning, and finally, how to make the selection decision.

Small companies can learn how large ones select executives, big companies can learn how their competitors do it, and the average person can learn how to put his best foot forward when given the opportunity to rise to an executive position. 240 pages. 1963. $9.75

REINHOLD BOOK DIVISION
430 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 10022

30 DAYS' APPROVAL

REINHOLD BOOK DIVISION
Dept. M-243 430 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022
Please send me a copy of the book(s) checked below for 30 days' approval under the following terms:

☐ Total payment enclosed (Reinhold pays regular delivery charges)
☐ Bill me (plus delivery charges)

☐ Heyel: Encyclopedia of Management $25
☐ Sands: How to Select Executive Personnel – $9.75

NAME (please print)_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY/ZONE_____ STATE_____

SAVE MONEY! Enclose full payment and Reinhold pays all regular delivery charges. Same return privilege guaranteed. Please add sales tax on Ohio, Pennsylvania, California and New York City orders. Send check or money order only – do not enclose cash!

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAX ASCOLI

The 22nd of November

CAN one describe or pretend to analyze the horror of the news that came so short a while ago from Dallas? Yet it must be done today and for many other days to come; this numbed grief must be made articulate. It is not manly to shun the thought of death when death is all around us, in the faces and in the minds of everybody we see or think about. Writing about John F. Kennedy today does not offer any prospect of relief from the horror that grips us all; rather, it makes one feel with aggrieved keenness the hurt of that death.

He was so young, and we used to think of him in terms of his future, of what he would do during his second term in office, when from the beginning he would be a lameduck President—and how he would groom his successor; and what outlets his immense energy would find on leaving the White House at the age of fifty. Abruptly he is in the past, for all the future that there was in him and for him to unfold has been annihilated by an assassin's bullet.

This assassin is a human being so blinded by partisan passion, so possessed by hatred, as to plan the thing with coldbloodedness, and do it to perfection. There has been a great deal of talk lately about mad streaks of rebellion running deep into a broad political underworld; there has been talk of treasonable intolerance that had reached an ugly degree of intensity in some sections of the country. It all sounded like a tale of ghostly fears, sometimes made more confusing by hysterical fear of fear. But, it was said, hasn't it all happened before? Haven't we had in the history of our country stirrings of violence, half-crazed groupings of men ready to treat other Americans with murderous enmity, and then melting away into nothingness? We have been enormously spoiled by the complacent assumption that there is not much new under our sun, that all has been seen before, and that the violence that is in the past of our nation has somehow immunized us against its recurrence.

We know better today. A man was murdered whom his office made no less mortal than any other man. In the police blotters, murderers are registered every day. John F. Kennedy was an integral part of the life of all of us because he was the President, and because he was John F. Kennedy. No matter how we reacted to him, critically or enthusiastically or questioningly, the thought of him had become our tireless, assiduous companion. Sometimes he seemed to be even too much with us, and we would then complain about his image and what there was behind it, and what kept it ever-active and ever-charming. Now it's all over.

Even the thought that the last President of the United States to be killed while in office was McKinley seems irrelevant or incongruous. There too was a case of murder, and the man who was murdered held the same office as John F. Kennedy. McKinley died in 1901, the same year Queen Victoria died. The United States under McKinley had just taken the first step in world affairs when it cleared what was left of the Spanish Empire out of Cuba and the Philippines, and was becoming a probationary guest member in the exclusive society of the Great Powers.

Now, let's think of John F. Kennedy, of the countries where he had gone or was planning to go in the immediate future, of the statesmen who had come on pilgrimage to the White House. He had been in office for less than three years, and his name had already become a byword for youth and dash and a practical or pragmatic look at things. Many a country claimed to have its own Kennedys.

THE one and original Kennedy had centered in himself so much of our nation's power and hopes and drive that it is very difficult to foresee where we can go from here. This anguished uncertainty will stay with us for quite some time. The relationship between the Executive and Legislative branches of the government is in a frightening disarray that only a few of our legislators dare recognize. So is the Alliance. It can be said that on all major issues of domestic and international affairs our country was undergoing a most thorough re-evaluation, aimed at finding a balance between its means and its goals.

This state of things was inherited by John F. Kennedy, not created by him. He may have precipitated some of the situations of crisis he found when he took office because of his irrepressible urge to bring them to a head; but the problems of race relations, of inter-allied disruption, of organized labor helpless in face of automation—all these life and death issues were there waiting for him.

He was faithful to his word, he was moving ahead as hard and vigorously as any man could. Where was he taking us? Perhaps, indeed certainly, he knew. But we never will. He needed time, and time was denied him.

It is strange to feel orphaned by the death of such a young man. But we do. The promise of his Presidency was so radiant, and his place in American history will probably be that of the most tragic President our country ever had.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Meany's Curse

A. H. RASKIN

A CURIOUS BLEND of smugness, anger, and fright grips the leaders of organized labor. Gathered at New York's Americana Hotel in mid-November to appraise the fruits of eight years of merger, the representatives of 12,500,000 members of the American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations accepted as nothing less than their due the praise of President Kennedy and other national leaders. They advised their critics, especially the "disenchanted liberals," to drop dead. But behind all the brave talk was a sense that much was wrong within the merged organization and that automation raises problems for which neither labor nor the nation has adequate answers—problems that could have their most disastrous impact on union stability and strength.

The sad part of all this is that the factors menacing unionism's future are only secondarily the product of its own somnolence, its inner feuds, and its inability to organize the three-quarters of the work force still unorganized. The real threat comes from the job-killing potential of technological change, surging forward like a blind giant with no comprehensive public or private plan for balancing its benefits in increased abundance with protection for its human casualties. Labor is the victim, not the perpetrator, of this imbalance; yet the structure of unionism will be challenged more fundamentally than that of any other institution in our industrial society as more and more millions of Americans find themselves on the economic junkpile.

All the contradictions in labor's current role were ticked off in a remarkable keynote speech by George Meany, whose unshakable hold on the federation presidency reflects not only his granitelike personal qualities but also the extent to which he has dominated the varying strains of social idealism, pragmatism, and old-line business unionism in its executive council.

He started by wiping the floor with the eggheads who complain that labor has lost its sense of mission. He mocked them as longing for the "great golden age of the 1930's," with its sitdown strikes, soup lines, apple stands, eviction notices, county poorhouses, and forty-cent hourly wages. He went on and on pillorying them for the contradictoriness and callowness of their views, and the delegates couldn't have enjoyed it more if they were listening to Bob Hope or Danny Kaye. It all wound up on a note of great forbearance. Labor's critics had to "publish or perish," Meany observed; it was just too bad they chose the wrong alternative.

Then Meany moved on to a recital of the positive side of labor's story—factory wages averaging better than $100 a week, billions of dollars in pensions and insurance obtained through collective bargaining, huge housing developments put up under union auspices, $170 million raised last year to aid community chests in all parts of the country, labor colleges and other co-operative ventures to foster the growth of free labor movements in Africa, Asia, and Latin America.

The list of accomplishments grew gratifyingly long—"AFL-CIO influence is apparent all over the world"—until Meany got to the two unhappiest words in labor's lexicon, automation and unemployment. The whole capitalist system could go down the drain, he warned, unless industrialists and politicians join labor in facing the peril.

He cited estimates that in a few years all the country's goods could be produced by one-quarter the present work force. Everything will be done by pushbutton, with even the buttons pushed by machines, and all the gains are being hogged by management. The result, he declared, is that automation is turning into a "curse" that could lead to national catastrophe. It all sounded like an echo of the smash-the-machine cry of the Luddites in Britain a century and a half ago. Yet Meany is no Luddite. Much less is he a direct-actionist bent on upsetting the established order.

The testimonial to the virtues of capitalism that he delivered at a pre-convention session of the federation's Union Label Trades Department was as unreserved as any ever heard at a convention of the National Association of Manufacturers or the United States Chamber of Commerce. The despairing fervor of his assault on automation is of special interest against the backdrop of Meany's own evolution as chief spokesman for American labor.

HE IS an alumnus of the Bronx Plumbers Union, raised in an environment that was parochial and conservative even by the bread-and-butter standards of the building trades. In a movement in which arrests on the picket line were the equivalent of a Combat Infantryman's Badge, he rose to command without ever having called a strike.

Since he went to Washington a quarter century ago, his horizons have broadened. He is as emphatic—although not as verbose—as Walter Reuther in enunciating the proposition that labor is not a selfish-interest bloc and that it must go forward with the community, not at the expense of the community. He is acutely aware that the speed with which Western Europe and the Soviet bloc

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are automating poses a sharp competitive threat for our industries.

Yet last year he defied all labor's protectionist traditions by giving vigorous endorsement to President Kennedy's Trade Expansion Act, thus making it easier for Europe to invade our markets. And today he backs more, rather than less, American aid to help bring underdeveloped countries up to a level of industrial efficiency that may make them competitors in much the same way that the Marshall Plan did for the Common Market countries. In fact, as a member of the Clay Committee, he dissented from the critical sections of the committee's report, which later proved so helpful to the aid program's enemies in Congress.

In association with Reuther and all the other union members of the President's Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy, Meany signed a statement in January of last year describing automation and technological progress as essential to the national welfare. His co-signers on the industry side included Henry Ford II and Joseph L. Block, chairman of Inland Steel. They all agreed that such advances in technology could and should be made without the sacrifice of human values—a somewhat amorphous phrase contributed by the then Secretary of Labor, Arthur J. Goldberg, reflecting the view that unanimity was more important than precision in unlocking the gate to the industrial sector of the New Frontier. Meany's present conviction that there is "no element of blessing" in automation is an index of the rapidity with which all labor is losing faith that people will be remembered in the shiny new world of the robot.

The Ins and the Outs

Even with appropriate discount for hyperbole in a movement that specializes in shouting doom at each ripple of potential trouble, there is basis for labor's sense of helplessness and fear. The jobless statistics are disturbing enough—six full years in which the unemployment rate has not dropped below five per cent. This is roughly double what we used to consider a normal yardstick for full employment. Yet now, with profits and production smashing all records, the rate is 5.5 per cent, and even the supposed elixir of a rise in the gross national product is not bringing it down.

What is much more disturbing than this high general rate is the degree to which idleness is concentrated in two major groups—Negroes and young people. These are the excluded, with unemployment rates that run triple the level for other workers. The insidious thing about automation for these shut-out workers is that it operates in several special ways to keep them out—ways that cannot be met by the passage

of a Fair Employment Practices Act or any other legislative bar to job discrimination.

First, and most obvious, automation has its most drastic effect in eliminating unskilled and semi-skilled jobs. In factories, mines, packinghouses, and many other fields, the jobs that have been wiped out are those in which Negroes and young people used to find it easiest to qualify. This is especially true for those who never got past high school. As Secretary of Labor Wirtz told the AFL-CIO, most work that used to be done by people without a high-school diploma can now be done more cheaply by a machine. Two-thirds of today's jobless are in that class.

But the much more severe challenge that technological displacement creates for the AFL-CIO lies in the war it threatens to engender between those who have jobs and those who want them, with the federation's affiliates inevitably cast in the role of protector of the "ins" against the "outs."

The bedrock element in all the plans that unions have sought to work out through collective bargaining to deal with automation, including the three described by Bruce Bliven in *The Reporter* for November 7 ("Unions and Automation: Truce on the West Coast"), is a provision to guard their members against being fired because a machine does away with their jobs. Management's right to become more efficient through the introduction of more modern equipment is conceded in return for a guarantee that those already on the company payroll will stay on the payroll until they die, retire, or quit of their own accord.

This "attrition" system of adapting to changing technology is, of course, vastly preferable to the heartbreak that mechanization has brought to tens of thousands of coal miners jolted out of the mines and now vegetating in the pitted valleys of West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and other coal states. But it solves the job problem for those who have jobs at the expense of job openings for those waiting to be hired. No union can survive, in an industry in which total jobs are contracting rapidly, by suggesting that its members sacrifice seniority to make places for those who have never been hired. The question over the long haul may become whether it can survive if it doesn't.

The essence of the attrition approach is to build a wall around the workplace, sealing those who are in against the assaults of those who want to get in. If jobs in the total economy expand fast enough, the excluded will not view such arrangements as part of a conspiracy by corporations and unions to deny them employment. But the necessary expansion is not taking place.

So many youngsters are coming into the overcrowded labor market that it would require twenty-five thousand extra jobs every week through all this decade just to keep abreast of the inflow. No one has the foggiest idea how much higher this

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

figure has to be to take account of the shrinking effect of automation on total job opportunities. The Bureau of Labor Statistics estimates the loss each week at only about four thousand jobs. John I. Snyder, Jr., chairman of U.S. Industries, Inc., an important maker of automated machinery, puts the figure at ten times that. And Senator Jennings Randolph of West Virginia told Meany, after listening to scores of expert witnesses at Senate manpower hearings, that he was convinced it was really eighty thousand—or four million lost jobs a year.

THE REMEDIES for an unemployment problem as intractable as even the most conservative of these statistics suggests must lie primarily in government action. And this is the heart of the AFL-CIO's frustration. It has been wedded to the Democratic administration, and yet there has been little genuine belief in labor circles that Washington will supply the leadership necessary to put the jobless back to work.

President Kennedy had made it plain that he had no use for the key plank in labor's own program—a thirty-five-hour workweek, with no cut in the pay workers now get for forty hours, and a legal guarantee of double time, instead of time and a half, for overtime. The President had been barely polite in elbowing the notion aside; the country, he said, may be ready for a shorter workweek by the end of the century. And even though labor is not ready to wait that long, a good many of its leaders privately acknowledge that the principal effect of a blanket cut now would be to aggravate the country's trade problems and curtail jobs, rather than expand them.

What bothers many of them more is their doubt about the adequacy of the late President's program. They want the tax-cut bill to go through but they do not believe that it represents any fundamental solution for the job problem. Indeed, if the same bill had been put forward by a Republican President, they would be openly denouncing it as an expression of "trickle down" economics, designed to help the poor by giving its most substantial benefits to the corporations and the rich.

In general, labor found little to cheer about in Mr. Kennedy's performance in his three years in the White House. Most of the marks of favor were social. No President had ever invited so many union leaders to lunch, dinner, and cocktail parties. But the carry-over in administrative practice and legislative achievement was slight. Only in the changed personnel of the National Labor Relations Board and the more favorable decisions that have resulted does labor feel it has made a real advance.

The administration's wage-price guidelines, plus the limiting effect of high-level joblessness and automation on labor's economic strength, have caused a drop in the wage increases that unions have been able to bring back to their members. The range of government intervention in labor-management disputes has been expanded enormously, with the compulsory arbitration law for railroad workers only one element. On bills to stimulate the economy and restore full employment, labor has developed a stock comment: the President's proposals have been good, but they do not go far enough.

Labor and 1964

When Mr. Kennedy came to the AFL-CIO convention, his speech bore few signs that he had worked overtime in preparing it. There were no new ideas on how to create more jobs or how to get Congress to take seriously the bills he had already submitted. There was not even a reference to the program his Under Secretary of Commerce, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., had unveiled just a few days before for a Federal-state campaign against poverty in the Appalachian states—a program termed disappointingly weak by persons in the area who felt that the mass misery of Appalachia necessitated a program akin to the WPA of the Great Depression.

Despite all their disappointment with the Kennedy program and the Kennedy record of achievement, the AFL-CIO leaders were overwhelmingly for the President. Meany and Reuther, who have little fondness for one another, were united in fondness for Mr. Kennedy. So were most of the other members of the federation's high command. The cordiality with which they received his speech went well beyond the ceremonial enthusiasm they evince for any Democratic standard-bearer. It was, of course, tumultuous by contrast with their tepid greeting for Governor Rockefeller, even though his talk put equal stress on the urgency of cutting down unemployment and presented a considerably more comprehensive program.

How much of the top-level enthusiasm for the President's record was shared by the rank and file may be measured in some degree at next year's election. The unions will be happiest if the Republican nominee is Barry Goldwater. They have little doubt that they will be able to get out the labor vote against him. In any event, they intend to work harder than ever on registering union members and their families—an area in which they are more effective than any big-city organization of either the Democrats or the Republicans. Broadening the base of democracy through greater registration is the distinctive political strength of organized labor. But how that vote is cast depends on factors that labor is little able to control.

The danger in its present role is that it is becoming a political company union, tied to the Democrats but with little evident ability to influence their policies. The nearest anyone came to voicing this sentiment at the AFL-CIO sessions was when Paul Hall, the sandpaper-tongued president of the Maritime Trades Department, declared that the time had come to stop being "the rump end of a political party." His call was not widely echoed, but many of those who will be most active in drumming up union votes for the Democrats in 1964 insisted that they would demand concrete assurances of more force for more jobs. Just how these assurances could be more emphatic than those Mr. Kennedy made in 1960—or what real bargaining power the AFL-CIO could exert after having practically handed the Democrats the deed to labor's house—was not made clear. In a period when full employment may hold the key to union survival, more independent leverage would seem to be imperative if labor is to protect itself as effectively in the voting booth as it has done at the bargaining table.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Better Day For Brother Randolph

THOMAS R. BROOKS

For many years a regular feature of every gathering of the hierarchs of labor has been the voice of A. Philip Randolph demanding justice for the Negro worker. On November 18 the seventy-four-year-old president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters spoke out again before the AFL-CIO convention in New York, but this time he was anything but a lonely figure, having been solemnly invited by President George Meany himself to lead off the federation's discussion on civil rights. As Randolph concluded, the delegates gave him a standing ovation. In this, as in most things, they took their cue from Meany.

Meany and Randolph came along widely divergent paths to stand together on "the strongest civil rights resolution" ever put before an AFL-CIO convention. Meany may have arrived at this point somewhat reluctantly. He remained defensive to the end. "I can't understand," he said to the delegates, "the idea that the way to get these things is to abuse your friends." Yet Meany and the delegates were obviously relieved to be able to deal with at least one very clear-cut issue at their convention. To the consensus that something must be done about civil rights was added the chance to endorse an instrument to start the job —the Special Task Force on Civil Rights set up last summer by the AFL-CIO executive council. The key provision of the omnibus civil-rights resolution was the convention's endorsement of the Task Force.

The one other issue at the convention that moved the delegates was, of course, automation, but on this issue Meany could do little more than utter a curse from the heart. On civil rights the delegates could make definite pronouncements, with the satisfaction of knowing that they were all on the side of virtue. At his own pace, Meany is now moving against discrimination within and without the unions. The Special Task Force is headed by Meany and includes Randolph, Walter P. Reuther, C. J. Haggerty of the Building and Construction Trades Department, and AFL-CIO Secretary-Treasurer William F. Schnitzler. It is not a perfect instrument, but it has the full support of Meany's prestige.

Though the Task Force has not rushed into the Deep South, it has accomplished a number of things within the space of a few months. And it promises more for the future in its program of attacking "discrimination in all aspects of community life" through community drives and committees against discrimination. This approach enables the federation's anti-discrimination staff to outflank local unions in order to undermine their bias. Through the Task Force, units have been engaged in civil-rights work in Boston, Cincinnati, Washington, San Francisco, and other cities.

Making the Best of It

How much of this progress is merely a reiteration of good intentions? One indication of the way the winds of change are blowing through union halls is the disappearance of segregated locals by the process of merging. One railroad union, for example, has merged twenty-two locals in the last year. Some nineteen international unions still have Jim Crow locals, but the total has dropped to 172 out of the fifty-five thousand local unions in the AFL-CIO.

One of the best indications of how things stand now is the fact that Randolph has now toned down his customary demands for direct sanctions against unions that practice discrimination. He did, however, propose that Meany, Reuther, and other union leaders go to such places as Birmingham; that an AFL-CIO committee be appointed to meet periodically with the leaders of six national civil-rights organizations; and that a representative committee of Negro trade-unionists and AFL-CIO officers be established to evolve techniques for combating discrimination at the local union level. Discussion among the delegates skirted debate on these proposals. Everyone was for the omnibus resolution on civil rights, but only one delegate moved that Randolph's specific suggestions be adopted as an amendment. Meany pledged that "Brother Randolph's" proposals would "certainly" be given serious consideration by the AFL-CIO executive council, and this seemed to satisfy the delegates. And even Bayard Rustin, the grand tactician of the March on Washington, termed the convention's actions "very satisfactory indeed."

At the 1959 AFL-CIO convention in San Francisco, Meany shouted at Randolph, "Who the hell nominated you the guardian of all the Negroes in America?" A lot has happened in the last four years, and Meany's present attitude toward Randolph may be one of the clearest measures of how those changes have affected the labor movement.

For Randolph, one of the high points of the convention must have come when a Plumbers Union delegate from Texas, a member of the conservative wing of Texas labor, cried out: "We will take our stand with the Negro, with the Latin American, or ten years hence we'll not stand at all in our state, I don't know about yours . . ."

The applause that followed these remarks was spontaneous and must have sounded quite pleasant to A. Philip Randolph after all the rebuffs and even insults he has received over the years.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

White-Collar Automation

THOMAS O'TOOLE

AMID ALL the talk about the effects of automation on factory workers, surprisingly little has been said about the revolution automation is bringing about in white-collar ranks. The U.S. Labor Department, which keeps copious records on a multitude of things, has no clear statistics on how machines have begun to take over jobs that until recently have been considered the special province of human judgment and decision.

Perhaps the Department feels little compulsion to gather statistics that would be a paradox in light of other figures: while factory workers have declined because of automation, the white-collar multitude has grown to where it now numbers over thirty million in a work force of nearly seventy-five million. With figures such as these to cite, the blue-collar unions can sound righteously indignant when they ask: "What office automation? It's the factory man who's been hurt by machines, not the office worker."

And yet more than one economist has figured that the number of white-collar workers "dislocated" by computers every year has grown from almost nothing less than a decade ago to about 100,000, or one-third the present automation toll. What is more, these men voice concern over management's changing attitude toward the white-collar worker. Until recently, the office hand was looked on almost as a child of management, immune to layoffs of any kind. But the last two recessions produced more white-collar furloughs than factory layoffs in many companies. U.S. Steel and Chrysler, to name just two, have let go more than five thousand office workers apiece in the last two years, and Big Steel says it will lay off still more. Not long ago, the *Wall Street Journal* quoted George Spatta, "blunt-speaking president of Clark Equipment Co." of Buchanan, Michigan: "You'd be amazed at how many useless white-collar workers there are. We're going to get rid of them." What may harm the office worker even more is his total lack of defenses against automation, if it comes. He has no really strong union behind him to fight it, he is difficult to retrain (retrain for what?), and because automation is so new to him, he may suffer more in morale than the factory hand who has spent his working life on assembly lines.

A recent move by Union Carbide illustrates just how far the machines have come. The company decided to build a new warehouse next to its big chemical works in South Charleston, West Virginia. But how big a warehouse? Stocked with what chemicals? And how much of each? Instead of asking trained executives for the answers, Carbide posed the questions to a computer, in a new technique known in the computer trade as "Monte Carlo Simulation."

Over and over, the machine calculated the movement of chemicals in and out of imaginary warehouses, each time with a different set of customers, each time with different rates, shipping methods, and inventory levels. When it had done this, the computer considered hundreds of ways to warehouse different chemicals (which should be kept in drums? which in tanks?) before pinpointing the best way to store each chemical. Then, and only then, Carbide went ahead and built the warehouse the computer told it to build. Almost at once service improved, sales increased, costs were cut. Even more important, what would have taken men months to do, if indeed it could have been done by men at all, was done by the computer in minutes.

IT IS in case histories like this that automation experts profess to see a new pattern emerging in our business fabric. Computers are taking over tasks that used to be the sole prerogative of management, tasks that had more than once been ruled outside the capability of machines. Moreover, it is being argued, this movement is accelerating as more businessmen grow aware of the managerial skills of computers.

When Martin-Marietta lands a new space contract, it is not experienced personnel men but a computer that selects the scientists and engineers who are to work on the job. A computer will soon link General Electric and the whole massive U.S. economy, in that it will try to predict the effects on G.E.'s business of such irresistible economic forces as a change in basic steel prices or a nationwide railroad strike.

Geologists assessing data for oil explorers, like engineers figuring the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grades and angles for highway loops and overpasses, have seen the demand for their skills wilt as the demand for the computers grew. The aeronautical engineer could be part of the same dying race; where he might spend three years calculating the flow of air over a wing, a computer does it in seconds and for thousands of different wing designs. In Chicago recently, half the credit staff of one firm and ten junior executives at an ad agency were moved from their jobs when computers demonstrated they could rate credit and pick time spots for television commercials faster and with more precision. Meanwhile, a computer man formerly with one of Detroit's Big Three auto makers and now on the staff of the Harvard Business School tells a visiting reporter that there are ninety $7,000-a-year men who order parts for the auto firm's assembly line, a job neither difficult nor easy. "There's no reason," he says matter-of-factly, "why a computer can't eliminate eighty of those jobs." The British National Coal Board, after years of deficit operation, turned over many of its management duties to computers, and then began to show a profit. Lord Robens, chairman of the Coal Board, is reported as saying: "I can only conclude that computers handle the Board's affairs better than men."

Second Industrial Revolution?

By all accounts, "management by computer" was first foreshadowed in 1958, when economists Harold J. Leavitt and Thomas L. Whisler wrote in the *Harvard Business Review* that since "information technology promises to allow fewer people to do more work," a loss of managerial jobs to machines seemed inevitable. One University of Chicago professor who had pointedly disagreed with Leavitt and Whisler warned last year that the "odds are large . . . that within twenty years, many functions now within the domain of management will have been automated." A more ambitious appraisal was made by Donald N. Michael, an alumnus of the Brookings Institution, a consultant to UNESCO, the Defense Department, and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration as well as director of planning and programs for the Peace Research Institute in Washington. In a forty-six-page report for the Fund for the Republic, Michael not only predicted that "growing numbers" of executives would forfeit their jobs to machines but that they would pose a "special and poignant" problem to society when they did. "Where can they go?" he asked. "To firms not yet assigning executive tasks to machines? . . . To the government? . . . To top management?" Deciding that they could make none of these moves with any freedom, Michael wondered what the resulting chaos "would do to the ambitions of those who will still be students and who, as followers of one of the pervasive American dreams, will have aspired to the role of middle manager 'on the way up.' "

If it smacked of melodrama, Michael's report still made headlines in the press. "A new bugaboo," wrote the New York *Herald Tribune,* "has arisen to disturb the dreams of status-seeking middle management men."

The drive toward computer management is, of course, only part of a

broader movement in what might be called white-collar automation. It is a trend that had its beginning in the spring of 1954, when General Electric bought its first UNIVAC from Remington Rand. That may sound prosaic today, but then the *Harvard Business Review* wrote in an editorial: "The revolution starts this summer. . . . The management planning behind the acquisition of the first UNIVAC to be used in business may eventually be recorded by historians as the foundation of the second industrial revolution." If historians never mention computers, there are some economists who will always look on them as godsends. For at the time the machines were brought to market, the phenomenon of paper work was gripping the economy, and by 1955, as *Fortune* put it, one dollar out of every eight was going for "nothing more intrinsically useful than marks on a piece of paper." By 1961, it was one dollar out of every six and led Wernher Von Braun to exclaim: "We can lick gravity, but sometimes the paper work is overwhelming."

In the computer, business found the tool to cope with the rising flood of paper work. The electronic circuits in the newest computers respond to commands in one billionth of a second, or one million times faster than it takes the human brain to act on an impulse. With such speed at their call, computers can do long chains of arithmetic or logic, write out an answer, check to see if it is right, do it over if it is wrong, or go on to the next problem in less time than it takes a clerk to *decide* to pick up a pencil.

Hurry, Hurry Up

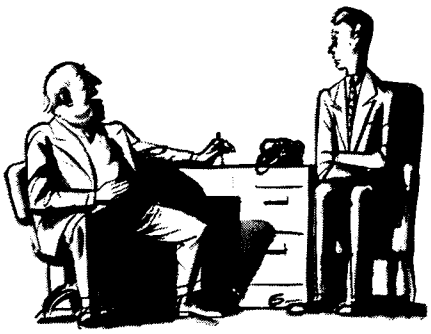
Pan American World's $23-million PANAMAC not only reserves tickets and hotel rooms for travelers but handles cargo billing and lading, maps flight plans, keeps track of spare engine parts, does market and route research, and will even tackle supersonic flight problems when the time comes. The $31 million SABRE (alphabetese for Semi-Automatic Booking and Reservation Equipment) built by IBM for American Airlines has an even greater dexterity along with a built-in smugness. It takes only a few millionths of a second for the computer to tell a reservation clerk (by means of a flashing light) if a seat is available on any American flight leaving any airport in the country; if there is no space, the computer takes just a little longer to fire off a *written message* listing alternative flights where there is room. If that is not enough, the computer will calculate all but the most complicated fares, cancel reservations not called for on time, and even requisition wheelchairs for crippled passengers. The agents in

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the field never talk to anybody but the computer, whose response to error can be as rattling as it is quick. If an agent confuses even the most complex itinerary, for instance, the machine chastises him with a teletyped reprimand about a second after he makes the mistake.

It is characteristic of U.S. business to move with new technologies in a follow-the-leader fashion, which is how the financial community is moving toward computerization. Following the lead of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, Inc., the community's acknowledged spokesman, brokerage houses now have $50 million in computers rattling out commissions on the day's stock trades, crediting dividends to customers, and deciding how much cash margin clients can borrow at the same time they feed brokers with up-to-the-minute prices of more than six thousand listed and unlisted securities. Brokerage houses have unusual incentives to automate; on Wall Street, errors cost about eight dollars apiece, and computers are almost error-free. Yet another lure for brokers is the hurry-up nature of their business; they cannot even begin to wind up their paper work until the stock market is closed at three-thirty in the afternoon, yet they must have it finished before nine o'clock the next morning. As a result, Wall Street automation is proving such a bonanza that one trucking company is hauling two hundred tons of IBM cards into New York's financial district every year.

ON THE OTHER SIDE of Wall Street, computers are taking over the banking industry lock, stock, and vault. "We're working toward the day when most of our employees spend their days smiling at the customers," is the way it is put by a Bank of America vice-president. From one set of statistics, it might seem that is all they do now. Of the fifteen billion checks to be written in the United States this year, eighty per cent will be run through computers. At the Chase Manhattan Bank, computers handle 1,700,000 checks every day, and the machines at the First National City Bank process one million checks and transfer as many as two million shares of stock in the same day. Things go wrong occasionally. A classic computer "error" concerns the secretary of a midtown Manhattan firm who used her own "computerized" deposit slip to drop off $20,000 of her firm's checks in a Chase branch, only to have the money innocently credited to her account. Yet the banks swear by their electronic accountants. "If we couldn't use our computer,"



one banking aide told me, "we'd be unable to open for business."

Unhappily, this is the kind of commentary handed out far too often as the sole explanation for the rapid rise of computers in business. At the drop of a hat, businessmen repeat the stories of how Metropolitan Life Insurance or the New York Telephone Company would need every working girl in New York City if it were not for computers to do the paper work. In the same vein, it was once stated by a computer expert that "There are not enough calculating machines in all of New York City to get Merrill Lynch through the day." There is more than a little truth, so the explanation goes on, in the recent *Wall Street Journal* cartoon depicting a cigar-smoking tycoon telling a personnel aide: "Our electronic brain is on the blink. Hire sixteen thousand office workers for the next two days."

But as any personnel man worth his salt knows, computerization also means replacing existing jobholders with machines, which cost less than people in the long run, are more productive, and do not get sick, married, have babies, take coffee breaks, or demand overtime. It is true that in some cases automation has increased employment; the explanation has been that computers were put to work on tasks nobody did before, such as elaborate market studies which were impossible without computers. Then there was the ballyhooed spectacle last April of the Internal Revenue Service asking Congress for money to hire three thousand new people because, as the IRS put its case, computers worked so well spotting tax cheats that more people were needed to process the violations. But to hear most computer men tell it, the Internal Revenue's case is an exception that disguises the way computers are eroding white-collar ranks. "No matter what reason a firm gives publicly for buying a computer," declares Albert Kushner, a partner in the consulting firm of Cresap, McCormick & Paget, "the most compelling one is that it cuts down the number of people who have to be paid." Or as it is phrased in even simpler terms by a computer scientist at Harvard: "If you put in a machine that costs $100,000 a year to rent and it doesn't replace anybody, you should never have put it in to begin with."

We Tried to Find Them Jobs

Computer progress has had a lot to do with the "sudden" growth of office automation. A rule of thumb for buying a computer used to be: "If it doesn't do away with more than 120 clerks, then it isn't economical." But as computers grew bigger, faster, and more versatile, it became common to see them replacing five hundred or even a thousand clerks at a time. By American Airlines' own admission, its SABRE computer will eliminate as many as 1,500 reservation clerks—five per cent of the airline's entire staff. Where automation strikes en masse, layoffs run even higher. Computers have thrown more than ten thousand "back-office" clerks from the brokerage business in the last two years. Once automation comes, even the little things can be a clerk's undoing. All Merrill Lynch had to do recently to drop one clerk was to align its customers' names and addresses in its computer-produced account statements with their securities transactions instead of keeping them on separate lines; now, when the statements move, line by line, through the computer, fewer lines have to be printed. Ponder, too, the plight of the teletypists who used to

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flash stock prices from the floor of the New York Stock Exchange to the wire services, a job that is now done by an IBM 620. "We tried to find them jobs somewhere else on the Street," said an Exchange official, "but everybody else was automating, too." Then there is—or rather was—Arthur "Pop" Harris, a small, wizened man, still in good health at seventy-eight, who figured the stock averages for Dow Jones & Co. six times a day every day the market was open for forty-six years. To hear the efficiency men tell it, Harris had to go. After all, he took seven minutes to compute the averages on his beaten desk-top calculator, while the computer that replaced him took seven microseconds at most.

Even where there are no outright layoffs due to computerization, there is an attrition in personnel from a policy known as "firing by not hiring," or what computer consultant John Diebold sometimes refers to as "obituary accounting." Whatever its label, it relies on regular office turnover to reduce payrolls and works best in industries where turnover is high. "We won't lay anybody off," is one banker's typical prologue to automation, swiftly followed by an explanation of how his bank's new computer will trim the payroll. "We have two girls who do nothing Thursday and Friday afternoons but post balances," he intones heavily, giving a listener the imperceptible impression that they are loafing on their jobs. "But from now on," he emphasizes with a gesture at the rows of blinking lights that identify the bank's new toy, "our computer will do that work." If the success of other computerized banks is any guide, his bank should do well paring payroll costs. Using the silent firing technique taught by computers, the First National City Bank last year showed its smallest net gain in personnel since the war, while Chase Manhattan was able to abolish more than three hundred staff positions despite new peaks in every segment of the bank's business.

If for no other reason than that it is a dynamic new trend, office automation is bound to accelerate before it slows down. William C. Norris, president of Control Data Corporation, one of the twelve U.S. computer makers, could say in a recent speech that "Only the world's needs for energy rival the world's needs for computation and data processing"—and this even though some fifteen thousand computers are already in use throughout the country. Walter Reuther once said that "Automation in Detroit means unemployment in South Bend," meaning that Studebaker could not compete with the more automated General Motors and Ford plants. The same holds true in white-collar industries. If one bank or one airline goes to computers, the rest must follow or be squeezed out of business.

There are other forces to accelerate the growth of computers. The millions of dollars being spent on computer research is bound to pay off in broader usage of computers, while competitive pressures in the computer industry itself will also tend to lower prices, a move that historically brings new customers with it. But with the new customers come new problems and an aggravation of the old ones. Through the second half of this decade, the spectacular influx of young people into the U.S. labor force will cause it to number eighty-seven million by 1970, a gain of twenty per cent over 1960. Optimistically, the Bureau of Labor Statistics is counting on an even greater gain in the number of people working at white-collar jobs, to 37.5 million, to absorb part of that jump. To others, however, the absorption of young people in 1970 is not so simple, and the bogeyman is automation. "The hundred thousand office workers now being dislocated by computers," one economist summed it up recently, "will be a spit in the ocean to the armies of clerks being bumped by the computers of the seventies."

The ultimate effects of automation on employment levels may be hard to forecast. But certainly it is already producing a great deal of "dislocation," a problem long disguised by office turnover and the proliferation of white-collar jobs. Dislocation can involve transfer or temporary unemployment, or it can take the hidden form of unemployment in downgrading. A University of Michigan study found that after computer dislocations in one firm there was almost no upgrading of skills; the highest supervisory tasks were taken by the computer and lesser jobs had to be found for dislocated clerks. Cresap, McCormick & Paget discovered that a computer left one firm's clerical staff with a "greater proportion of people in what might be called a middle-level grade, because many of the higher clerical grades had been eliminated." This common belief that clerks dislodged by computers go on briskly to computer specialties is a myth.

Computerization, according to the National Association of Manufacturers, recalls the "old story of the hydra-headed monster in a pleasant vein. One head is lopped off and two grow in its place." It is true there are thousands of white-collar workers toiling for the computer industry, but NAM's cheerful point was that computers create twice as many jobs as they abolish everywhere. Even if that were correct, the most sensible reasoning behind it would be that computers create new jobs by creating new products, even new industries. But this takes time. As Don Mitchell, former chairman of Sylvania Electric, once observed, "It doesn't do much good to try to convince an individual worker that over twenty-five years there is no such thing as technological unemployment. He doesn't care. All he is worried about is that he has lost a job."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Santo Domingo: The Empty Showcase

DONALD A. ALLAN

SANTO DOMINGO

FROM across the Plaza Colón, the big red sign "Adiós a las Armas" might have been just one more anti-military political slogan scrawled on the city's walls since the Dominican Army deposed President Juan Bosch on September 25. But it was an ad: "A Farewell to Arms" was playing at the Capitolio Theatre. Nevertheless, to a visitor who had just counted seventeen armed men in assorted uniforms of the Dominican police and armed forces lounging about under the spreading ceiba trees that shade the square, the Capitolio's poster seemed incongruous.

It brought to mind the remark a U.S. senator reportedly made after watching the military review that formed part of President Bosch's inaugural on February 27: "If Bosch could have marched that parade off the end of a pier, half his troubles would be over." Instead, only seven months later, it was the military who marched Bosch off a pier and onto a gunboat that carried him once again into exile. And with Bosch went the Kennedy administration's high hopes of making his régime the prize example of the Alliance for Progress in action—or, as few reporters could resist calling it, "a showcase of democracy."

Now the showcase is empty. In Washington buoyancy has given way to chagrin, and in the confusion it is only reluctantly becoming recognized that neither attitude has been fully justified by the facts. The U.S. administration has reacted with considerable sharpness to the abrupt interruption of its projects for nurturing a model democracy in the Dominican Republic after decades of poverty, illiteracy, and tyranny. The civilian caretakers installed by the generals would like to put a "Business as Usual During Alterations" sign in the window, but the suppliers in Washington have cut off the credit. On October 4 Secretary of State Dean Rusk set out to disabuse the *de facto* régime of the idea that we would accept their coup, as we had accepted others, as a primitive form of impeachment. "Under existing conditions," Rusk declared, ". . . there is no opportunity for effective collaboration by the United States under the Alliance for Progress or for normalization of diplomatic relations."

As the weeks went by, the Dominican generals, the six so-called parties supporting the coup, and the triumvirate of unaffiliated professional men they had named to head the state had to face the fact that a promise of elections in December, 1964, would not satisfy Washington. "Juntas always say past elections were bad but future elections will be good," Governor Luis Muñoz Marín of Puerto Rico commented. Washington, withholding recognition and aid from the new régime, has discovered in its turn that a quick return to constitutionality involving the legal successors to the presidency—men belonging to Bosch's Democratic Revolutionary Party (PRD)—would not be acceptable to the junta. "This truck has no reverse gear," Defense Minister Major General Victor Elby Viñas Roman told the U.S. chargé d'affaires. And there, two months after the coup, the unofficial negotiations were stuck.

In the midst of the hubbub, Bosch himself is a calm, almost aloof figure. When I talked with him in his hotel suite in San Juan, he insisted that he had no thought of returning to the presidency. He is resuming his writing career. Although it is clear that the country's first free elections in more than three decades were nullified by an army not only unpurged from Trujillo days but actually grown stronger, Bosch spoke of the events that led to his fall with a strange detachment, as if he were discussing another person and another time.

Good Guys vs. Bad Guys

In the United States, reaction to the coup quickly divided into two massive oversimplifications. It was either a major blow to democracy and the Alliance for Progress or a timely intervention to keep the Dominican Republic from going Communist. This time some of the liberals even cried "Send in the Marines!," while the conservative press urged prompt recognition of the triumvirate.

But here in the Dominican Republic it is much more difficult to tell the good guys from the bad guys.

The elections of December, 1962, were impeccably honest. Although many of the men on the interim council of state who were responsible for them were political conservatives, they presided over the transfer of power to the left-of-center Juan Bosch, and they effectively blocked the right-wing officers and politicians who even then were ready to stage a coup to prevent his taking office. Among these defenders of the democratic process were two men who are now members of the ruling triumvirate and others who took part in the constructive Council of State régime during 1962. Last December these men were called patriots. Now, a year later, they are being called fascists, Trujillistas, or dupes of the military.

The political parties are no easier to classify than the men. The Na-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tional Civic Union (UCN), which is now the mainstay of the *de facto* government, had campaigned with promises to purge the army and national life of Trujillo elements and had pledged full cooperation with the Alliance for Progress. Bosch's PRD called for national reconciliation instead of a purge and concentrated on sweeping campaign promises that U.S. observers considered unrealistic, and, in some cases, "anti-Yankee." Bosch drew votes from the extreme Right to the far Left, as well as the bulk of the unlettered farm workers and big-city laborers.

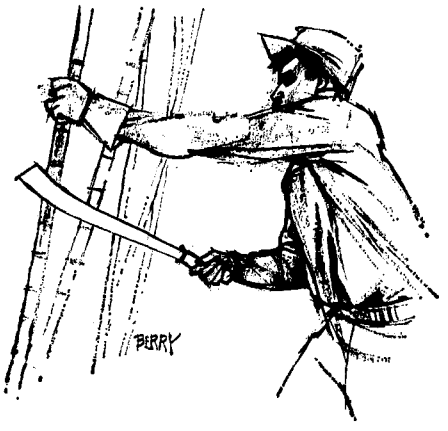
The shuffling of conventional alignments is just as confusing among special-interest groups. The leadership of the biggest trade-union organization, Conatral, did not come out at once against the coup, as did its AFL-CIO-backed parent group, the Inter-American Regional Labor Organization (ORIT), and its principal rivals, the unions of the Social Christian Party and the PRD. Conversely, important businessmen, such as representatives of international banking houses and of the powerful Vicini sugar interests, in private have condemned the coup as a severe blow for the Dominican Republic. In the information field (which Bosch had constricted by shutting down one newspaper, six radio stations, and a TV station that had attacked him) there is so far complete freedom, not to say license, under the triumvirate —although PRD employees are now being dismissed from the state-controlled radio and TV stations.

"After more than thirty-two years of a tyrannical dictatorship, you can't expect a country to come back to democracy in a few months," Foreign Minister Donald Reid Cabral argued. "As I told the United Nations, it is not that democracy failed here, but that democracy was badly served. We need time to educate our people. Then elections can have meaning."

Was the First Step Too Big?

Another way of describing what happened in Santo Domingo is to say that democracy took a great stride forward from dictatorship with the honest election and orderly transfer of power to Juan Bosch but landed on very slippery ground, and in the short time granted to Bosch's régime was never allowed to find its balance. The very size of Bosch's victory was the beginning of his downfall. The PRD won eighty-one per cent of the senate seats and sixty-six per cent of the deputies, as well as an overwhelming number of mayor and city councilmen around the nation. The UCN won only fourteen per cent of the senators and twenty-seven per cent of the deputies. "He had a steamroller in the legislature that gave the opposition no opportunity for debate or expression," an American official explained. "And he followed the custom of appointing new judges, so that the judiciary was his too. Instead of conciliating his political enemies, he taunted them and drove them wild with frustration. He did offer them cabinet posts, but only after his political outbursts made it clear he had no intention of true collaboration.

"Bosch felt the vote meant a mandate from the people after the manner of de Gaulle," my informant continued, "and he wanted to rule by himself, refusing to heed either his American advisers or his own party leaders. Bosch was a great politician while campaigning, but showed less skill when it came to running the country. But the sad thing is that he was learning. Given a year or two, he might have made it."



After twenty-five years in exile, Bosch was almost a stranger in Santo Domingo in 1962. As the UCN leader, Dr. Viriato Fiallo, put it, "You wouldn't know your own brother after all that time." He had few close associates among his own party and was not inclined to delegate authority to them or build his party organization in an orthodox way. "All I have with me is the people," he told his old friend Governor Muñoz Marin early this year. From the people came many of the legislators elected on the PRD ticket. Some, like one deputy who reportedly had been a street cleaner, were totally unprepared for their role in the republic's experiment in democracy.

Major bills, such as those drafting a new constitution and authorizing a $150-million public-works program contracted with European firms, were pushed through with only a few days' debate in the first month of Bosch's term. A bill designed to recover from the state concealed assets of the Trujillos and their henchmen was so loosely written as to alarm—frequently with good reason—almost anyone who had done any sort of business under the dictatorship. Many businessmen feared that if it were passed their property could be confiscated without appeal by the decision of a political tribunal, the congress. Labor was angered by Bosch's attempt to force all unions into a government-controlled central confederation—the reason why Conatral was silent about the coup—and Catholics were disturbed at his legalization of divorce and plans to extend government control over education. While the centralization of labor was intended to give Bosch a buffer group against the military and the school reforms to attack the nation's sixty per cent illiteracy rate, their immediate effects were to antagonize some people who had supported Bosch and stiffen the opposition. Even among the farmers and workers, disillusionment had begun to set in.

DURING the campaign, men and women would come up to tell Bosch their grievances. He'd write it all down in a little black book and they believed that as soon as Bosch was elected their problems would be solved. But good intentions were not enough. Actually, Bosch never presented a national development program to the Alliance for Progress. But the Kennedy administration, eager for a quick success in Latin America, descended on Santo Domingo with zeal. Experts were everywhere. The numbers of U.S. government civilian and military personnel,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plus private contract consultants and foundation-sponsored advisers, gave one western ambassador the impression that "there were two Americans to every Dominican." In 1962 the per capita aid was about $18, compared with $4.82 for Latin America as a whole.

Bosch's favorite campaign issue was his promise of resettling seventy thousand families on some of the million acres owned by the government—most of it confiscated from the Trujillos. Unfortunately, much of this land is cattle range not suitable for small farms. Of approximately 2,500 plots handed over since 1961 under the Agrarian Reform program, more than three-fifths were occupied during the Council of State régime. The triumvirate is continuing land distribution, but it is now recognized that Bosch's goal of seventy thousand was a daydream.

The Republic's efforts to help itself have been seriously jeopardized by the deterioration of the state-owned sector of the sugar industry, the nation's chief source of foreign exchange. The trouble began before Bosch and got worse, although rising prices have somewhat offset the decline in production. "Jobs in confiscated Trujillo mills became a political reward and the managers were changed repeatedly," an American banker recalled. "One had been a slaughterhouse operator—he lasted only two weeks. The cane fields weren't properly weeded. The Dominicans don't like to cut cane and used to import Haitians for that. Since last summer's Dominican-Haitian conflict, the Haitians no longer come and there is a shortage of cane cutters—and this in a country with 300,000 unemployed." Not all who draw pay work for it. "Every mill has a lot of people who just come to pick up their checks," a mill hand told me. "Some of them were PRD party workers, and this was the way they got paid."

Adding to Bosch's problems, the cost of living had gone up about fifteen per cent a year for two years and rents skyrocketed as more and more country people crowded into the cities. The price of rice and beans, the Dominican staples, rose more than twenty-five per cent in the last year. Charcoal, the standard cooking fuel, costs about fifty cents for a day's supply in Santo Domingo—and the average laborer's wage in the capital is three dollars a day and lower in the country. Bosch bought 30,000 tons of rice from the United States under Public Law 480 early this year. An order for another 50,000 tons was shelved with the cancellation of U.S. aid, and now U.S. officials expect a rice shortage before the first of the year.

The tension of the Trujillo days in Santo Domingo has been replaced by a listless atmosphere. Hotels and restaurants are run-down and half empty. Businessmen spend more time grumbling together on the street-corners and in bars than at their desks. In the countryside and working-class districts, the visible numbers of idlers and ragpickers testify to the shortage of jobs.

Soldier's Pay

From the beginning, the army represented the most intractable problem for Bosch. A few generals were arrested or went into exile in 1961 and 1962, but most of the hierarchy remained. The police and armed forces, which consume about forty per cent of the budget, were actually increased by some ten thousand men, most of them added to the police by Antonio Imbert Barreras, one of the two surviving members of the group that assassinated Trujillo in May, 1961. It is widely acknowledged that Imbert enriched himself in the supply of uniforms for the police, which were under his control during the Council of State days. Bosch gave the generals a further opportunity for graft by establishing tax-free PX's. About half of the whiskey imported goes tax-free to the army, and much of it finds its way onto the black market. This, however, is small change. "One of the immediate causes of the coup was my refusal to approve the purchase of twelve Hawker Hunter jet planes from England," Bosch told me. "General Atilo Luna of the air force expected to make a commission of $1 million on the deal, and he was furious when I stood in his way."

The Dominican military is recruited from poor families and few of the officers have had higher education. Colonel Elias Wessin y Wessin, a beetle-browed, barrel-chested chain smoker whose control of the tanks makes him a key figure, was easily convinced by a group of extreme right-wing priests and civilians that Bosch was delivering his country to Communism. While the chaplain of the air force, Father Marcial Silva, worked on Wessin y Wessin and other officers, an ultra-rightist association, the Independent Dominican Action (ADI), staged a series of inflammatory "Christian Reaffirmation" rallies last summer. The principal speaker was usually Rafael Bonilla Aybar, a newspaper editor and television commentator who is rapidly turning into a fascist-style demagogue with support among the military. The ADI also organized a strike of merchants in Santo Domingo on September 19. The military was persuaded that the time was ripe for a coup.

Since September 25 the ministry of defense, in the left wing of the National Palace, has kept a watchful eye on the offices of the civilian triumvirate in the right wing. In his newspaper and broadcasts, Bonilla Aybar charges that the triumvirate has taken a bland attitude toward Communism and that there is a fifth column inside the government. The rightists would not be distressed to see a military government installed.

THIS IS exactly what many Dominicans fear. "If the United States does not recognize the *de facto* government, an outright military takeover is likely," OAS Ambassador José Antonio Bonilla Atiles is telling fellow ambassadors in Washington. So far, public agitation against the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coup has largely been confined to student groups. Before the triumvirate closed schools in the capital district and prohibited political meetings in the country, two students were killed and a small number injured when police broke up demonstrations. The white-helmeted riot squads are said to be under orders to avoid provoking serious disturbances and to make the

best possible impression during the régime's campaign for recognition. But the strong-arm approach was quite apparent in the padlocking of PRD offices and the arrests and exiling of such PRD leaders as Bosch's constitutional successor, Senate President Dr. Juan Casasnovas Garrido, and party secretary Angel Miolan. If the PRD, which already shows signs of splitting into factions since the fall of Bosch, is proscribed or crippled, its followers will almost certainly turn to the Left. And this will accelerate the trend toward a polarization of far Right and far Left.

Rafael Albuquerque, secretary-general of the Radical Revolutionary University Front (FURR), the PRD's student organization, told me that his counterpart in the Marxist student group known as Fragua was positively gleeful over the coup. "Bosch was giving the answer to Castro's claim that there can be no revolution without Communism," the student leader went on. "Now the people are beginning to have doubts that democratic elections can mean anything. The generals, by crushing democracy in the name of anti-Communism, are simply driving more people toward Communism."

Seldom has the tired pretext of "Communist infiltration" been more transparent than it was in the Santo Domingo coup. Many of Bosch's critics insisted that he allowed Communists into his government, but when asked for proof, no one I talked to gave me the same names. "They never found any Communists in my government, before or after the coup," Bosch pointed out. "The men behind the coup are creating Communism, not fighting it."

The Recognition Question

Despite Secretary Rusk's blunt statement, the Dominican generals and the triumvirate seemed at first to assume that a delay in recognition was only a routine gesture. They had some reason to feel as they did. The United States scarcely batted an eye when the Argentine military deposed President Frondizi in 1961. Last year when a junta took power in Peru following a disputed and indecisive election, the administration's "tough" nonrecognition policy melted away fast when it appeared that most Peruvians—and most of Latin America—accepted the solution. Earlier this year Washington quickly gave recognition to juntas in Ecuador and Guatemala.

Moreover, it was widely known that even though the charges of pro-Communism were phony and the charges of incompetence somewhat unfair, considering the difficult conditions and brief span of Bosch's term, many Americans were exasperated by Bosch's stubborn independence. "Although our embassy told the Dominicans pretty clearly what our reaction would be in case of a coup," Edwin M. Martin, the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, told me in an interview, "it appears they were also told by some U.S. civilians, 'Don't worry. They'll have to recognize you.' I suspect the military were really convinced, and they convinced the parties."

Martin himself inadvertently made the U.S. position still more uncertain on October 6, less than a fortnight after the coup, in a statement written for the New York *Herald Tribune* that was immediately seized on—by taking quotations out of context—as implying an official tolerance of such uprisings. Martin's survey of U.S. objectives and the widely differing conditions in the hemisphere with which we must contend was a graceful statement in a vein this administration likes to call "pragmatic." But early October was no time to deliver such a lecture, for the Dominican coup had been followed on October 3 by the overthrow of President Ramón Villeda Morales in Honduras. Moreover, the military in Venezuela were showing signs of restlessness over the mounting Castroite attempts to subvert the election there on December 1.

The Venezuelan situation, in fact, may be responsible for the administration's decision to be firm, at least temporarily, about not recognizing the new Dominican government. If the Dominican Republic were isolated, it might have been another matter. Four coups in a year increased the danger of encouraging the Latin-American military. Unquestionably, the State Department had Venezuela very much in mind.

OUR RELATIONS with Santo Domingo cannot be isolated from our policies in the hemisphere, and especially in the Caribbean. We cannot leave this unhappy country in limbo indefinitely without conditions deteriorating further. Some profit, however, can be gained from a temporary pause. Our influence is tremendous, but is increasingly sub-

ject to limitations. We can no longer send in the Marines; we can no longer underwrite régimes without qualification, whether they be the sordid tyranny of a Trujillo or the well-meaning democracy of an honest man like Juan Bosch. We must learn what are the things we can and cannot do for democracy in Santo Domingo—and what the Dominicans can and ought to do for themselves.

"You have helped us economically, now help us politically," Alberto Moreno Martínez, the Social Christian leader, pleaded. "And the best help is to leave us alone for a while."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nehru's New Centrism

ASHWINI KUMARI

When the Chinese invaded India a year ago, the shock produced an immediate wave of patriotic feeling, giving a heart-warming illusion of national unity. Indians of all classes and political affiliations rallied to the call of national defense. The enthusiasm to defend the frontiers, to sink all differences, to forget the harsh realities of poverty, percolated down to the remotest villages. Many saw in the change the beginnings of a permanent revolution in Indian thought and attitudes. Linguistic and caste differences seemed to vanish in the general hatred of the Chinese. It was thought that the new-found commonness of purpose could be utilized to hasten the realization of democratic socialism. There was hope that the integration of Indian society and the elimination of untouchability might prove less formidable with the Chinese invasion posing a threat to the very existence of India as a free nation.

The Congress Party in particular greeted the prospect with optimism. After fifteen years of uninterrupted power, the party was in a dismal state on the eve of the Chinese invasion. Though barely six months earlier it had won a resounding victory in India's third general elections, public discontent and factionalism within the party itself had reached disquieting proportions.

The situation was transformed almost overnight. Internecine quarrels and rivalries became muffled. All the non-Communist opposition parties called off their anti-government agitation. The Communist Party was a shambles—or so it seemed. Paradoxically enough, the Himalayan reverses did not affect the prestige of Prime Minister Nehru. Instead, he became the symbol of resistance. Even those who held that he was not the best man to lead an India at war adjusted themselves to the climate of faith once he dispensed with the services of Krishna Menon as defense minister. Even big business made Nehru its hero by sponsoring a national poster campaign with the slogan: "When Nehru Leads Victory Is Ours!"

Before long, however, it became clear that this new unity was precariously based. Having neutralized the North-East Frontier Agency (about 33,000 square miles) and a long stretch of the western Himalayan frontier in the Ladakh region, the Chinese switched over to an anti-Indian diplomatic campaign in Asian and African countries. The fears expressed by Nehru and Y. B. Chavan, the new defense minister, of a renewed Chinese invasion once the winter snows on the mountains melted, did not materialize and a military lull settled along the 2,500-mile border.

Nehru and his close colleagues like L. B. Shastri, then home minister, and President Radhakrishnan, a growing influence in Indian politics, sensed the need for some imaginative action to ensure that the slackening of tension did not destroy the new-found unity. But before they woke up to the fact that Indian stability cannot be a Chinese gift, they were provided with some frightening examples of public discontent.

The Nehru government had promulgated two major measures to strengthen the economy against the Chinese invasion. They were the Compulsory Deposits Scheme and the Gold Control Order. One was intended to mop up surplus savings and the other to stop the drain on foreign exchange through gold smuggling and simultaneously unearth the vast hidden gold hoards for national defense. Finance Minister Morarji Desai, who spiritedly pushed the schemes through, regarded the gold order in particular as presaging "a profound social revolution." He thought that it would wean Hindu women away from their old love for gold jewelry. Actually, these measures led to his downfall.

The socialists, the conservatives, and the Communist Party combined to resist the economic measures. There were demonstrations and strikes all over the country. Bombay, a metropolis of four million, witnessed an impressive general strike. The unemployed goldsmiths, some 800,000 of them, provided excellent material for political exploitation. There was perhaps not an Indian town where the All India Goldsmiths' Association did not organize symbolic protest marches and hunger strikes. The AIGA claimed that 160 members committed suicide out of despair. All over the country nearly 30,000 goldsmiths courted Gandhi-type arrest.

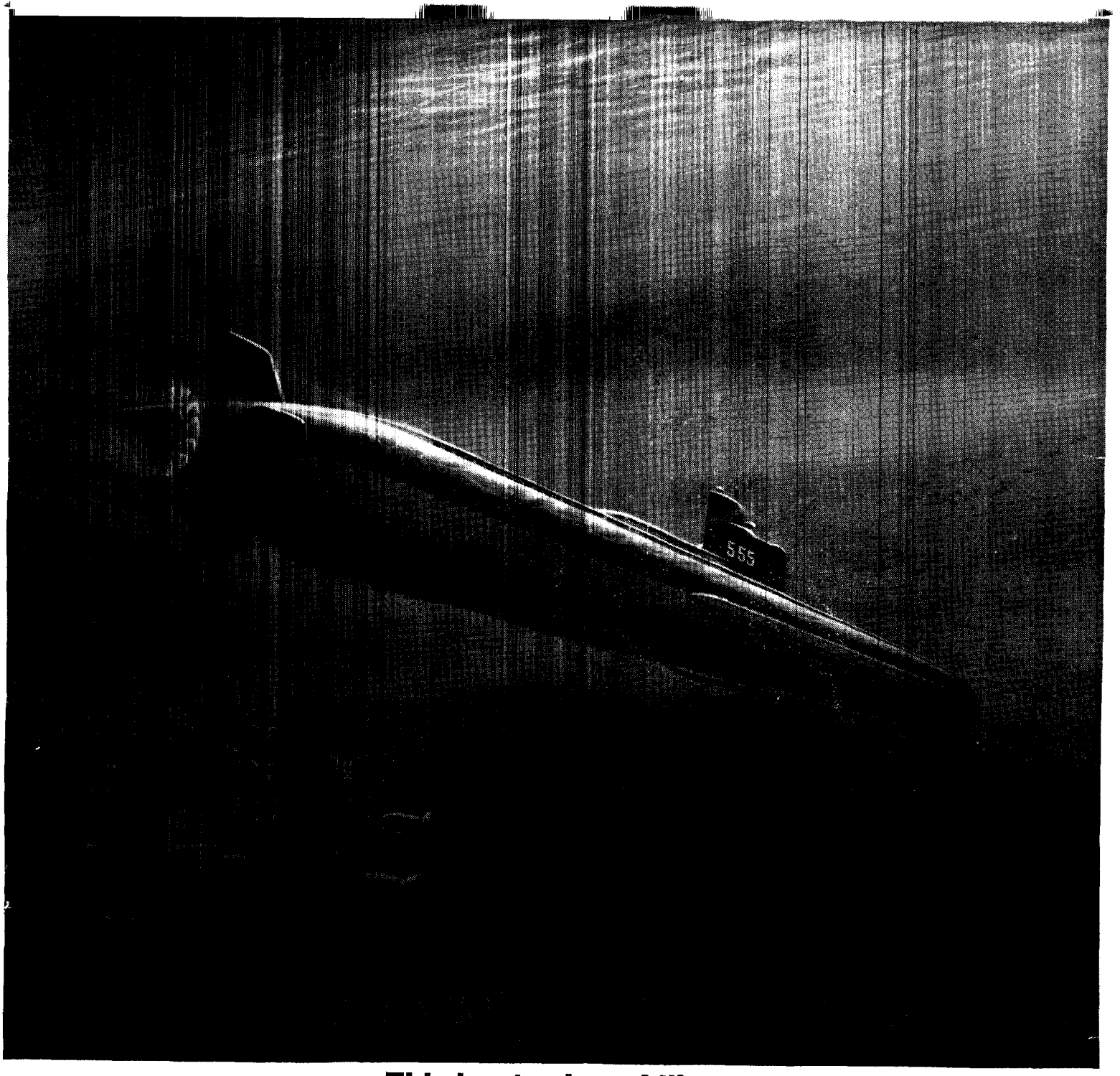
The worst blow to the government and the ruling party came when the Congress Party lost three important by-elections that put Acharya J. B. Kripalani, Dr. Ram Manohar Lohia, and M. R. Masani, all front-rank opposition leaders, into parliament. Kripalani had been routed by Menon in the 1962 general elections by a massive majority. Menon's victory had been regarded not only as marking the end of Kripalani's career but also as paving the way for Menon's eventual rise to the prime ministership.

There was also a clamor for lifting the national emergency regulations promulgated by the government in the wake of the Chinese invasion. With characteristic opportunism, the opposition parties joined in opposing the emergency laws while affirming their determination to help the defense effort. Some of the leading non-Communist newspapers also advocated the release of Communist Party leaders who had been detained for pro-Chinese activities. This was all a measure of a public discontent whose edge had been sharpened by the unpopular Desai imposts.

Gandhi to the Rescue

The receding Chinese military threat brought to the surface the old troubles of the Congress Party. Factional infighting broke out in most of the state units. Charges of corruption, some of them serious and embarrassing, were leveled against a number of provincial chief ministers. At New Delhi, Nehru had to drop from his cabinet K. D. Malaviya, a Menon follower, who was charged with favoring a leading Calcutta businessman with industrial licenses

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This hunter is no killer.

U.S.S. *Dolphin* is the Navy's newest and deepest-diving experimental submarine, now being built by Portsmouth Naval Shipyard.

Dolphin will hunt answers.

As she probes deep among the sea's mysteries, she'll also be testing the latest developments in submarine construction and control.

Her steering-and-diving control system came out of Republic's Hydrospace Division. From control wheel to aircraft-type cable system, it is quieter, far lighter and even more reliable than today's most advanced sub-control systems. It is also easier to install and maintain, because the whole thing is designed as a unit.

Dolphin's rudders are made of two new plastic materials, reinforced with steel.

They're seven feet tall, two feet thick. Tough, buoyant and non-deforming, even under the most extreme operating pressures.

We designed and built them, too.

REPUBLIC
AVIATION CORPORATION
FARMINGDALE, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2008 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meeting of minds in Bavaria

In the town of Ingolstadt, not far from King Ludwig's fairytale castles in the Bavarian Alps, an American engineer named Peter de May and a West German engineer named Bernhard Bruecks are at work on a big refinery construction project.

This newest refinery built by Jersey Standard's affiliate in West Germany typifies the way Jersey's international investments contribute to the welfare of other nations... and our own. For in many countries throughout the free world Americans like de May and nationals like Bruecks are putting their heads and hands together in cooperative efforts to build and operate the facilities required to meet the expanding needs for oil.

The refinery at Ingolstadt, for example, will bring the benefits of low fuel costs to the people of southern Germany and also will improve the region's ability to

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

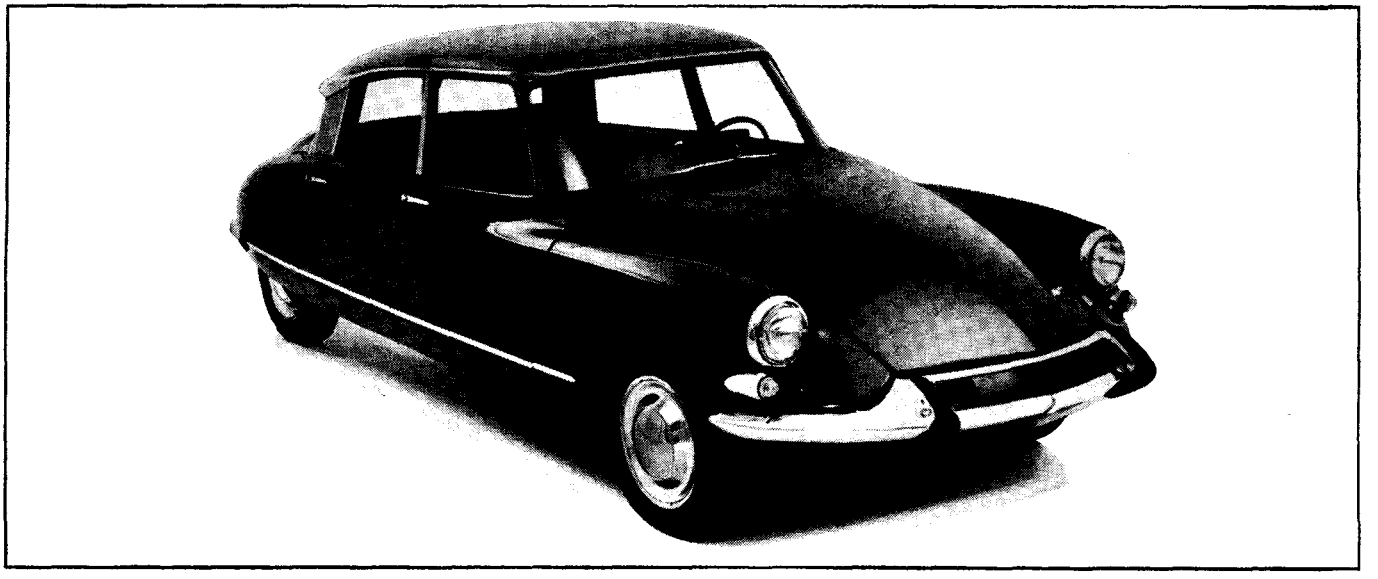
compete with industries in the north.

The booming German economy spells expanding markets not only for oil but for many other products and services, including exports from the United States.

Thus, in this interdependent world, the free flow of capital, ideas and talents across national boundaries spurs production, raises living standards and increases trade among nations. Jersey Standard's investments not only bring returns to shareholders but, by promoting economic development, they add to the strength and security of the entire free world.

Standard Oil Company
(New Jersey)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Funny face

There's more to CITROEN's looks than sheer French charm.

Beneath that chic exterior, there's the beautifully practical logic of *why* a CITROEN looks like it does.

For instance, regard the pointed nose and sleek lines. They're designed like a jet—and for the same aerodynamic reasons: to increase stability and cut wind resistance.

This means greater safety, more visibility and less gas consumption . . . all important concerns to the practical and economical French.

Not to mention the practical and economical American.

Imagine getting 28 to 34 miles to the gallon from a big, comfortable family car—and you begin to appreciate what CITROEN's design means.

And for all its economy, CITROEN has plenty of power when you want it. Its big motor can easily give you 100 mph—and more.

Another paradox: CITROEN has a wheelbase as long as most large American cars—yet its body is as short as most compacts, because superfluous "overhang" has been eliminated. Result: easier parking and maneuverability.

As any CITROEN owner will tell you (and gladly!) there's far more to this remarkable automobile than meets the eye. Air-oil suspension. Front-wheel drive. Power-disc brakes. Power steering. Tires that last up to 50,000 miles.

So, why not do more than just look. Give it a try.

You'll discover that to drive a CITROEN is to love one.

Citroën

SALES & SERVICE THROUGHOUT THE U.S.A. • SEE YELLOW PAGES OR WRITE CITROEN CARS CORP. • 300 PARK AVE., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in return for contributions to the election expenses of a friend.

Nehru asked Gulzarilal Nanda, the minister of planning and a close confidant, to submit a report on the public image of the administration and the ruling party. Nanda's findings were ruthlessly sincere. He said: "Dissensions, factions, and recriminations sum up the image of the Congress Party in the minds of the people. Divisions at the top have infected the various layers of the administration. For the common man the government means corrupt practices, delays, and lack of consideration."

Damodaram Sanjivayya, president of the Congress Party, said in a public speech that "Party men who were paupers only ten years ago seem to have blossomed into millionaires."

A special convention of the general council of the Congress Party was summoned. The deliberations resulted in what has come to be known as the Kamaraj Plan. Formulated by Kumaraswami Kamaraj, chief minister of the provincial government of Madras and a man of ascetic integrity and wide popularity with the peasants, the plan recommended a renovation of the party's image by imaginative measures. Kamaraj argued—and everyone seemed to agree with him—that if the party hoped to retain its hold over the country it had to convince the people that Gandhi's spirit of renunciation still stirred in its ranks. The remedy he suggested was typically Gandhian. Top government leaders were to resign their posts and go to work among the villages, which were no longer immune to the skepticism that had eroded the party's prestige in urban areas. Kamaraj himself was one of the first to resign.

Renunciation has a great emotional appeal to Indians. In his struggle with the British, Gandhi used it with enormous effect. He pictured the Congress Party as the personification of Daridra Naravan, one of the Hindu deities who stand for the poor man. He identified himself with the dumb, impoverished millions. The masses could thus see the anti-British struggle in terms of economic emancipation.

When the Congress Party came to power in 1947, it was still very much the poor man's party. But within years, if not months, its leaders presented themselves to the public in a different image. They began to live in palatial bungalows, traveled in shiny imported cars, and imitated the flamboyant ways of the erstwhile British rulers. Once in the seats of authority, many party men demonstrated that it was not patriotic idealism but mere lack of opportunity that had kept them from the temptations of corrupt action.

This explains why the Kamaraj Plan rekindled some of the magic of the old days. It was thought that once a sizable section of party men holding senior positions in the administration returned to the simple living of the Gandhian era, the masses would begin to see the rulers in a more kindly light. At one stage Nehru himself offered to resign. Even now there are many influential

people in the country who feel that the Kamaraj Plan would have meant far more to the masses if Nehru had become an ordinary citizen. But the party rejected his offer—proof not only of his remarkable hold over it and the country but also of a rather pathetic reliance on him, a reliance that in many ways has been at the root of the Congress Party's inability to build up an internal vitality without the props of hero worship.

THE KAMARAJ PLAN has now been in operation for about three months. It is still too early to draw up a balance sheet, but a realistic attempt to assess its initial impact and indicate future trends seems possible.

The first flush of enthusiasm has, of course, subsided. The expectation that quick dividends would follow has been largely belied. A large number of party men, both at the center in New Delhi and in the states, have resigned government posts, but they are still waiting for directions on the constructive program they are to implement in the countryside. Some of those who renounced their jobs in an access of Gandhian humility seem to be having second thoughts. As for Nehru, his motives in instituting the Kamaraj Plan have been questioned in some quarters.

It would be uncharitable to say that Nehru merely seized upon the Kamaraj Plan to establish his personal supremacy in the government by pushing out conservative colleagues like Minister of Food and Agriculture S. K. Patil and Finance Minister Desai. At the same time it would be equally naïve to assume that in working out the renunciation formula the prime minister acted as a Gandhian saint.

Judging from the trend of events since the plan took effect, the conclusion is justifiable that, whatever its original intentions, it may well lead to a polarization of forces within the Congress Party and perhaps to its division into two distinct political parties; one centrist, revolving around Nehru's philosophy, and the other rightist. If this happens, the total effect will really be one of revitalization of the Indian political scene.

The main source of confusion in the country's affairs—lack of ideological cohesion in the ruling party—would be removed. In a way, this is what Gandhi himself visualized just before the departure of the British. He suggested that once freedom was won, the business of the Congress Party would be over and that it should be "wound up." Exactly what the Mahatma meant is still being discussed, but it is not unlikely that the shrewd and prophetic politician in him realized that while an all-embracing party was all right as an anti-colonial movement, its ideological diversity would prove cumbersome in the effective translation of economic objectives after independence. This is what has happened.

In recent years it became more and more evident that rightist pressures

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

within the party and the cabinet had slowed down the implementation of the administration's reformist policies. Fighting shy of the candid label of socialism, the party decided in 1954 that its goal should be the realization of a "socialistic pattern of society." This was defined by Nehru himself as a mixture of democracy, economic and social justice, human values, and Gandhian principles. But even this circumscribed version of Indian socialism was only grudgingly accepted by the rightists. Some of them, like Chakravarty Rajagopalachari, a top associate of Gandhi and Nehru in the freedom struggle, quit the party to form the conservative Freedom Party, while those who thought that Congress had betrayed true socialism also withdrew and organized the Peoples' Socialist Party (PSP), which is strongly opposed both to the ruling party and to the Communists. While opposing any attempts to disturb the concentration of economic power in the upper ten per cent, the Freedom Party has advocated that India should join an anti-Communist military alliance, and this has won for Indian rightists a rather warm feeling in many western countries. But knowledge of this has only adversely affected the image of the West among the Indian masses.

Nehru's New Team

Most of the rightists, however, continued to stay in the Congress Party out of sentimental loyalty to the old days of pre-freedom comradeship. A peculiar fact about Indian politics that is often lost sight of in the West is that it is heavily influenced by the Hindu social concepts of tolerance and "unity in diversity." Politically speaking, Indians are among the world's poorest haters, and there are few who recognize clearly defined frontiers in political thinking. Nehru has shown time and again how reluctant he is to bring about ideological homogeneity at the expense of cherished friendships. He has believed in carrying everyone with him, even if this results in his being pulled in different directions.

This attitude has inevitably contributed to administrative confusion and weakness. The vigorous implementation of the five-year plans became a difficult task with so many views being pressed on the Planning Commission in New Delhi. For instance, even while some parts of the country recently lay in the grip of near-famine conditions, Patil, as food minister, refused to impose controls on the distribution of food grains and to curb black marketing in wheat, rice, and sugar. His colleague Desai showed that he was amenable to big-business pressures for tax concessions while he resisted demands from low-income groups to drop the Compulsory Deposits Scheme, which tried to force $30-a-month workers and clerks to contribute three per cent of their earnings to the government.

For the first time since independence, the Indian government now has some ideological clarity about it. The cabinet lost its leftist wing when Menon and Malaviya were dropped. Now that Desai and Patil have resigned in the Kamaraj spirit, the rightist wing has also gone out. The government now consists solely of party men who might be described as genuine Nehruites.

The prime minister's three top colleagues in the government now are Gulzarilal Nanda, minister of home affairs; T. T. Krishnamachari, minister of finance; and Sardar Swaran Singh, minister of food and agriculture. None of these can be described as anything other than centrists. Nanda is a middle-of-the-roader and dabbles in Hindu asceticism, being chairman of the Bharat Sadhu Samaj (Association of Indian Monks). When he is not formulating a new theory for arriving at the per capita income (he was minister of planning until recently) or inquiring into pro-China espionage by the Communists, he is busy organizing saffron-robed monks for character-building drives. Krishnamachari is a wealthy ex-businessman who is sometimes thought to be an insidious Socialist because he reads all the latest treatises on economics. Shorn of his searing vanity, he is a charming man who likes to relax in the company of classical musicians and dancers. Singh is a gentle, capable administrator with a gift for reconciliation. Nehru has chosen him for many crucial conferences with the leaders of neighboring Pakistan.

Nehru appears to be anxious to dispel fears that the vacuum caused by the exit of the Desai-Patil group will be filled by an influx of Menonite influence. He has distributed their portfolios among the middle-of-the-roaders, and New Delhi is full of rumors of the anger and sullenness in the Menon camp. Krishnamachari has tried to woo big business in a big way. He has ruled out nationalization of banks and promised a relaxation of travel restrictions on businessmen wanting to go to foreign countries. The government has set up a high-powered committee to review the working of controls on industrial enterprises. The Gold Control Order has been drastically amended and the Compulsory Deposits Scheme has been practically abandoned. Both the rich and the poor seem to view the administration in a charitable light.

NEHRU's position has been strengthened, but it would be wrong to assume that he can now behave, if he wants to, in a dictatorial fashion. In fact, he seems to have entered into the most delicate phase of his long leadership of the country, the ruling party, and the government. He has sacrificed the Menonite Left, and the Kamaraj Plan saw the exit of the Desai-Patil right wing from the cabinet. For future support he has to rely on the centrists and on those who believe in his concept of what he once called Gandhian Socialism. He is by no means a political innocent, though he has lacked a gift for purposive action all these years. Knowing the ramifications of the rightists and the undependability of the leftists, Nehru will have to tread warily.

An open showdown between the Nehruite centrists and the Desai-Patil rightists may not come in the immediate future, but there are indications that a rightist revolt in the ruling party may be brewing. Since he left the government Patil has charged that the Kamaraj Plan is being used "to get rid of unwanted people" and criticized the industrial policy of the government of which he was so recently a part. Desai is also busy sounding out his supporters, but he does not give the impression that he is eager for an early trial of strength with the centrists.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Congress Party is to hold its "annual session," as it is called, in January, and Kamaraj is slated to take over as party president then. By that time the cleavage of ideologies within the catchall organization may have become more obvious. The final break may not come for another two or three years, but most of the informed people in India think that a break is not only inevitable but also necessary for future democratic stability.

A Healthy Split

If the Congress Party splits up into two clearly defined national parties, the rightists will draw into their fold the Freedom Party conservatives and the Hindu Jan Sangh, a semi-religious group with a large following in northern India. The centrists will be strengthened by the return of the Peoples' Socialist Party. At the moment it would appear that the Nehruites command the loyalty of about seventy per cent of the members of the Congress Party. Even if the right wing stages a walkout, the Nehruites will be able to muster a sizable majority in parliament in New Delhi and in most of the sixteen states, perhaps in all of them.

Many influential Indians agree that a break-up of the Congress Party is the best thing that can happen to Indian democracy and politics. The masses and the intelligentsia could then make choices between two clearly defined democratic forces instead of reluctantly voting into power a Congress Party which they know is no party in the real sense but only a collection of diverse interests and loyalties. «»

My Old Ladies

MARY ZAVADA

As a child in a completely Polish neighborhood in a New Jersey industrial town two decades ago, I knew more old ladies than I knew children my own age. Never were there more than four playmates for me on the street that led from the factories on the west to the church and school on the east, but every house in the area had one of those short round figures in a cotton dress with a *babushka* tied around her gray head.

The ladies seemed old to me then, for fifty years was the distance between us. But the distance was gentle and it made for reverence and communication. If I played in our front yard or wrote names and numbers on the sidewalk with blackboard chalk, one of the old ladies might call from her porch, wiping hands damp from kitchen chores on her apron and then pulling a dollar from the pocket of her dress: "Be a good child and run to the store for me and buy some sour cream." This was not an irritant; it was a pleasant interruption, more interesting than my play.

When I would return with the purchase, I would hand it to her, and perhaps as she stirred the sour cream into the spicy, steamy, colorful mixture in a large pot on the stove and smiled at me standing by the screen door, we would talk. How much was the sour cream? My, my. Did I know that apples once cost two cents a pound? She couldn't afford the apples then, child, but there they were to be bought by anyone who could afford them. Forty years before. The bazaars in the park beside the church. She had driven to church in a coach on her wedding day. Pennies it had cost. Pennies. A gown and veil. Could I imagine! Her own daughter about to be married and her cousin in Poland asking for a gown and veil for her daughter. Did her cousin think money grew on trees?

I knew—I do not remember not knowing—that these old ladies had come to America when they were very young. They had come not so much for religious or political freedom as for money. What fears, what hopes, what imagined wonders must have gripped these hearts when as girls they had kissed their parents and, they thought, poverty good-by. They worked in the mills. They dyed silk. They wove wool. They hemmed incalculable numbers of white and printed squares in the handkerchief factories. They jostled each other for mending work, painfully precise and eye-taxing. And in their leisure they set about living in the new land. They married and had children. They saw the world flame in war, the stock market crash. They jeered the mounted police who broke up the strikes in the thirties because a handsome demagogue had convinced them that he symbolized the true America. They believed him, too, because they had seen cavalry before. The world flamed in war again. Their sons went to fight. Always, always, they told each other: if you don't like it here you can leave. They stayed.

The Polish community is of the past. The second generation has moved to streets where the mailboxes carry names not all of which end in "ski." The second generation has taken the old ladies and the few remaining old men along. The old people adjust; they have lived lives of constant adjustment. Wherever they are, they find a church where they attend the eight-o'clock Mass. They stop at the neighborhood bakery for hot rolls and at the candy store, where the proprietor, although he is not Polish, has provided the newspaper *Nowy Swiat,* the *New World.* The old ladies go home to make in an enameled pot the sweet coffee, half milk, that no one really likes any more. But Mama doesn't like the electric coffeemaker's coffee. The rolls, the coffee, the *Nowy Swiat,* the neighborhood children, peeling the vegetables for supper, a drive to another daughter's home two towns away—these make up their lives. Others might grow weary of this unvaried order, but they do not. They joy in these simplest of pleasures, because years ago they did not have them.

Another thing they have now is funerals. In a violet lace dress, her hair curled as it had never been in life, one old lady is displayed in the funeral home while other old ladies shuffle in from all their vari-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ous communities. They do not go to weddings; the receptions are tedious and noisy. The food is not to their taste. Weddings are for the young. But they ride busses or walk or their children drive them to see her whom they knew so dearly so long ago.

While one of the old ladies kneels at the bier, her lips moving quickly and fervently with the prayers for the dead, the bereaved attempt to identify the mourner. The young perhaps have never seen her before.

"Who's that, Aunt Stel?"

"Goodness, I don't know. Ask your mother."

"Mom?"

"Oh, that's Mrs. Dziesiada. Grandma roomed with her when she first came from Poland."

"And that one?"

"That's Pani Jagorski. Her husband got Grandpa his first job in America."

The mourner has finished praying and one of the younger men hurries to help her to her feet. She nods her thanks and then with her hands extended in front of her as if in blessing, she shakes her head and whispers, "Ah, Boze." Oh, God, and some consolation.

ANOTHER arrives who needs no identification. She is the oldest of the old ladies, Mrs. Bobrowski. She is four foot nine. Her navy polka-dot dress is a size seven. The weather is cool and dreary, and she wears a sweater that is too large for her. Her hair, still so black, is pulled back tightly into one long braid, wound into a nub at the nape and held in place with four or five large hairpins. Her skin is smooth. The years of tightening her hair away from her face have prevented wrinkles. Her mouth is small, her lips thin, her false teeth don't fit, and she moves her lips incessantly. Occasionally she wipes her mouth with her printed handkerchief—blue flowers on a white background. She nods to the assembly and kneels at the bier. Her dress almost covers her heavy lisle stockings but not her white and navy blue tennis shoes; the manufacturer's label on the heels is starting to peel.

She finishes praying. She needs no help to rise. She extends her hands, too, in benediction and takes the front seat offered to her. "Did you walk?" she is asked. "Why didn't you call? One of us would have brought you here in a car."

She sniffs. "I came by bus. Am I ill?" But her annoyance is fleeting. She speaks to those sitting beside her. Yes, death, a shame, but she doesn't squander sympathy. She wants news of the living. When she has heard of engagements and pregnancies, graduations and major purchases, she calls for an out-of-towner, and the summoned comes with pleasure, sits beside her, and asks: *"To jak tam wszystko?"*—"Well, how goes it?"—and then proceeds to tell the news Mrs. Bobrowski wants to know.

A girl approaches. "This is Jean's girl," Mrs. Bobrowski says, and everyone exclaims over her memory. "I was your age when I came to America," the old lady remarks, but the girl, who knows of Mrs. Bobrowski, shakes her head.

"I'm twenty-three," she says. "Didn't you come to America when you were younger?"

'Fifteen," Mrs. Bobrowski says. "When I was his age." But the young man she points to is a college junior. Soon he will be twenty-one. Mrs. Bobrowski acts surprised. She must know people expect her to lose track of time. She looks at the girl. "Twenty-three. Not married?" The question is stated calmly. It is not an accusation.

"No."

"When I was twenty-seven," Mrs. Bobrowski says, "I cried and cried because I was getting married. It is good to marry. It is also good to be alone."

"Why did you cry?" This is not probing. The story is a legend.

Mrs. Bobrowski smiles. "You marry. That is it. There is no change. That is not the time to think the marriage was a mistake. At twenty-seven I was not sure I was not making a mistake." She shakes her head. She, too, is thinking of the legend.

Everyone knows that her husband was a dashing, violent little man who sired five children, bought a laundry, and created turmoil with bill collectors and customers for several years, clenching his fist and banging his wife's shoulder whenever he tripped over a difficulty. As frantically as he did everything else, he died. Her oldest child was thirteen at that time. Mrs. Bobrowski buried her husband, took over the business, and for the next twenty years operated the most successful laundry in town. Sometimes people envied her children's education, her only daughter's gay large wedding. As it is so often, truth was obscured in her case. "See," people told her, "all that Bobrowski did for you. He left you the laundry. He paid for all this. And you cried at your wedding."

Even when her tears and then Bobrowski's dust were forty years old, Mrs. Bobrowski answered with simplicity, without rancor, "My shoulder paid for it, too."

HER DAUGHTER married a huge laughing man and for several years Mrs. Bobrowski and her daughter and son-in-law lived together. Then her daughter grew strident, and she soon died of a brain tumor.

"Do you live alone, Mrs. Bobrowski?" she is now asked.

"No. I live with my son-in-law."

"It must be lonely all day for you while he's at work."

"He doesn't work. He retired two years ago. He shops. I cook. He cleans the house. I iron his shirts. We work in the garden. At night we often go to card parties."

"But if he's retired, Mrs. Bobrowski, he must be . . . Mrs. Bobrowski, how many years . . . ?"

Mrs. Bobrowski smiles. "I am ninety-three." Her eyes twinkle at the awe in her listener's face. She says, "I was a bridesmaid at your grandmother's wedding."

Once more the story is told. "My mother had three sisters," Mrs. Bobrowski says. "Four girls in the family." The details must be precise. "They were Katie and Eva and Mary and Agnes. I was the first daughter of the oldest of the four sisters. Your grandmother was the first daughter of the youngest. Your grandmother and I were cousins." She waits for a nod of comprehension. "When your great-grandmother was married, I was thirteen. I danced at the wedding." And her eyes look out over the heads of the listeners as if to see that day eighty years gone by.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Stalin-Trotsky Split: A Lesson for Kremlinologists

JERRY A. HOUGH

NEARLY four decades ago a major struggle, couched in ideological terms, split the Communist world and led to much speculation in the West about a major change in the nature of Soviet foreign policy. Today, when another such struggle among Communists has been followed by an unexpected East-West treaty, it is worthwhile to look back forty years and see whether we can perceive some lessons for the present day.

If the current conflict in the Communist world involves two great nation-states, the conflict in the mid-1920's began within the Soviet Union itself, within the ruling Politburo of the Russian Communist Party. Whatever may have been its deeper roots, it came to western attention as a battle between two members of that Politburo—Joseph Stalin and Leon Trotsky. On the surface at least, it was a battle that centered on a major ideological-policy dispute about the possibility of "building socialism in one country."

Where Lenin Was Wrong

With the advantage of hindsight we can now clearly see that the rivalry between Stalin and Trotsky long antedated the commencement of the debate on socialism in one country. Two years before Stalin first uttered this phrase, Lenin was recording in his famous "testament" his concern about the relationship of the two men. By the time Stalin first developed the concept (December, 1924), the public attack on Trotsky had already begun; by the time the debate began in earnest in 1925, Trotsky was a beaten man.

In the late 1920's, however, the issue of "socialism in one country" was seen abroad as the crucial one in the struggle for power, and it certainly played a prominent role in the public discussions that raged in the party congresses and in the press.

The ideological dispute had its origins in a major theoretical embarrassment that faced the party leadership after the end of the civil war and foreign intervention in late 1920. Lenin had done grave violence to classical Marxism when he carried out a proletarian revolution in a predominantly peasant country. He justified his action by the image of a chain of capitalist states that could and should be broken at its weakest link, and he asserted that the other links would quickly be broken by revolutions inspired by the Russian example.

Lenin did not assume that the revolutions in Europe would have to come in a matter of months, but during the civil war he believed that the Soviet régime could not survive alone indefinitely. It was at this time that he declared, "It is inconceivable that the Soviet republic should continue to exist for a long period side by side with imperialist states."

Events proved Lenin wrong. The revolutions in the rest of Europe were abortive, but the civil war in Russia also ended and the western countries withdrew their troops. The Soviet leader was forced to recognize his "former illusions" and his "false political reckoning." He conceded that "We have not only a breathing space, we have a new stage in which our fundamental position in the framework of the capitalist states has been won."

Lenin was still able to maintain that the western proletariat had saved the Russian Revolution. "It turned out that they supported us by halves, since they weakened the arm that was raised against us. . . ." Yet, while this explanation of the western withdrawal from the civil war solved some problems, it still was not completely satisfying. It still left the Soviet leadership with the proposition that (as Stalin expressed it in early 1924, shortly after the death of Lenin): "The efforts of one country, particularly of a peasant country like Russia, are insufficient for the final victory of socialism, for the organization of socialist production."

HERE the matter rested until late 1924, when Stalin pressed forward a new formulation. Stuck with his earlier statements, he continued to assert that revolution abroad was necessary for the *final* victory of socialism, but he gave this phrase a new long-term meaning. Now Stalin emphasized that "The victory of socialism in one country alone is entirely possible and probable even if that country is industrially less developed and even if capitalism remains in other countries which are more developed industrially."

This proposition was first advanced by Stalin in a quiet manner, but as 1925 progressed it became one of the major battlegrounds on which the struggle for power was publicly fought.

Trotsky argued that Stalin's new slogan "socialism in one country" was a total contradiction of the basic tenets of Marx and Lenin and that it demonstrated Stalin's incompetence in the theoretical realm. More than that, Trotsky charged, the new slogan symbolized a major change in Soviet foreign policy—the complete betrayal of the world revolution. Indeed, he declared that it was but one part of a general counter-revolution that sacrificed the interests of the proletariat—both Russian and foreign—to the interests of the Russian bureaucracy.

The dispute quickly degenerated

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into scholasticism, with more being obscured than revealed. Both sides relied heavily on quotations from Lenin, usually twisted out of context. Both engaged in hair-splitting arguments on the real meaning of "socialism" and on the differences between "the victory of socialism," "the complete victory of socialism," and "the final victory of socialism." Each was willing to describe the position of the other in the grossest caricatures, often totally ignoring the real way in which his opponent was using a term.

Yet in reality, the ideological differences between the two men were far less extreme than they seemed. Although Stalin declared that "Comrade Trotsky gives us no hope at all" and that "According to his plan, our revolution has only one prospect: to vegetate in its own contradictions," Trotsky did not, in fact, propose internal vegetation. Instead, in these years he was advocating a far-reaching plan for industrialization that is not easy to distinguish from the one Stalin instituted in 1928.

Likewise, while Trotsky accused Stalin of abandoning the world revolution, Stalin continued to insist that revolution was desirable and that it was indispensable for the final victory of socialism. He declared that the building of socialism in Russia was "not an end in itself, but a means, a lever, for the development and the victory of the revolution in all countries." When an American engineer, Thomas Campbell, returned from an interview with Stalin reporting that the Soviet leader was no longer interested in world revolution, Stalin denounced the statement as an "absurd fiction."

Twice Deceived

Unfortunately, however, these subtleties of the Stalin-Trotsky debate were largely lost on a sizable segment of the educated public in the West. It is true, of course, that many remained convinced that the Soviet Union was fomenting revolution; there was, after all, no irresistible public clamoring for recognition of the Soviet régime in the 1920's. Still, the *Literary Digest* was not at all atypical when it headlined a 1926 discussion of events in Russia "Russia's New Chief Abandons the World Revolution." A correspondent of the Seattle *Times* was not alone in speculating that an improvement in Soviet-American relations rested in large part upon "the permanency of Stalin's more enlightened rule."

The development of the position of the New York *Times* was, as always, characteristic of that of many among the educated public. In January, 1926, while it warned against accepting the changes taking place as grounds for closer relations, it referred editorially to the fight still going on "within the ranks of the ruling Communist Party [over] the question of moderation or a renewal of Communist warfare"; in March it spoke cautiously of "signs of returning sobriety"; and in September it stated, "The new temper at Moscow represents a virtual abandonment of the dream of a world revolution."

In 1928 Stalin shifted sharply to the Left as he struggled with Bukharin and the other right-wing elements within the Politburo, and many western observers of the Soviet scene (including the New York *Times*) became more cautious, recognizing that the evolutionary process was going to develop more slowly than they had hoped.

But the "lessons" of the Trotsky-Stalin battle were not totally forgotten, even as the Soviet Union bristled with hostility toward the West, even as the Comintern ordered cessation of co-operation between foreign Communists and Socialists. (This was the period during which the German Communists were attacking the German Social Democrats more vigorously than they did the fascists, even though this strategy might—and did—facilitate Hitler's rise to power.)

During 1931, for example, the *Times* carried a major series of front-page articles by Walter Duranty summarizing the situation in Russia. In his article on Soviet foreign policy, Duranty declared, ". . . Stalinism, while retaining world revolution as an ultimate goal, has abandoned it as an immediate practical issue little less completely than the early Christian Church abandoned the millennium or the second advent when Constantine made it the official faith of the Roman Empire." Duranty recognized that "Stalinism refuses to admit this openly. . . . But facts are facts, whether one admits them or not. . . ."

THE EVENTS of the 1930's and early 1940's served to reinforce these beliefs that the Soviet Union was (in Roosevelt's words) "ready for peace in permanent form." The Communist International held but one congress after 1928 and then only to support the Soviet Union's new collective-security policy and to formalize—belatedly, in 1935—a Popular Front against Hitler. When this policy failed, Stalin's pact with Nazi Germany symbolized the cynicism with which he could follow a policy of *Realpolitik*.

During the Second World War, the subordination of Marxism-Leninism to Russian nationalism in Soviet propaganda suggested that the changes in foreign policy were even to be recognized ideologically, and this seemed to be confirmed in 1943 by the dissolution of the Comintern.

The dissolution of the Comintern was taken seriously by many, precisely because it did seem to fit so well with their conceptions of the trends in Soviet foreign policy since the defeat of Trotsky. Thus, for example, the late Senator Tom Connally, then chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, noted that "The Russians for years have been changing their economy and approaching the abandonment of Communism, and the whole Western world will be gratified at the happy climax of their efforts."

The New York *Times*, while awaiting practical results, agreed in es-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sence. "The decree represents the formal nationalization of the Bolshevist revolution. In that respect it is merely an official recognition of the evolutionary process that has been going on in Russia for some time."

Even if it were conceded that Stalin could not formally repudiate Marxism, then it was felt that the massive reconstruction job would preclude large military expenditures after the war and that the people of the Soviet Union, exhausted from the war, would be an irresistible force pushing for the relaxation of tension.

Goals Within Goals

For those who held this view, the last decade of Stalin's life was of course a deep disappointment. Yet in retrospect, it is clear that there was much in their analysis of Stalin's foreign policy which was correct. It is clear that Stalin often subordinated the interests of foreign Communists to those of Russian foreign policy (as, indeed, Lenin had done in his treaty with the Kaiser at Brest-Litovsk and in his later treaty with Kemal Ataturk). It is clear that Stalin was chary of risking major war in advancing any of his interests, and particularly in furthering revolutions abroad.

Those who thought that socialism in one country meant the end of an activist foreign policy promoting revolution abroad failed, however, to take these important considerations into account:

¶ A foreign policy can follow a number of conflicting goals simultaneously—indeed, all foreign policies do so. The possibility that Soviet foreign policy might have other goals in addition to its obvious concern for Russian security was not fully realized.

¶ There was a possibility that Stalin's attack on the slogan of world revolution was precisely what he said it was—an attack on an "idiotic" slogan that he thought would have bad psychological effects both internally and abroad because it was incapable of realization *in the short run.*

¶ Whatever his goals, Stalin still might think about the outside world in Marxist categories. Even if a man were to lose some of Marxism's revolutionary zeal, he might retain its cynical suspicions about the motives of the statesmen of the capitalist world. A morbidly suspicious man steeped in Marxism could easily conclude, for example, that a neutralist capitalist country was a contradiction in terms and that national security could be achieved only by destroying the economic bases of imperialism in Central Europe.

¶ Finally, those who believed in the mellowing of Soviet ideological fervor neglected the possibility that this process might take decades to reach fruition. Those who referred to the changing Christian attitude toward the Second Coming or to the later gradual muting of religious hostility after the Reformation did not always reflect on the fact that these processes took centuries to work themselves out.

Measuring the Split

As we recall these misinterpretations of Soviet foreign policy that flowed from the Stalin-Trotsky struggle, we must be on guard that we are not led into similar errors in interpreting the present split within the Communist world. We must, of course, continually probe for the real nature of current Soviet foreign policy, for we cannot dogmatically assume that the patterns of the 1920's are being repeated. Yet at a minimum we must be very cautious before accepting uncritically the catch phrases of the present conflict. We must be especially cautious about the Soviet and Chinese versions of each other's position.

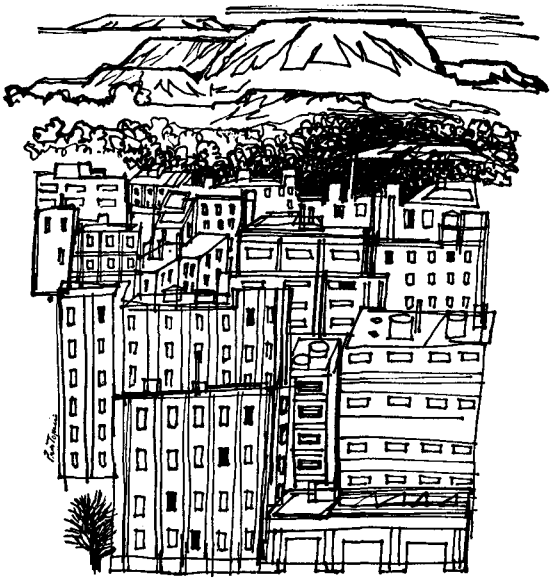
It is not clear, for example, that the Chinese really want war. Their policy with respect to Indo-China and the offshore islands has shown an awareness of the nuclear teeth of the paper tiger that might not be suspected from Soviet sources.

It is also not certain that Khrushchev is quite as counter-revolutionary as the Chinese charge. In discussing the impossibility of peaceful coexistence in the realm of ideology, the Soviet leader has said some very blunt things about the hopes and moral responsibility of the Soviet leadership for political developments in the non-Communist world. For example, the July open letter of the Soviet Communist Party's central committee to China stated flatly: "We are wholeheartedly for the destruction of imperialism and capitalism. We not only believe in the inevitable downfall of capitalism, but we do everything to ensure this will be achieved by means of the class struggle and as quickly as possible."

When Soviet representatives attend the congresses of foreign Communist Parties, they invariably inform their listeners (in the words of the central committee member sent to Belgium): "The Communist Party of the Soviet Union considers it its international duty to render every kind of support [*vsemernuiu*] to the working movement in the capitalist countries." The Chinese notwithstanding, these statements may be quite serious. The goal of avoiding nuclear war is not, after all, incompatible with a whole series of other goals, many of them quite activist.

We sometimes picture this peaceful political competition that Khrushchev offers as a World's Fair of Ideas at which the peoples of the world will shop for fifty years or so and will then buy the most attractive goods. We must remember, however, that political competition is never a gentle, clinical business—not even in the United States, where the competitors share many values in common. Khrushchev may have different ideas than Stalin about the most effective means of political struggle, but the peaceful political competition we have seen in Berlin, the Congo, and Venezuela suggests that the lessons of Stalin-Trotsky conflict still have relevance.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Situation

A short story set in Johannesburg

BLOKE MODISANE

CAIAPHAS SEDUMO waited for the traffic lights to change on the corner of Jeppe and Eloff Streets. He was at peace with himself, with his environment, enjoying an emotional truce with South Africa; he did not feel black. I'm white by association: a master's degree in applied psychology, a white job with an advertising firm, the expensive suit. His eyes lowered down to his feet, the new shoes—American, Bostonians. Appropriately expensive. If these are the standards which denote a white man, then I'm white.

"Look at it, Gert, look at this monkey standing here," an Afrikaans voice said behind him. "Look how it's standing in front of us. Push it away, push away this stinkpot."

Caiaphas flinched in his mind, looking ahead, fixing his stare vacantly on the display window of Manhattan Outfitters. Don't react, these are vulgarians; don't condescend to their level by reacting.

"Knock the monkey's hat off."

He tensed, in spite of himself and the rationalizations. Why don't you try it. Just you dare, white trash. Steady, Caiaphas. No, Caiaphas, don't be baited into trouble.

The traffic lights changed, Caiaphas walked ahead; the conflict had been averted, he had escaped having to make a stand against the confrontation. He was grateful. The voices followed behind him, threatening violence, but he pretended deafness, persuading himself into a state of disinvolvement.

"The monkey deserves a beating."

Caiaphas continued to ignore them. His reactions, under strain, were civilized; he was better than they, a cultured man does not respond to violence. With an air of casual self-assurance he turned round to look at them.

"Bugger off, swart hell," the man said. "Hey, what are you looking at, Kaffir?"

Caiaphas did not reply. He was constrained to feel pity. They were Afrikaners—farmers, by their coarse grooming—country rustics possibly on their quarterly spree in the city; their clothes were faded country-town best, jackets with elbow patches and baggy pants. There was the smell of the country about them; both had enormous hands roughed with labor, and weathered faces.

"Just open your mouth," the farmer said, "open your mouth and we'll show you hell. Swart devil."

Caiaphas fixed his gaze on the speaker. A crowd was gathering around them, the confrontation had become explicit, and there was a silent intimidation in their presence; a quick look at the faces about him assessed the danger encircling him, it was waiting to chew him up. He was black before the polity of the confrontation, his reactions became black. He was afraid; the anger all around him forced him into a realization of white authority, its vengeance, and its instrument of power. The conflict had finally settled into its proper dimension: he was posed against the law.

"Off with your hat when a white man's talking to you," the farmer said, whisking the hat to bounce against a white man who flung it to the ground. "What's the matter, Kaffir, can't you talk?"

A coarse forefinger jabbed at his nose, screwing it a turn. Don't lose your temper, it's not worth it; swallow it down and force it there. Death was staring at him through the eyes of the farmers. It was waiting; everything and everybody was waiting. Caiaphas swallowed.

"I SORRY, BAASIE," he said in Afrikaans. "Very sorry, my king—my crown."

A grin flickered on the face of the farmer. His superiority, his authority, was being acknowledged. The stallion had been broken, castrated. The hardness in the farmer's eyes began to soften, the anger uncurling.

"I good Native, my baas, my crown," Caiaphas said. "Good Native, baas. I sorry, my baas, my king. Please, baas, for me to go."

He had disarmed them past the point of danger, and with a slow, unequivocal motion he bent down for his hat, a broad toothy smile canvased on his face. Steady, boy, be the good Native; no sudden moves. He straightened up carefully, exaggerating a nervousness into the fingers spinning the hat round and round.

"Be careful," the farmer said. "You city boys are spoilt, don't know your place. You're Communists, the whole lot of you. God, man, we know how to deal with your kind. Our boys are good boys, we train them

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Black Woman

Naked black woman
Dressed in your color of life, your figure of beauty!
I grew up in your shade; your soft hands blindfolded me.
And now in midsummer and at noon I discover you, Promised Land,
from the top of a high sunbaked pass
And your beauty strikes my heart like the lightning flash of an eagle.

Naked obscure woman
Fruit ripe as firm flesh, dark raptures of black wine, mouth which
makes mine lyrical
Savanna of clear horizons, savanna trembling at the warm caresses
of the east wind
Carved drum, stretched drum rumbling under the Conqueror's fingers
Your deep contralto voice is the sacred song of the Beloved.

Naked obscure woman
Oil unruffled by any breath, calm oil on the athlete's thighs, on the
thighs of the Mali princes
Gazelle with divine wrists and ankles, pearls are stars on the night
of your skin
Witty delights, red-gold reflections on your wet skin shimmering
In the shade of your hair my sorrow brightens in the approaching
suns of your eyes.

Naked black woman
I sing your passing beauty, form I fix in eternity,
Before jealous fate turns you to ashes to nourish the roots of life.

—LEOPOLD SEDAR SENGHOR
(*Translated by Charles Guenther*)

Femme Noire

Femme nue, femme noire
Vêtue de ta couleur qui est vie, de ta forme qui est beauté!
J'ai grandi à ton ombre; la douceur de tes mains bandait mes yeux.
Et voilà qu'au cœur de l'Eté et de Midi, je te découvre Terre promise, du
haut d'un haut col calciné
Et ta beauté me foudroie en plein cœur, comme l'éclair d'un aigle.

Femme nue, femme obscure
Fruit mûr à la chair ferme, sombres extases du vin noir, bouche qui fais
lyrique ma bouche
Savane aux horizons purs, savane qui frémis aux caresses ferventes du
Vent d'Est
Tam-tam sculpté, tam-tam tendu qui grondes sous les doigts du Vainqueur
Ta voix grave de contralto est le chant spirituel de l'Aimée.

Femme nue, femme obscure
Huile que ne ride nul souffle, huile calme aux flancs de l'athlète, aux flancs
des princes du Mali
Gazelle aux attaches célestes, les perles sont étoiles sur la nuit de ta peau
Délices des jeux de l'esprit, les reflets de l'or rouge sur ta peau qui se moire
A l'ombre de ta chevelure, s'éclaire mon angoisse aux soleils prochains
de tes yeux.

Femme nue, femme noire
Je chante ta beauté qui passe, forme que je fixe dans l'Eternel,
Avant que le Destin jaloux ne te réduise en cendres pour nourrir les
racines de la vie.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good on the farms. You be careful."

The Flying Squad car stopped with shrieking tires and two police constables rushed their way through the crowd. Caiaphas sighed.

"What's he stolen?" the constable said. "Who is the complainant? Pass, Kaffir."

"He's a Communist," the farmer said. "Look at that suit. Where did you steal it, Kaffir? Where does he work! God, man, I can tell he's a Communist."

"Name?" the constable said, referring to the Reference Book.

"Caiaphas Sedumo," he said. "I'm employed by Grant, Taylor and Thompson, the advertising agency. I do market research in African sales."

"Hey, Jan. I say, Jan, did you hear that?" the constable said. "A real educated Native. He says he works for . . . a . . . what was it?"

Caiaphas grinned uncomfortably: "I'm with the African section of Grant, Taylor and. . . ."

"Wait a bit. Just wait a bit," the constable said. "African? What d'you mean, African? What is that? You mean Native. Don't you? The Native section. Native."

Caiaphas bit his lips. "Yes, baas. That's what I mean, baas. Native. On the Native section of Grant, Taylor and Thompson, the advertising agency."

"You talk nice, don't you? You talking very nice English words. Don't you, Kaffir? Swart English man."

"Yes."

"What? Just 'yes,' Kaffir? Know who you talking to?" the constable said. "Yes what?"

"Yes, baas, I talk nice English."

Yes, morons, enjoy yourselves. The day will come when I will laugh. I too will laugh, just as loud. Go on, you civilized dogs, corner the monkey and laugh at it; make it do tricks, make it tell jokes, but keep your eye on the monkey. Enjoy it. When I become the law you will learn how to jump.

"Hey there, Mister England." The constable shoved the Reference Book against his chest, Caiaphas staggered behind the impact against a man who pushed him forward. "Now listen here, Kaffir. Veg is jy—bugger off—blerry educated monkey."

The games over, they ambled and shuffled about; Caiaphas put the Reference Book into the inside pocket of his jacket, the crowd parted a way for him. He walked west on Jeppe Street paralyzed with shame. He pulled down the brim of his hat into his face, the body shriveling into a hunch.

"WHAT does it matter?" a voice said. Caiaphas stopped to look into the face of an elderly African. The burden of age and endless toil had burrowed furrows into it, but there was a gentleness about that face, even though only by contrast with that of the farmers. The old man was communing with his degradation. "It matters nothing. It's nothing, don't be broken-hearted, they are not like people. They are not people. It matters nothing."

No, old man, it matters; it matters more than your subtlety has craft to disguise it. Wretched old man, it matters more than you dare admit. It means everything, it means I will live with the shame of a coward. Back there, in the crowd, I lost my manhood; I died with shame, I could not be a man, even in the presence of women. No, sir, it means everything.

"I'm stabbed with shame," Caiaphas said.

What right has he to look into my soul? To see me in this nakedness. The simple old man, does he know that education alienates the black from the black man?

The bus ride to Sophiatown was painfully long. Caiaphas was conscious of the people inside the bus; they seemed to know, they stared, they dissected, they analyzed his shame; they identified, then accommodated it, but still they criticized. It was unbearable. He got off the bus at First Gate, Western Township, a mile's walk to Sophiatown.

Night, like a leaf caught by a windstorm in a *tsaba-tsaba* dance, was tiptoeing around him furtively, almost in fear of touching him; but it spread its darkness about Sophiatown, above and into the umbrella of smog rising from hundreds of open fires.

There was a need for another kind of truce. Go out among the people, surround yourself with people, with the cacophony of noise. Go to a shebeen, the Battleship, and diminish yourself with drink. It must be among the people seeking to demolish themselves, people searching for *the* extravagant diversion—kicks, maybe—in which to sink the sordidness of their lives. The idea began to titillate him with the promise of forgetfulness; maybe he could pick up a girl, it must be someone new, a strange face which could be dehumanized and then punished in the violence of sex; definitely a nice-time girl, one of those insatiable journey-through-the-night enthusiasts of sex. Only sex could contain it all, exhaust the tensions and numb the brain.

The sound and smell of Friday night in Sophiatown filtered through the darkness. With a willed casualness Caiaphas walked along Victoria Road turning south on Gold Street, into a yard across the road from Diggers Hall and the noise of the brass band. It was gala night at the Battleship. The people, the noise, seduced him into an attitude of having himself a nice time. The place was jumping, or, in the phraseology of Battleship, it was stereophonic. Around a table in the far corner were sitting the Americans, a gang of hijackers who had adopted the more obvious habits, the Hollywood image, of Americans: expensive dress, sharp-cracking talk, easy spending, and quick fists. Caiaphas recognized their leader, the Deadwood Dick, by reputation the deadliest gun in Sophiatown.

"Heit, ou Mister Sedumo," Deadwood Dick said, his voice clearing above the noise. "Heit, Situation, how's the farmers doing these days?"

The boys were having themselves a killing time, and because everybody laughs at the Deadwood Dick's jokes, the whole shebeen joined in. When the uproariousness was beginning to die down, Caiaphas walked over to his table, lighting a cigarette and looking from face to face.

"Heit, Deadwood," Caiaphas said. "Heit, de manne."

"Heit yourself, spy," the Deadwood Dick snarled. "Bleddy situation. What's matter with you situations, actually? All you know is talk English: situation this, situation that, situation all the bleddy time; you got no pluck."

"O.K., O.K., boys," boomed the Battleship, the bulky shebeen queen, buffeting her way through the boulders of chairs and wobbling drink-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ards, through the buzz of the noise and the screen of cigarette smoke. "What'll it be, Deadwood? I've got the real things, man: French champagne and Scotch whisky, de real McCoy."

"Champagne? Where's de Cherries?" Deadwood Dick said. "Champagne's not champagne without Cherries. This place is dead. Where's de Cherries tonight? Just Situations."

"There was a payroll job this morning," Battleship gazetted, emphasizing the point by jabbing a doughy finger at the floor. "A clean take, smooth; no slipups, not one bullet fired. Nice, man. Is in all the night papers. A quarter million, man. Only the best is at the Battleship, and everybody comes to the Battleship's; the quarter-million boys, they'll be here tonight to throw a nice time. That's when the girls will be here; this place is going to be swinging tonight, real stereophonic." She threw her head back, rocking the battleship body with laughter. "Hi, Caiaphas, hear you were in a bit of dust today. Still rusting your brains in that job? Get those brains into the big rackets, go big-time; cut out the petty cash, only the honest die black poor." She whacked him on the back, staggering him away from the Americans. "Go king-size, man."

"Two and twelve, Battleship," Deadwood Dick said.

"Jimmy," the Battleship said, "two straights of gin—Gilbey's—and two dozen beers. For the Americans."

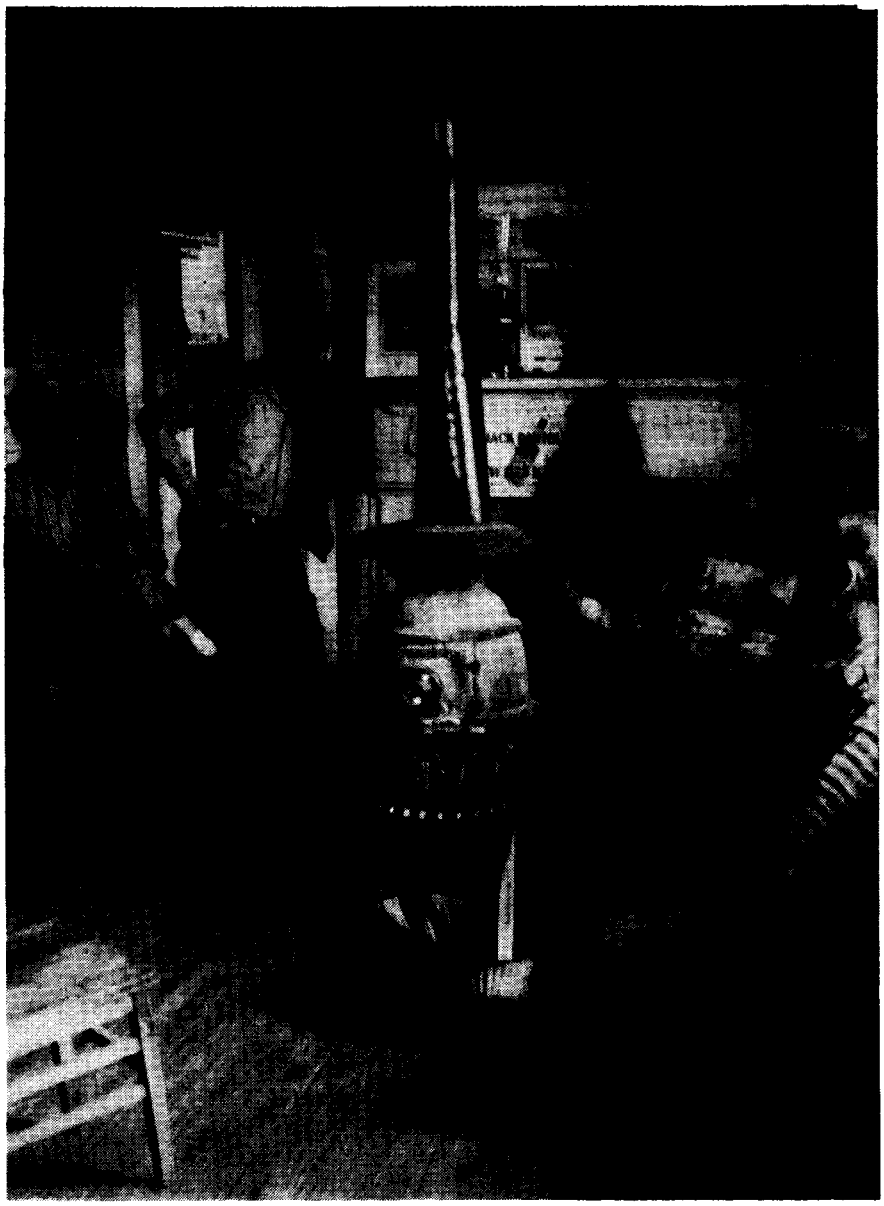
THE BATTLESHIP bulldozed through the chairs. She confronted Caiaphas with the physical reality of her body.

"O.K.," Caiaphas said. "I'm doing fine."

"Aha," the Battleship said, "You're doing fine, you're going great guns. Navarone. You're alone in a room full of people. You're silent, you brood. Look around you. They whistle and they shout, they sing their happy sad songs, they dance. They come here to lose themselves—discharge their souls, you might say. Step out, man, and enjoy yourself."

"He tried to needle me."

"I think they also despise you today," the Battleship said. "Jimmy, circulate, man, keep the taps run-



IT'S GETTING THE SEASON when folks in Jack Daniel's Hollow most like to sit around and tell stories, especially on one another.

The stove in Jack Daniel's old office draws a lot of story-tellers this time of year. They like to tell about such things as when someone's prize foxhound treed a screech owl. But before long, one of the old-timers will start talking about Jack Daniel. That generally brings up what he said about making whiskey and how all the Motlows since have held to his word. And, as you can imagine, that's no joking matter.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
DROP
BY DROP

©1963, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now!

Frank Harris's

"My Life and Loves"

After many years of suppression, at last a first American Publication. All five volumes of Harris's autobiography published in one one-thousand page volume.

Price $12.50*

*GROVE PRESS EDITION

This volume is complete unexpurgated and in no way censored or abridged.

We pay all state and federal taxes
Include 35¢ for mailing
LITERARY MAILING SERVICE
P.O. Box 3625 New York 17, N. Y.

R.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

TO SPEED YOUR CHRISTMAS MAIL

SHOP EARLY MAIL EARLY

ADDRESS PLAINLY

AND TAKE A TIP FROM MR. ZIP . . .

USE ZIP CODE NUMBERS AND INCLUDE YOUR OWN ZIP NUMBER IN YOUR RETURN ADDRESS

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

ning. I want to hear Victoria Falls." She turned back to Caiaphas. "I've heard say you've gone white."

"That's absurd."

"Look, Caiaphas," she said, calming him. "You're not one of them, they resent you. Don't bite me, I'm reporting. Look, you went to university, they didn't; you're in a big-time job, most of them are messengers. You speak English. These are white habits and white privilege."

"Battleship, for God's sake."

"Talk their language, their thieves' jargon, the dialect of the Clevers; be like them, get drunk with them. They're not fools, Caiaphas, they feel you're observing them, like curios. You should listen to yourself, you're critical and superior; you situate yourself above them by talking in English."

"O.K.," Caiaphas said. "You said today they despise me."

"I don't know what happened, I got it from separate sources, different versions. Of course they say you're a coward, you didn't open your mouth or raise a finger. But in their own way, these boys look up to you, you're a hero. They expect you—maybe because you're able—to state their case. When stupid farmers push you around, they too are humiliated, perhaps even more than you; anyway, they say you were made to crawl by bush farmers like you weren't an educated man. Why didn't you talk to them in English? Why didn't you tell the farmers you are a university man, that they can't fool around with you? These are the questions the boys are asking, Caiaphas."

"I was alone in that crowd," Caiaphas said, "the only black face. I was face to face with death. I was alone. Alone!"

"Don't shout," the Battleship said urgently.

"I *will* shout. That's exactly what they wanted me to do: to talk English. Christ, I don't care what they *think;* where were *they?* The brave heroes. I needed help, and there was none."

"The Situation is brave, all of a sudden; he says he doesn't care what we think," the Deadwood Dick said. "Hey, Battleship, I *think* we want some action; I *think* we spend our money here, more than that Situation. Action, man, action, we don't come here to talk. If the Situation doesn't mind, I *think* we want a nice time; where's the Cherries, anyway?"

The Battleship bellowed to the kitchen: "Jimmy, half jack, Mellowood, and two beers." Then she turned to Caiaphas: "The Americans say they were ready to give you a hand. Take your drinks over to their table. They'll try to ridicule you, might even be nasty; the Deadwood Dick will order ten times what you bring over, just to show off. Don't mind it, think of it as more business for me. They'll like the move, even though grudgingly; accept them and they'll begin to accept you."

"You're shrewd, Battleship," Caiaphas said, taking the drinks from Jimmy. "Thanks, Jimmy. But I'm not surprised. No, Sweetie, you don't fool me; them perhaps, but you see, I know: you taught school at Inanda. You're a Situation too."

"Tie it up," she said. "Say it out loud and I'll sit on your chest—I'll cave it in. If they found out, I'm finished. My place will be called the Situation Shebeen."

"Hey, Battleship."

"O.K., Deadwood."

She broke across the room like H.M.S. *Stoutheart,* took the Deadwood Dick's order, and disappeared into the kitchen. Caiaphas braced himself for the ordeal and drifted over to the Americans, carrying his drinks. He grinned. The Deadwood Dick was being, as usual, his own public-relations man.

"I told him," Deadwood Dick said, ignoring the presence of Caiaphas. "I said to him, looking him straight in the eye, I said: 'Spy, there's going to be a *thebello,* a wake; people are going to sing sad songs in your mother's house. It's *rooi lakaans* for you, spy, red hospital sheets.' Then I drew the .38, very fast, man, like the real Deadwood Dick. And then: bang, bang, bang—Guy Fawkes Day!"

"You're de manne," Slimmy said, "de real manne, actually."

"What you want, Situation?" the Deadwood Dick said with contemptuous casualness. "What you got there? Half and two—for your cat?"

"I can't compete with you," Caiaphas said. "Nobody can compete with the Deadwood Dick—with the Americans. I like your tie, it's dangerous."

"Can't get," Deadwood Dick said,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proudly fingering the knot. "French, Pierre Cardin; three guineas, man, can't get. Situation, you know good things. O.K., sit down."

THE DOOR flung open and in whistled the quarter-million boys, dressed like Madison Avenue and puffing at Wall Street cigars. With them came in Dikeledi and the Cherries, the nice-time girls with the heavy mascara, the glossy tints, plastered layers of lipstick, and exaggerated beauty spots. Caiaphas smiled faintly at the vulgarity of the make-up and dress but responded to the intoxicating sexuality about them; the Deadwood Dick's mouth watered, the boys around the table made obscene noises.

"Welcome," the Battleship said, placing a bottle of champagne on the quarter-million table. "Compliments."

"You sweet, Battleship," Pontiac Mick said. "Here, buy yourself nice things."

"You're a gentleman, Mick," the Battleship said. "And a lady does not pick up, she receives."

A gentlemanly smile touched his face, and with a slow deliberateness, one finger at a time, Pontiac Mick pulled off the glove from his right hand and actually touched the money. The whole shebeen contracted in a loud gasp, followed by a murmuring. The hand picked up the money from where it lay on the table and courteously handed it to the Battleship.

"Is your car in a good place?" the Battleship said.

"Yes, thanks," Pontiac Mick said. "There's three boys giving the Pontiac a shine."

"Haw, Battleship is great," a nice-time girl said. "Did you see? She made Pontiac actually touch the money with his naked hand. Hey, she's great."

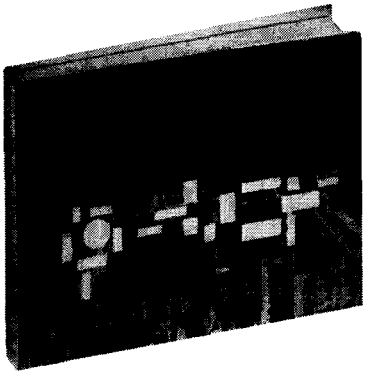
"They say Pontiac Mick makes love with his gloves on," another said. "He never leaves his finger-pictures on anything, not even on a girl's bloomers. Oh, I wish, I wish, I wish."

Caiaphas began to sense the irritation, the conflict generating in the Deadwood Dick. There was a nervous abruptness within his manner. The almost staged entrance of the quarter-million boys and the suave

REINHOLD books

30-Day Approval
Reinhold Book Division, Dept M-256
430 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022
Please send me _____ copy(ies) of **CAMPUS PLANNING** by Dober at the special pre-pub price, $22.50, for 30 days' approval under the following terms. After Feb. 15, 1964, the price will be $25.00.
☐ Total payment enclosed (Reinhold pays regular delivery charges)
☐ Bill me (plus delivery charges)
Print Name_____
Address_____
City & Zone_____ State_____
Save Money! Send full payment with order and Reinhold pays regular delivery charges. Same return privilege guaranteed. Please include sales tax on Calif., Ohio, Pa., and N.Y.C. orders. For your protection—do not send cash. Send check or money order.

SEND TODAY
for this important new book:



CAMPUS PLANNING
by Richard P. Dober

Between now and 1980, the population explosion will make it necessary to provide campus space equivalent to all the campuses constructed from 1636 to 1960. This is an urgent problem facing the entire nation, and CAMPUS PLANNING provides vital information on the approaches to a solution.

This copiously illustrated and intriguingly written volume contains design programs both for existing facilities and institutional expansion. Significant trends on site design and landscape planning are described, with special attention to the relationship of community and campus. Plans outlined include complexes of buildings, housing research laboratories, and individual structures...all illustrated by outstanding examples.

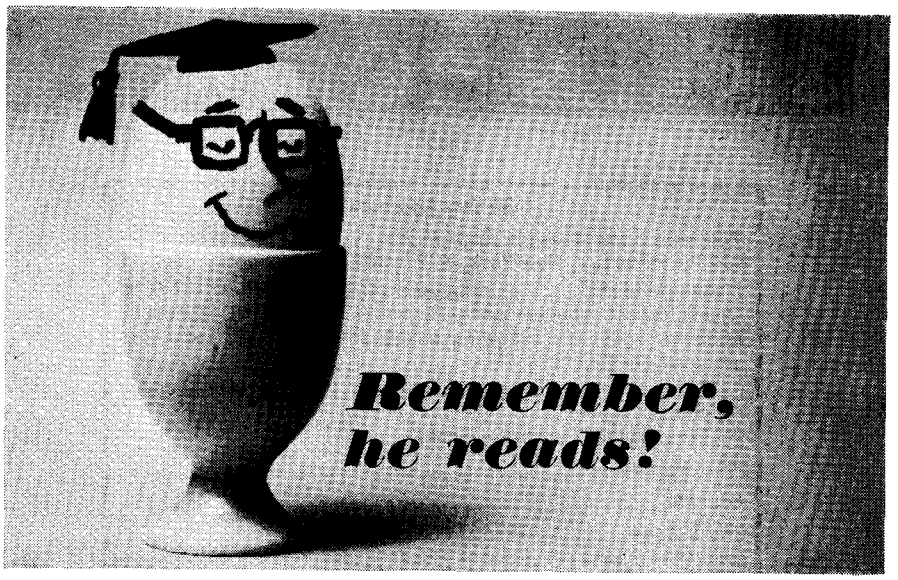
The author, Richard P. Dober, Architect, has served as consultant on planning and design to M.I.T., Harvard University, Drake University, Goucher College and others. He has prepared master plans for the University of Rhode Island, University of Colorado, Dana Hall School, etc.

A book with wide appeal for architects, planners, administrators, educators, and libraries. 1963. 8½" x 11". 320 pages.

Pre-pub price until February 15, 1964: $22.50.
Thereafter: $25.00.

REINHOLD BOOK DIVISION
430 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Discriminating mind . . . discriminating taste! His gift must be very special. What better way of saying MERRY CHRISTMAS than with the right book? History, reference, literature, Americana—here's subject matter for the loftiest intellect. This December 25th share the stimulating books on our list with the discerning readers on yours.

THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA, Third Edition
An ideal Christmas gift—completely revised and updated—"the only single-volume work which . . . genuinely merits the title 'Encyclopedia.' "—JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review* $49.50

DECISION-MAKING IN THE WHITE HOUSE
by Theodore C. Sorensen. Foreword by John F. Kennedy. The Special Counsel to the President examines the multitude of forces that shape a Presidential decision. $3.50

ETRUSCAN CULTURE: Land and People
"A major achievement of archaeological publishing."—DIETRICH VON BOTHMER, *N. Y. Times Book Review.* 45 color plates; 474 black and white photographs; 46 drawings and plans; 22 maps. Gilded top Slipcased $42.50

AN INTRODUCTION TO BRAZIL
by Charles Wagley. A concise history of the development of one of our most dynamic neighbors. With deep insight, the author investigates every facet of Brazil's history, culture, and economics. Illustrated $5.95

NEGRO FOLK MUSIC U.S.A.
by Harold Courlander. Spirituals, anthems, blues, worksongs, folk dances—the whole sweep of American Negro music is seen in its historical perspective. With musical examples and 43 songs with words and music. $10.00

WHAT THEY SAY IN NEW ENGLAND AND OTHER AMERICAN FOLKLORE
Collected by Clifton Johnson. Edited with an introduction by Carl Withers. Folk sayings, superstitions, children's rhymes, songs—a charming classic back in print after half a century. Illustrated $6.00

A. MITCHELL PALMER: Politician
by Stanley Coben. A fascinating political biography of one of the most controversial men ever to hold public office. "Analyzes the story of Palmer's life with clarity and skill."—*N. Y. Times Book Review* $7.50

THE DARKENING GLASS: A Portrait of Ruskin's Genius
by John D. Rosenberg. "So excellent a book on so fascinating a subject—the subject chosen, and the book composed, without concessions to popularity—is a blessed event."—*N. Y. Times Book Review* Illustrated $5.00

At all bookstores

Columbia University Press
2960 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10027

professionalism of Pontiac Mick diminished the Deadwood Dick. Caiaphas realized in himself a desire to challenge the power of Pontiac Mick. Perhaps he could achieve this by pretending an interest in Pontiac Mick's girl friend, Dikeledi.

"I say, Battleship," Pontiac Mick's clear, gentle voice called. "Fill the table, everybody drinks tonight. Deadwood Dick, bring your table over."

A distorted smile screwed the Deadwood Dick's face. Then the folds on the face smoothed out but the smile remained fixed, a gaping testimony of a wound. Caiaphas recognized this as a truce, an uneasy one perhaps, but a truce that could be exploited.

"Slimmy, bring the table over," the Deadwood Dick said. "Get the Situation to help."

Slimmy and the others carried the bottles and glasses, leaving Caiaphas to carry the table. The smoldering of the contest for the spotlight between the Deadwood Dick, the coal-coarse challenger, and diamond-fine Pontiac Mick amused Caiaphas, who thought it bizarre, like the mating of Caliban and the Queen of Sheba; but the implicit violence it foreshadowed began to excite and stimulate him, and although he could not afford the publicity, the involvement in shebeen brawls, the stabbings, the shooting, and even though the scandal would jeopardize his job, Caiaphas saw in it a diversion to occupy Pontiac Mick while he propositioned Dikeledi.

"There's a delicacy in the perfumes by Christian Dior which is seldom surpassed," Caiaphas said. "Don't you agree? It is, perhaps, only achieved by the tenderness of being in bed with a woman as delicate. Only the French could describe it—Do you speak French, or rather, *parlez-vous Français?*"

Dikeledi shook her head, produced a gold cigarette case and turned to Pontiac Mick.

"There's a divinity in the elegance of a beautiful woman in bed," Caiaphas said.

"I'm sorry," Dikeledi said. "Do you want a cigarette? They are American."

"I want you."

"I think you want trouble," Dikeledi said, staring him in the eye.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You look like a gentleman, don't talk to me like a rubberneck."

"Don't be a fool, Caiaphas," the Battleship whispered, her lips a broadside on his ear. "Pontiac Mick is getting annoyed, I don't like it. Go for a walk, come back when everybody's gone."

"O.K., Battleship—and thanks," Caiaphas said. "I'll find you, Dikeledi, wherever you are. I'll be seeing you."

"Where you going?" the Deadwood Dick said.

"To splash on the wall," Caiaphas said, casually squeezing through the crowd; with the hand behind his back he turned the doorknob gently. The door swung against him, throwing him back into the room. A woman screamed.

THE REACTIONS were fast. Caiaphas threw himself against the wall; the Deadwood Dick jerked around, his business hand under the table; Pontiac Mick smiled, a white handkerchief over his hand; Dikeledi was impassive.

Three-Star Bowey swaggered his shoulders into the room. Behind him shuffled the Cooperatives, the knife-happy gang that controlled the area around the Cooperative Stores in Western Township. Slinking after them came Davey Martins, the blues-shouting star of Location Jazz & Variety, a hanger-on who enjoyed the protection of the Cooperatives.

"Heit," Three-Star Bowey said.

"Heit," the Cooperatives chorused.

"Good evening blues," Davey Martins sang, "and blues, how do you do?"

The muscles relaxed. Deadwood Dick's hand reappeared from under the table, the .38 sliding under his left armpit; Pontiac Mick waved his handkerchief, and Caiaphas never saw what it was under the handkerchief.

"Hey, Situation, don't be a spy, man," the Deadwood Dick said. "Sit down."

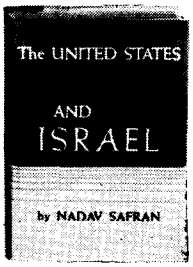
Caiaphas became bodily seduced by the frenzy of the nice time; the singing, the dancing, the drinking, had a compulsive joyousness, a kind of intoxication. He was caught with them in its orgy. It was no longer a question of wanting to enjoy himself, or seeking a diversion to find

The Habit of Being the Best...

Books in the

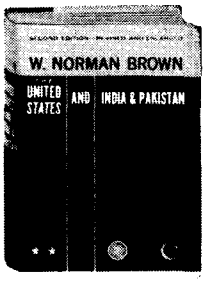
American Foreign Policy Library

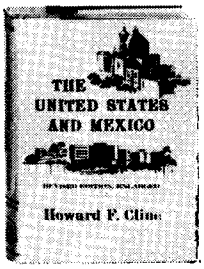
General editor, Crane Brinton. Each of these carefully researched, objectively written volumes has been hailed as "the best book yet" on a vital area where the U.S. has political, economic, or military commitments.



THE UNITED STATES AND ISRAEL
by Nadav Safran. "Probably the best book yet about Israel."—*New York Times Book Review.* "The soundest book yet to appear about Israel . . . superb writing and reporting."—*Library Journal.* 341 pages, colored end paper maps. $5.95

THE UNITED STATES AND INDIA AND PAKISTAN
Revised Edition Enlarged
by W. Norman Brown. New edition of the American Historical Association's Watumull Prize-winning "best book on the history of India." "Essentially a new work stressing social, economic and political developments . . . during the 50's and 60's in their relationship to the world situation and their implication for the United States."—*Library Journal.* 444 pages, maps, appendices. $5.95

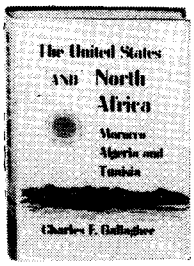




THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO
Revised Edition Enlarged
by Howard F. Cline. New, enlarged edition of a work called "much the best book about modern Mexico, and one of the most perceptive and illuminating books about the Mexicans in any period."—*Saturday Review.* 468 pages, 8 maps. $6.00

and now—an important new addition

THE UNITED STATES AND NORTH AFRICA
Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia
by Charles F. Gallagher. The only appraisal of the North African situation from an American point of view. During the past 10 years, Charles F. Gallagher has observed North Africa under French colonial rule, during revolution and emerging independence. He analyzes its strategic importance to the West and traces factors in its political, cultural and economic history which may influence its loyalties. Cogently written, his book will help the reader to better understand the explosive events of recent weeks. 275 pages, maps. $5.50



1913 HARVARD
1963 UNIVERSITY PRESS
Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't guess...

Give THE REPORTER

You can eliminate the guesswork in choosing presents for friends this Christmas.

If they are *your* friends, The Reporter is certain to fit.

Who among your friends could fail to react to new facts and new ideas about the news that matters most? How could they be anything *but* satisfied with a magazine that offers original, unpredictable interpretation of the problems they are concerned about?

You know The Reporter and you know your friends — bring them together and you can be sure to establish a fine companionship.

Besides being an admirably apt gift, The Reporter is a pleasantly inexpensive one. After the first gift at the $7 rate, you pay only

$5 for each additional gift

Also, by entering or renewing your own subscription now, you can arrive immediately at the reduced rate for *all* your gifts. If you already have a subscription and it still has a while to run, we'll simply add on your renewal whenever it expires.

Here's still another advantage: In giving The Reporter, you spare yourself both shopping ordeals and post office pilgrimages. Just fill out the airmail order form opposite and mail it — we'll do everything else.

Not to be overlooked either is the fact that you can pay for your Reporter gifts after the first of the year when your budget is back to normal. We'll be more than glad to defer your bill till then.

So to give your friends the different sort of gift they'll gratefully say only you would have thought of . . . one they'll remember you for every two weeks of this coming year . . . fill out the order blank and mail it today.

Please add $1 per year for foreign postage, $.50 per year for Canada and Pan American Union.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself; he was joined with them in a common unhappiness, a wanting to break with himself, break with reality, freeze time at the moment of the nice time and cement himself with them in the Rip Van Winkle timelessness.

PONTIAC MICK was becoming more and more flamboyant, and the Deadwood Dick progressively more bumptious; every drink, each dance, the very noise was a going to extremes. Only Dikeledi remained impassive.

"It's nice here," the Deadwood Dick said. "Heaven Can Wait, Charles Boyer, man, de great romantic. Very nice voice. Hold Back the Dawn. Shangri-La. Hey, Caiaphas, you know nice words—you're a Situation, speak some English—nice words, like Charles Boyer."

"English words?" Caiaphas said.

"Yah, English, man. Actually," the Deadwood Dick said. "What's matter, man? Hold Back the Dawn. Speak nice English words. Speak Shakespeare."

"Shakespeare here? You're joking."

"What's matter, Situation? I never joke," the Deadwood Dick said, his voice hardening. The noise broke with the cracking sound of a dry twig. "Don't get hot running. What d'you want to see? Don't spoil the nice time."

"He wants to see his mother," Slimmy said.

"Listen, mudhead," Caiaphas said with murderous ferociousness. "Don't talk your mother, you dirty swine. You'll see your mother before I talk nice English words."

"Excitement, man," Three-Star Bowey said. "Actually."

"Don't sweat, Slimmy," the Deadwood said. "Switch off."

The motion of the Deadwood Dick's draw was trigger-fast, Caiaphas saw only the glitter of the .38, then the muzzle pointing into his stomach. Death was staring at Caiaphas through the eyes of Deadwood Dick. Caiaphas felt his stomach muscles tightening, his tongue swelled and filled out his mouth.

"You bastard," the Deadwood Dick said. "You are going to speak the English you didn't speak this afternoon. Show us how educated you are, speak nice English words."

Everybody was staring at Caiaphas; death was waiting, everything was waiting. Dikeledi stared at him unblinking. Waiting. Three-Star Bowey was licking his lips. The plastered lipstick of the nice-time girls seemed to have shifted. Everybody moved from behind Caiaphas, and waited. Pontiac Mick looked bored.

"Make me dead instead, Deadwood," Caiaphas said.

"For God's sake, Caiaphas," the Battleship said. "Don't be a damned bloody fool."

"SPEAK!"

So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
as in their birth . . .

"No, not that one." Deadwood waved the gun. "The other one."

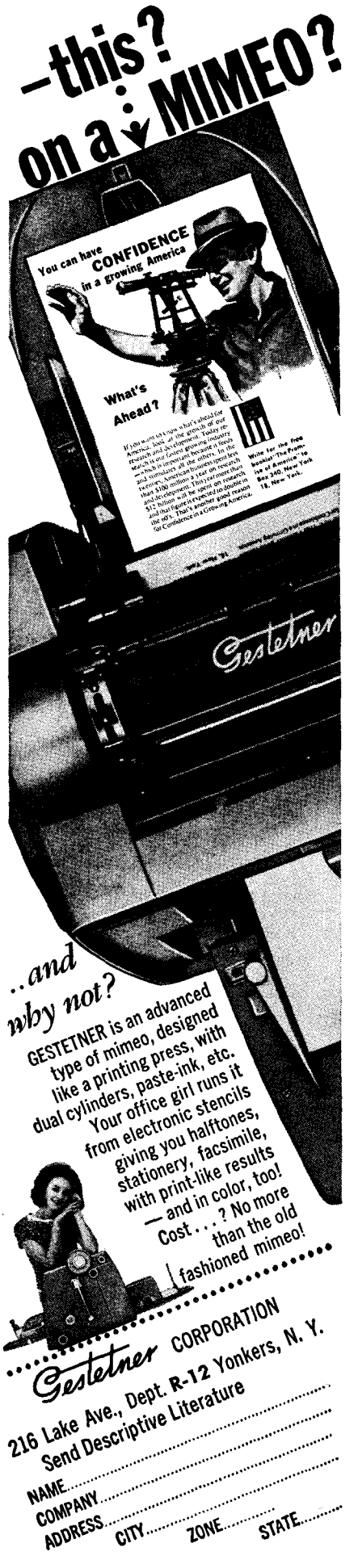
"Which one?"

"The other one," Deadwood Dick said. "That one, you know it, man. The one of Marlon Brando, the one of the Romans."

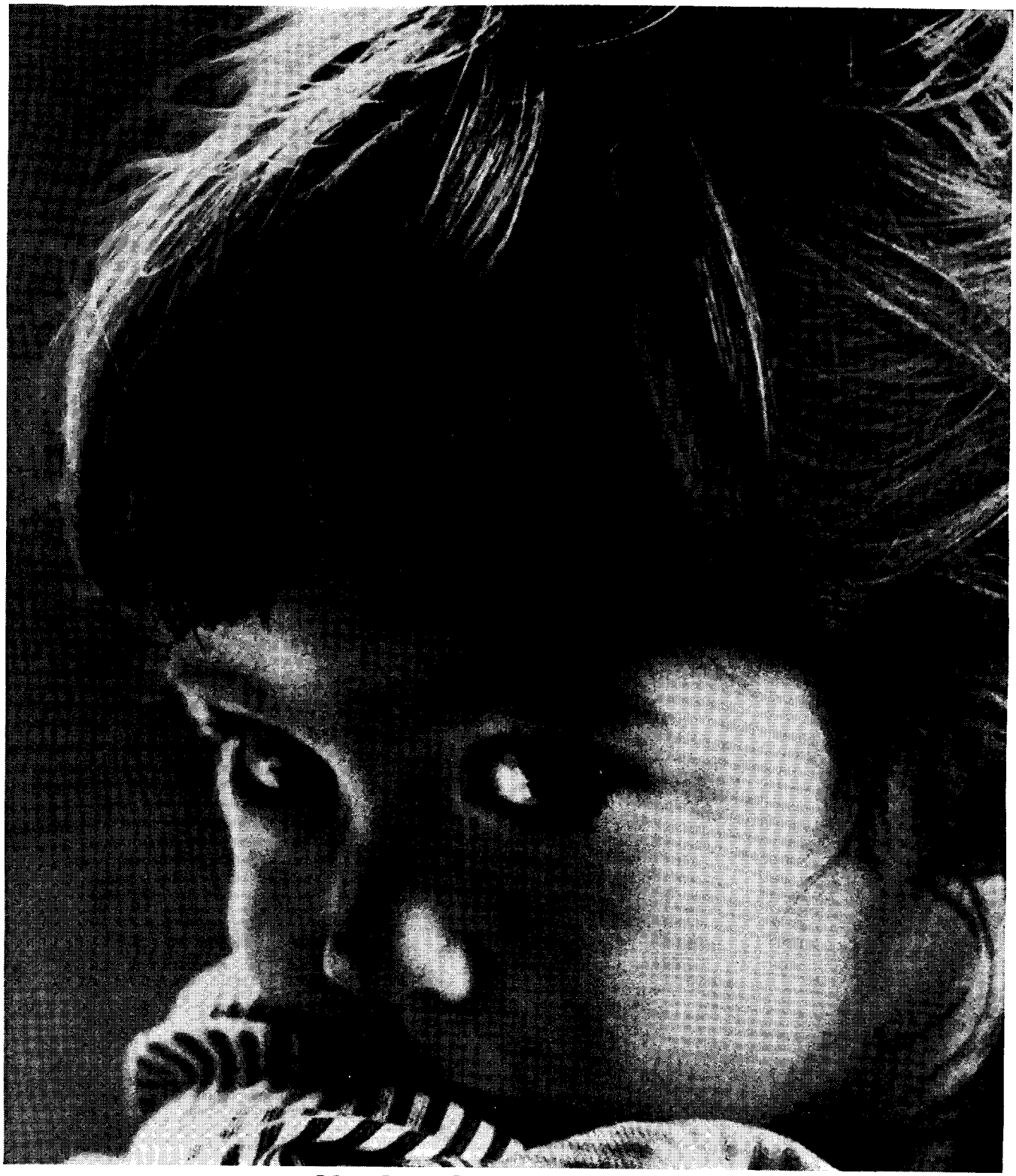
Caiaphas belted the funeral oration of Mark Antony over the body of Julius Caesar with all the energy and the enthusiasm of Marlon Brando; at five points in the oration, he was told to repeat the sections, and each time he swayed them with the sheer animalism of its power. Suddenly they were the Roman citizens being maneuvered into "mutiny and rage," the Deadwood Dick and the others shouting the crowd interjections. Caiaphas realized the power that must have been Mark Antony's, realized it in himself, that it was within his range to stir them up to violence. He could have them tearing into each other's throats, could manipulate them into anything he so desired; into a mutiny against the whites. How easy it all was. He could substitute the word "traitors" for farmers, for whites, and until the spell wore off it could be a night of hell for the whites driving on the Main Road past Sophiatown; and this way he might even get at the farmers who humiliated him. But Caiaphas was afraid of this power. It was real, not academic.

At the end, his own violence dissipated, the Deadwood Dick collapsed into a breathy smile; he selected a bottle of Mellowood brandy and pushed it toward Caiaphas.

"Drink, drink," Deadwood Dick


—this?
on a MIMEO?
You can have CONFIDENCE in a growing America
What's Ahead?
Gestetner
..and why not?
GESTETNER is an advanced type of mimeo, designed like a printing press, with dual cylinders, paste-ink, etc. Your office girl runs it from electronic stencils giving you halftones, stationery, facsimile, with print-like results — and in color, too! Cost . . . ? No more than the old fashioned mimeo!
Gestetner CORPORATION
216 Lake Ave., Dept. R-12 Yonkers, N. Y.
Send Descriptive Literature
NAME
COMPANY
ADDRESS
CITY ZONE STATE

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



She has her eyes on you

And her wonderful, story-telling eyes are saying that there are a great many people, a lot of them helpless youngsters, who are desperately in need of your help. Some of them are sick, some are handicapped, and many are homeless. There are puzzled teen-agers in need of a guiding hand, troubled families in need of counseling, and people who are too old to work but too young to sit around doing nothing. When you look into this little one's eyes, we hope you will get the message—from the many people whose only hope for help is the once-a-year pledge you make to your United Fund or Community Chest. **One gift works many wonders/GIVE THE UNITED WAY**

Space contributed as a public service by this magazine

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said. "Situation, you're de manne." He confronted Three-Star Bowey with the challenge, "What can your boy do?"

"My boy's a canary," Three-Star Bowey said. "He moans the blues. O.K., Ray Charles, wail."

Davey Martins' professionalism was unmistakable. He selected the center of the room and started to metronome the blues beat with his fingers. Caiaphas grinned: this was obviously not his first command performance.

The blues is the black of the face,
I said: black is the blues's face;
it's black in the morning,
beige in the sun,
and blue black all night long

ALL: You tell 'em, Davey. Go right ahead and tell 'em.

Oh, the mean black blues got my daddy,
Those black mean blues is you, baby;
you're black in the morning,
beige in the sun,
and candy black all night long.

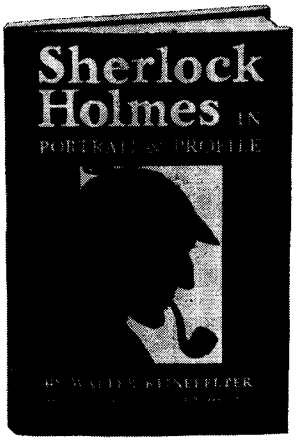
ALL: Candy black, oh, man. You tell 'em what they missing.

CAIAPHAS was overpowered and intimidated by the animation of their joy, the masochistic enjoyment of being black; the wallowing in their blackness, the working themselves into a frenzy, hand-clapping the downbeat of the blues tempo. They were in a trance, in another existence. The hint of pain in their shrill noise united them in that love-hate relationship with the color black; but in his conscious rejection of the limitations imposed upon them by that color, Caiaphas felt himself the outsider, the intruder, situated some distance from all that enjoyment which was, in effect, a playing at being happy. The stanzas were being repeated over and over, the emotions swelling, the imagination waxing, the dreams rising; they were working themselves into a dizziness, afraid to end the song, to return to the physical reality of South Africa, to become the solitary figures, hunchbacked pelicans trudging the lonely streets of Sophiatown.

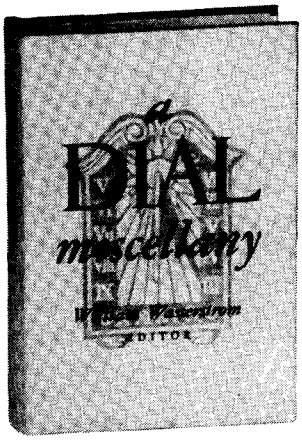
Caiaphas sneaked out of the place. He was walking back to his little room alone.

For that *particular* gift

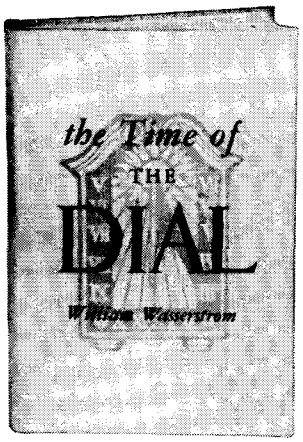
we recommend . . .



Sherlock Holmes in Portrait and Profile
Walter Klinefelter
The author himself turns detective to trace the evolution of that famous profile through sixty years of Sherlock Holmes illustrations. His sprightly text and over 60 illustrations combine in a gem of a book. $5.50



A *Dial* Miscellany
William Wasserstrom, editor
The tangible—and exciting—evidence that The Dial of the 1920's did indeed, as the editor says, "print more original and influential work than any other journal in America or England." Most of the now-famous contributors and all of the Dial departments are represented in this unique, and long overdue, anthology. Illustrated. $9.00



The Time of *The Dial*
William Wasserstrom
This fine companion book to the Miscellany provides a lively account of the intellectual and artistic ferment of the 1920's and The Dial's role in it, with a perspicacious look at what has happened to American culture since that decade. Illustrated. $4.95

Elysian Encounter: Diderot and Gide
G. Norman Laidlaw
A brilliant exploration of the "unconscious affinities" linking the two great French writers across the two centuries that separated their lives. $5.50

at your bookstore or . . .

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY PRESS

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK 13210

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

current trends evaluated

Brazil

PEOPLE & INSTITUTIONS

By T. Lynn Smith. Updated to cover events of the last decade, by a scholar with recent first-hand contact with Brazil. This is the definitive, sociological work on our major South American neighbor. ". . . the best the reviewer ever read on Brazil's agriculture, land tenure, people, family, education, religion, and government. . . . No reader who wishes to know Brazil can ignore this book." Political Science Quarterly (of the last edition)

$12.50

THE

Press

IN PERSPECTIVE

Ralph D. Casey, Ed. What are the challenges of today's Press and how is it meeting them? Commentaries by:

Joseph Alsop, Jr., Marquis Childs, Henry Steele Commager, Elmer Davis, John Fischer, Pierre Salinger, James Reston, Reinhold Niebuhr, Eric Sevareid, and others.

$6.00

In Search of Peace

THE SENATE MUNITIONS INQUIRY, 1934-36.

By John Edward Wiltz.

A study of the investigation of the arms trade by the Nye Committee.

$6.50

Louisiana

STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS

BATON ROUGE 3, LOUISIANA

The Colossal Nightingale

FRED GRUNFELD

ASKED to name the Three B's, today's composition students might say, "Bach, Beethoven, Berlioz—and Bartók." In the quadrivium, the musical world has come to realize, Berlioz occupies the pivotal position. He was the first technician of applied sound in the modern sense; the first symphonist to throw off the yoke of the major triad; the first to rebel against the inexorable thumping downbeat of the big bass drum. Jacques Barzun, who has done more than any other literary man to rescue Berlioz from the calumnies of history, calls him "the fountainhead of modern music, as Delacroix is of painting."

Berlioz once defined the chief features of his own music as "passionate expression, inner fire, rhythmic drive, and the element of surprise." These are precisely the qualities that modern listeners admire, and the image of Berlioz has grown even as the public has become conditioned to fiery, driving, and surprising music. He was a composer who formulated no theories, founded no cult, built no *Festspielhaus*. It is his rhythmic ingenuity that transfixes the ear; his buoyant harmony; the incomparable logic of his melodic span, as beautiful and elastic as a suspension bridge. Yet his music was ignored for so long that it took an intense effort to bring it back into circulation.

A work like the *Symphonie Fantastique* sounded most peculiar to those who attended the premiere in 1830, and still sounds strange today—not for its edgy dissonances and unexpected rhythms, but on account of its flickering undercurrent of surrealism, which does not occur again until Mahler's First Symphony. Berlioz's surrealism is purely musical, though he did attach a curiously Oedipal story line to the score—an opium-eater's dream of obsession and violence, a hundred years ahead of André Breton. The "fantastic" thing about the symphony, however, cannot be expressed in so many words; Berlioz himself thought it rested on "its burning melodies, its cries of love, its accesses of fury, and *the violent vibrations of such an orchestra heard close by. . . .*" (The italics are mine.) This is the comment of a man in love with the sound of his own sonorities. Virgil Thomson calls such men "audito-visceral types, persons whose reactions to sound and to the memory of it are organic rather than visual or muscular."

This physical lust for violent vibrations heard close by becomes the ruling passion of Berlioz's ardent life. He was never more truly in his element than while conducting the Apocalypse of his *Requiem*. "The chorus sustained the assault of the orchestra without flinching," he writes. "The fourfold peal of trumpets broke forth from the four corners of the stage, already vibrating with the rolling of the ten kettledrums and the tremolo of fifty bows; and in the midst of this cataclysm of sinister harmonies and noise from the other world the hundred and twenty voices hurled forth their terrible prediction. . . ." That is the tone sensualist again, generating sound for sound's sake, and as an instrument of power.

At the state ceremonial performance of the *Requiem*, when the French government was footing the bills, Berlioz pulled out all the stops and signed on an orchestra and chorus of four hundred, abetted by four satellite brass bands that answered each other from the periphery in furious vectors of sound. He wanted to crush his listeners with the "tremendous emotion" of plangent sonorities. The sheer magnitude of this undertaking puzzled and annoyed most of the music critics. For a hundred years the finger of scorn was pointed at the *Requiem* whenever Berlioz was to be arraigned on charges of writing bombastic, overblown music. Heinrich Heine, who was his friend, stated the case more poetically when he called Berlioz "a colossal nightingale or a gigantic lark, a creature of the antediluvian world."

The modern school of Berlioz crit-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

icism swings to the other extreme. The tendency now is to minimize the size of the nightingale by stressing the "style" and "proportion" of the *Requiem's* many subdued sections, as though there were something inherently sinful or disreputable about big sounds—the anti-De Mille complex. But Berlioz Thunderer needs no apologies, and he could not be so loud if he were not so often quiet. The solo viola of *Harold in Italy* traverses the symphonic landscape as the most melancholy of wanderers; the shepherd's shawm in the *Fantastique* is played with bated breath; Queen Mab, the fairies' midwife of *Romeo and Juliet,* practices her arts in the airiest of scherzos. Between storms, Berlioz is a master of the whisper, the long-drawn sigh, the palpitating pulse, the dying fall.

In the interminable struggle that he called "my Thirty Years' War against the routineers, the professors, and the deaf," Berlioz sustained many defeats. For years he was, in effect, banned from the concert hall of the Conservatoire, acoustically the best in Paris. Rival conductors habitually sabotaged his music. In self-

defense he taught himself the art of conducting.

To stage a complex symphonic work like *The Damnation of Faust,* he had to hire the men in the orchestra, assemble his own chorus, coach the soloists at the piano, draw up rehearsal schedules, rent instruments, correct parts, place advertising, arrange for publicity, sell tickets, and work "like a commissionaire or a carpenter." And in the end he lost ten thousand of his own hard-earned francs (today about ten thousand dollars) because the public stayed away. The only advantage to being an outsider, a free-lance producer, was that he could disregard the practical limitations of orchestras as they then existed; he could compose and experiment on any scale he pleased.

Paganini once made him a present of twenty thousand francs, but no one else ever dreamed of subsidizing Berlioz, who could have lived a lifetime on what Wagner borrowed and spent in a year. To support his wife, child, and mistress, he had to perform Augean labors—writing weekly articles on music for the Paris press. He said it poisoned his existence, and yet he is incontestably the only readable, the only brilliant year-in, year-out critic, in the entire history of this dreary genre of literature. (Bernard Shaw's music criticism may have been equally stylish, but he was only a petty gossip compared to Berlioz, who had significant things to say for thirty years.) He spent precious days writing his reviews while symphonies went unfinished and operas hung fire. Most of his articles, at a hundred francs apiece, went into the *Journal des Débats,* a conservative newspaper owned by his friends the Bertin family. That made him something of a power in the community, and he could apply

THE LETTERS OF MICHELANGELO

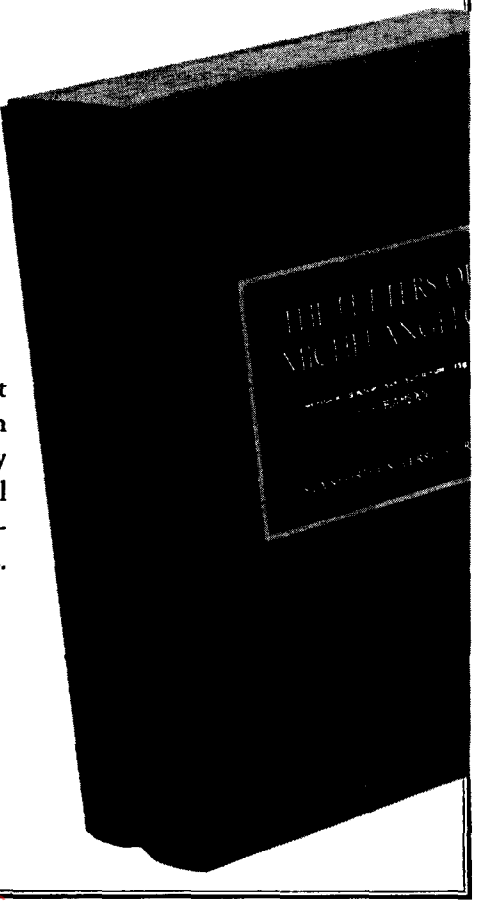
Translated, Edited, and Annotated by E. H. RAMSDEN

THIS ENORMOUS PROJECT, which has been in preparation for over eight years, provides the first complete and unabridged edition in English of all the extant letters of Michelangelo. The letters, which are extensively annotated, are supplemented by forty-four Appendixes. In the long critical Introduction the character of Michelangelo and his relations with his family, his friends, and his patrons are reassessed on the basis of the letters.

Two large, beautifully designed volumes, 8⅝ x 11 inches
Volume One, 384 pages; Volume Two, 400 pages
Illustrated with sixty full-page plates
Bound in brown buckram, gold stamped, boxed

$45.00

Stanford University Press



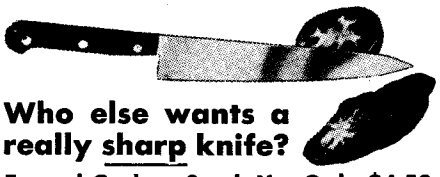
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rostow on the Age of High Mass Consumption
Galbraith on Social Balance and Problems of National Security
Heller on Economic Stabilization
Bell on the U.S. Aid Program
Tobin on Taxation

These are among the major policy makers of the Kennedy administration whose writings are included in this comprehensive new anthology.

THE ECONOMISTS OF THE NEW FRONTIER
Edited by
B. H. WILKINS & C. B. FRIDAY
$5.95 now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

Christmas Seals
mean happier homes
and healthier people



Who else wants a really sharp knife?

Forged Carbon Steel, Yet Only $4.50

Think they don't make sharp knives any more? This one is different. Try it at our risk.

The remarkable PRO Chef's knife is not made of stainless steel. The blade is not scalloped or saw-toothed. Instead, it is razor keen, high carbon cutlery steel — forged, ground and oil tempered.

You cannot buy this knife in any store. But thousands of professional chefs use it as their valued kitchen "work horse."

Still Sharp As Ever in 1973?

It is high carbon steel that makes the difference. The PRO is so sharp you can thin-slice even ripe tomatoes and fresh bread—carve rare chuck as if it were the finest tenderloin—chop and mince vegetables like lightning with a simple rocking motion.

And a few occasional swipes on steel or stone can keep your PRO factory sharp for ten, even twenty years!

Try It For 30 Days At Our Risk

Use the PRO yourself for 30 days. Your money back if it isn't the best knife in the house!

Heavy 8-inch blade, rosewood handle, solid brass rivets. Price $4.50 or, when you order two or more $4.25 each. Send check, cash or money order. We pay postage. ©

Write to: Dept. 98-A, Concord Products
45 West State St., Westport, Conn.

a certain leverage on behalf of his own music, but not a great deal. Sheer necessity kept him going.

He was made an officer of the Legion of Honor and a member of the Institute, but his ideals were out of key with the times. The young Romanticism of the 1830's faded out and dissolved into the red-plush, soft-seat era of the Second Empire and then the First Reich, ideal for Wagner's emollient harmonies but inhospitable to the hard, lean sounds of Berlioz. A poorly staged and incomplete version of his operatic masterpiece, *Les Troyens,* was produced in 1863 at the Théâtre-Lyrique and ran for twenty-two performances, a Berlioz record. "Look, they are coming," a friend said to the sixty-one-year-old composer one evening as they watched the theatre filling up. And his reply: "Yes, but I am going."

ALMOST IMMEDIATELY after his death in 1869 his music went into eclipse. Following the defeat of France by Prussia in 1871, Wagner became the man of the hour and of "the future." Though he sometimes acknowledged his vast debt to Berlioz, he was never interested in furthering any career but his own. His followers attacked Berlioz as a "rascal" and a "traitor" for having failed to join Liszt as an ardent apostle of Wagnerism—though Berlioz, born in 1803, was ten years older than Wagner and had nearly completed his career before his rival had produced much of significance.

As for the anti-Wagnerians, they tended to lump Berlioz's scores together with Liszt's and Wagner's as "meager music with a weak kernel decked out in the most magnificent orchestral purple," as Eduard Hanslick wrote in Vienna. He was too unmannerly for the Victorians. "There is a portion of Berlioz's work from which many of his admirers recoil with instinctive aversion," wrote Edward Dannreuther in London in 1879. "One must draw the line somewhere, and the writer would draw it on the hitherside of such movements as the Orgies which form the finales of the *Symphonie Fantastique* and *Harold in Italy,* or the Chorus of Devils in *The Damnation of Faust.*" Duly warned, the London Philharmonic put off giving its first performance of the *Fantastique* until 1895, and drew the line at *Harold* (which Berlioz had conducted as a guest of the Philharmonic in 1853) until 1900. By then they were playing ten of Wagner's works to every one of Berlioz's.

The amount of nonsense written about him grew to ridiculous proportions around the turn of the century. Daniel Gregory Mason told American music lovers that Berlioz "was a man of overweening vanity and egotism, often blind to the needs of those around him; an uncertain friend, a spiteful enemy, an intolerable husband." It would have taken an afternoon's research to discover that he was actually a man of great modesty and quiet dignity, a loyal friend, a generous enemy, inclined to forgiveness, and as a husband about average.

Whatever the public may have been led to believe, there was no lack of composers willing to learn from him. Moussorgsky and the "Mighty Five" adopted his vibrant tone colors and his transparent, modal harmonies. In Germany, both Mahler and Strauss lifted several useful pages from Berlioz's treatise on orchestration. The most indefatigable revivalist was Felix Weingartner, who discovered "this ideal flaming soul with his gentle and loving heart" and undertook to edit the first collected edition of his works. When Weingartner announced the *Fantastique* for his first concert in Berlin, the director of the Court Theatre, Count Hochberg, threw up his hands in horror and exclaimed, "But why pick such a terrible piece for your debut, of all things?" Weingartner had "an absolutely unheard-of success," but the count still refused to discuss any other Berlioz project because he was too "modern." That was in 1891, sixty-one years after the symphony's Paris premiere.

In France, Berlioz was so consistently neglected that the sponsors of a festival to mark the fiftieth anniversary of his death had to abandon their plans because the scores were out of print and it was too soon after the First World War to ask the German publishers for help. Ferruccio Busoni, the founder of neo-classicism, was the first to state unequivocally what many had already

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

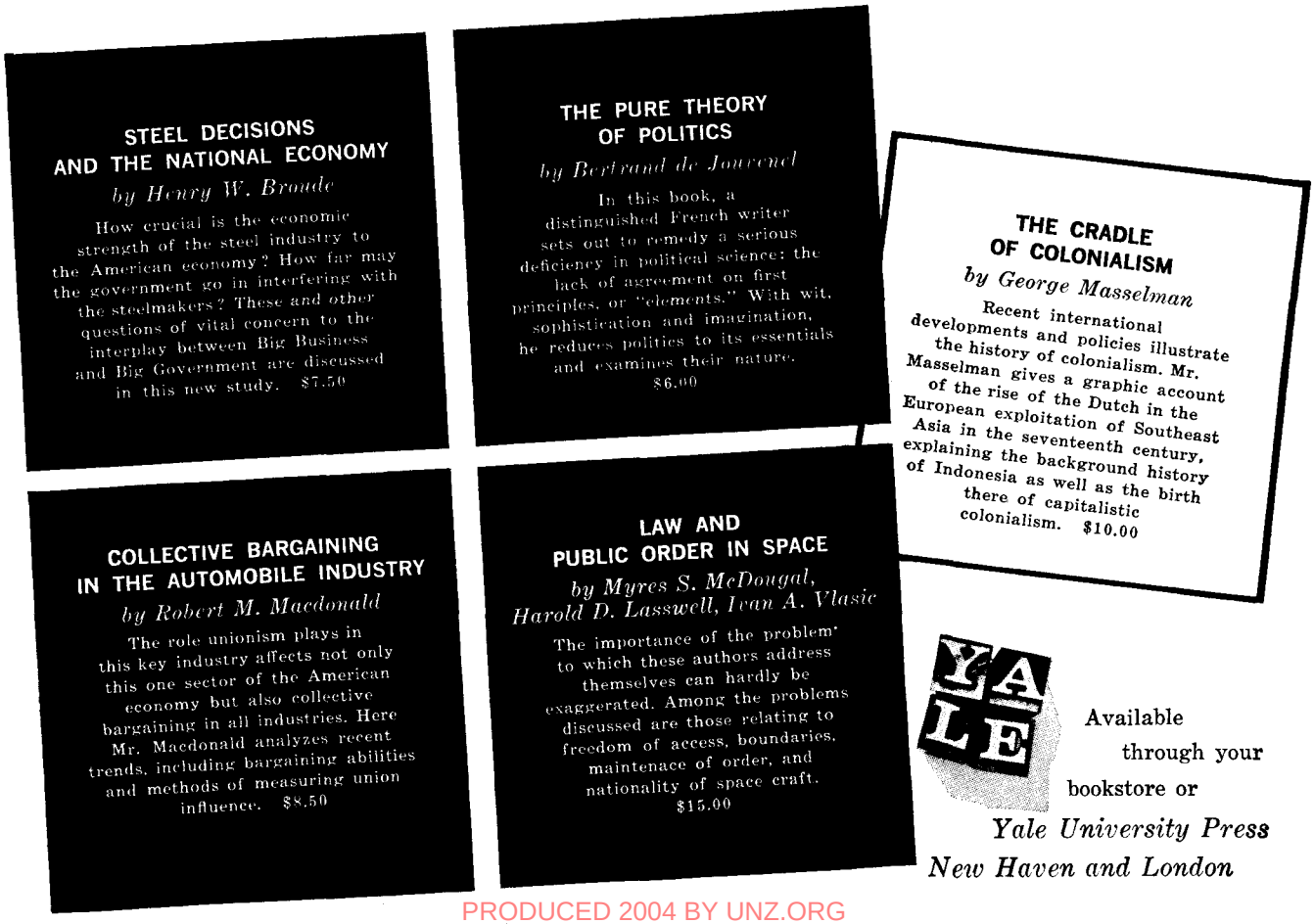
suspected but dared not utter for fear of musical excommunication—that it is Berlioz who ranks as the giant of the century, after Beethoven; that not Wagner but Berlioz "had pointed the way for unknown generations."

In the 1930's young composers of *La Jeune France,* including André Jolivet and Olivier Messiaen, rallied under Berlioz's banner to pursue "the road upon which the master once took his obdurate course." The British critics gradually changed: W. J. Turner, for example, now granted him "a place near Beethoven and Mozart in my affections."

A distorted image of Berlioz persisted largely because his first full-length biographer, Adolphe Boschot, made him look preposterous and hysterical. Among other things, Boschot impugned the reliability of the Berlioz *Memoirs.* Written without the aid of a research department, it is sometimes mistaken on dates or places, but otherwise as trustworthy as the unassisted memory can make it. Boschot magnified the errors and added a few of his own, giving other writers the impression that Berlioz was a habitual tale-spinner. As a result, the standard English-language edition of this vivid and honest autobiography is freighted with Ernest Newman's misleading footnotes to the effect that the author was an inventor of "extravagances" with a "talent for picturesque fiction" whose "imagination outruns the facts."

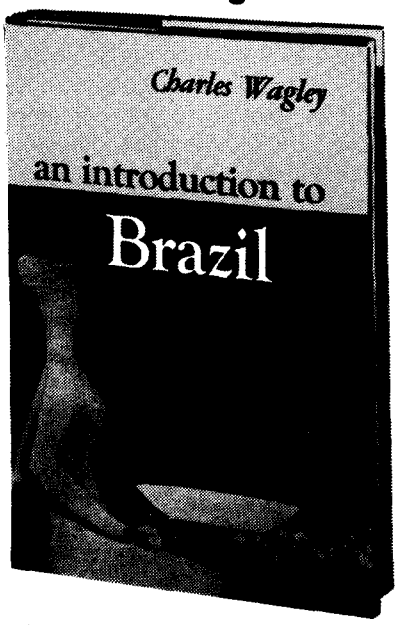
The record was not set straight until 1950, when Jacques Barzun published his two-volume *Berlioz and the Romantic Century.* It has played a major role in revising public and professional opinion about Berlioz. Barzun defends him brilliantly against the libels and misconceptions that had accumulated for more than a century.

THE PRINCIPAL FACTOR in the revival, of course, is that so many important conductors had had a special flair for Berlioz—including Toscanini, Monteux, Kleiber, Beecham, and Mitropoulos. Under Charles Munch the Boston Symphony presented a sort of continuous Berlioz Festival. The big choral works, *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Damnation of Faust,* have entered the standard repertoire; *L'Enfance du Christ* has become a Christmas perennial. In the concert hall, only a few discoveries remain to be made; at this year's Edinburgh Festival, the monodrama *Lélio* was successfully revised. Opera managers have still not heard of Berlioz. On records he enjoys a brilliant present and can expect a still more shining stereophonic future. Scherchen shows him to be the stereo composer *par excellence* in his Paris recording of the *Requiem* (Westminster), and there are some other notable issues by Monteux (the *Fantastique,* Victor), Bernstein (*Romeo,* Columbia) and Markevitch (*The Damnation,* Decca). Yehudi Menuhin plays the solo viola, Colin Davis conducts the Philharmonic Orchestra (London) in *Harold in Italy* (Angel). In a month's normal listening, an audiophile may hear more Berlioz than the composer heard in a lifetime. He would have enjoyed this Sisyphusian irony now that—with his 160th birthday arriving on December 11—his musical career has become nearly all he could wish it to be.


STEEL DECISIONS AND THE NATIONAL ECONOMY
by Henry W. Broude
How crucial is the economic strength of the steel industry to the American economy? How far may the government go in interfering with the steelmakers? These and other questions of vital concern to the interplay between Big Business and Big Government are discussed in this new study. $7.50
THE PURE THEORY OF POLITICS
by Bertrand de Jouvenel
In this book, a distinguished French writer sets out to remedy a serious deficiency in political science: the lack of agreement on first principles, or "elements." With wit, sophistication and imagination, he reduces politics to its essentials and examines their nature. $6.00
THE CRADLE OF COLONIALISM
by George Masselman
Recent international developments and policies illustrate the history of colonialism. Mr. Masselman gives a graphic account of the rise of the Dutch in the European exploitation of Southeast Asia in the seventeenth century, explaining the background history of Indonesia as well as the birth there of capitalistic colonialism. $10.00
COLLECTIVE BARGAINING IN THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY
by Robert M. Macdonald
The role unionism plays in this key industry affects not only this one sector of the American economy but also collective bargaining in all industries. Here Mr. Macdonald analyzes recent trends, including bargaining abilities and methods of measuring union influence. $8.50
LAW AND PUBLIC ORDER IN SPACE
by Myres S. McDougal, Harold D. Lasswell, Ivan A. Vlasic
The importance of the problems to which these authors address themselves can hardly be exaggerated. Among the problems discussed are those relating to freedom of access, boundaries, maintenance of order, and nationality of space craft. $15.00
YALE
Available through your bookstore or
Yale University Press
New Haven and London

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just published—a first-hand account of the nation that is rapidly becoming our most crucial neighbor...



Ignorance about Brazil and its significance in the present and future on the international scene has become almost a danger to our nation.

Here is a carefully drawn profile based on years of on-the-spot research and experience. This book is both a description and an analysis of regional varieties within Brazil and of a wide range of Brazilian institutions. It provides a rare look at the unity within the great range of Brazilian diversity, and attempts to explain why and how the country was able to develop from the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century sugar-cane plantation of the northeast to the dynamic industrialism of the region bounded by Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo and to the creation of Brasilia, its dazzling new capital and symbol of Brazil's emergence in the Americas and in the world as a modern nation-state.

Professor Wagley shows how climate, topography, general ecology, industrialization, ethnic origin and historical accident have affected specific features of the country's character; and, in a provocative last chapter, "If I Were A Brazilian," he steps out of his role as an objective observer to capture an individual's direct involvement with the present trends in Brazil and what they may mean in the future.

The result is a much-needed critical review and analysis—a meaningful and timely introduction to the Brazilian community and its people. $5.95 at all bookstores

AN INTRODUCTION TO BRAZIL
by Charles Wagley
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

BOOKS

In Defense of a Friend

XAM ILOCSA

THE MCLANDRESS DIMENSION, by Mark Epernay. *Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.*

It has been in the making for quite a while, this anti-intellectual, anti-Harvard, slanderous campaign. In fact, there have already been a number of attacks against the eminent men of this generation who, from the banks of the Charles River, have enlightened our country with their ever-available political wisdom; proved how, at one and the same time, a scholar can be a dilettante, a specialist a generalist; and how authors of best-sellers can eagerly impose on themselves the disembodiment of the ghost writer. Indeed, much of the eloquence in recent Presidential elections has come from Harvard and MIT, for it is largely due to men from these two faculties that the soulful rhythm of Adlai Stevenson's prose has turned into the cadence of John F. Kennedy's self-balancing sentences.

This little book, however, is not a lowbrow, Birchite attack. Internal evidence gives strong indication of an inside job. The author, Mark Epernay, is kept anonymous on the dust jacket by the broadest of qualifications: "a distinguished observer of politico-economic trends." The hero, Dr. Herschel McLandress, a "former Professor of Psychiatric Measurement at the Harvard Medical School and now chief consultant to the Noonan Psychiatric Clinic in Boston," shows the wicked nihilism of Mr. Epernay's fantasy. Briefly, he is the Harvard man who has taken over the country lock, stock, and barrel. He is the man who has found a way to grade, according to his quantitative criteria of measurement, the men and women to whom he is kind enough to attribute some quality or distinction. Epernay works exclusively on, and with, what he takes to be the elite, and for the rest, "the public be damned."

The Doctor not only sizes up those he considers prominent or representative but also determines the different ratings of the various professions and callings. More than once Mr. Epernay hints that the Doctor is not averse to tipping the scales for the benefit of those who want to improve their status by becoming his clients. He is the master PR man of our day, the respectable fixer available at unimaginable rates.

In his quiet way this operator has been gigantically successful: he is conditioning the reflexes of the elite and of the public at large by establishing his domain over a middle of the road that stretches from one extreme to the other, from gutter to gutter. Presumably, he has been smart enough not to move to Washington, and not a word is said about his connections with the White House. But he must have control over the Executive branch; otherwise how could he have automated the State Department and the whole conduct of our foreign policy, thereby reducing all our diplomats, high and low, to technological unemployment, and forcing our eminent Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, to join Chip Bohlen on the picket line, where all those poor people keep marching up and down without any prospect of a Federal retraining program?

Toward the end of the book, the tale becomes even more grotesque. A stock-market operator, having duly consulted Dr. McLandress, corners the wealth of the United States. Every dream of an affluent society is banished forever. There is not even an oligopoly as a countervailing power to check or restrain the affluent individual. Neither is there any prospect that the public sector of the economy will be enlarged.

At this point, we have to say it: this whole book is a shocking parody of the most gifted, articulate economics writer our country has—John Kenneth Galbraith. What Galbraith called conventional wisdom

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GIFTS THAT REFLECT KNOWING TASTE = **OXFORD** BOOKS

CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM *by* CHRISTOPHER RAND captures the sight, sound, and pageantry of the modern Holy Land, where Christmas comes three times a year. Maps. $4.00

GRECIAN CALENDAR *by* CHRISTOPHER RAND. "An utterly charming record of a year's sojourn."—*Chicago Tribune*. "A volume to taste, enjoy, refer to, and keep."— *N. Y. Times Book Review*. Maps. $4.75

THE POETRY OF W. H. AUDEN *by* MONROE K. SPEARS. The only comprehensive, critical, and historical study prepared with Auden's co-operation. "The best book by anybody about a living poet." — ALLEN TATE. $6.75

THE POETRY OF ROBERT FROST *by* REUBEN A. BROWER. "One of the few books to do full justice to Frost's absolutely terrifying sophistication." — *Saturday Review*. $5.75

THE GATES OF HORN *by* HARRY LEVIN. A critical study of five French realists — Balzac, Stendhal, Flaubert, Zola, and Proust. "We have had no work quite like it since Edmund Wilson's *Axel's Castle*." — LEON EDEL. $8.50

THE OXFORD BOOK OF GARDEN FLOWERS is as useful as it is beautiful. Organized by seasons, it explains the culture of annuals and perennials not only for the usual border but also shady beds, north walls, miniature gardens, and window boxes. "The color reproductions of some 500 garden plants are superb."— *Popular Gardening*. $8.00

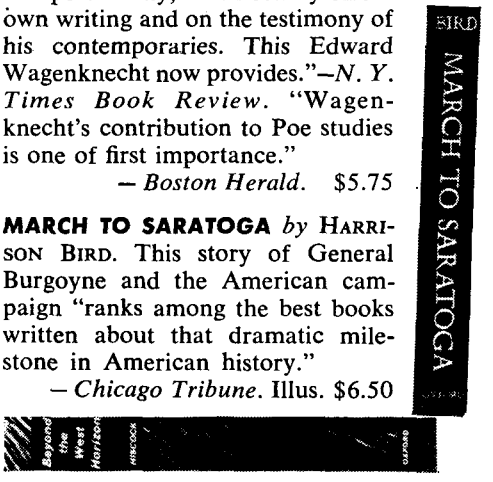
CHATEAUX OF THE LOIRE *by* JACQUES LEVRON is the newest in the highly prized *Les Beaux Pays* series of travel books, and it evokes a region whose popularity never grows dim. 179 gravure illustrations. $10.00

BEYOND THE WEST HORIZON *by* ERIC C. HISCOCK. The author and his wife have sailed around the world in a 30-foot yacht not once but twice — an achievement probably unique. The story of their second voyage is illustrated with 49 of Mr. Hiscock's splendid color photographs. $6.75

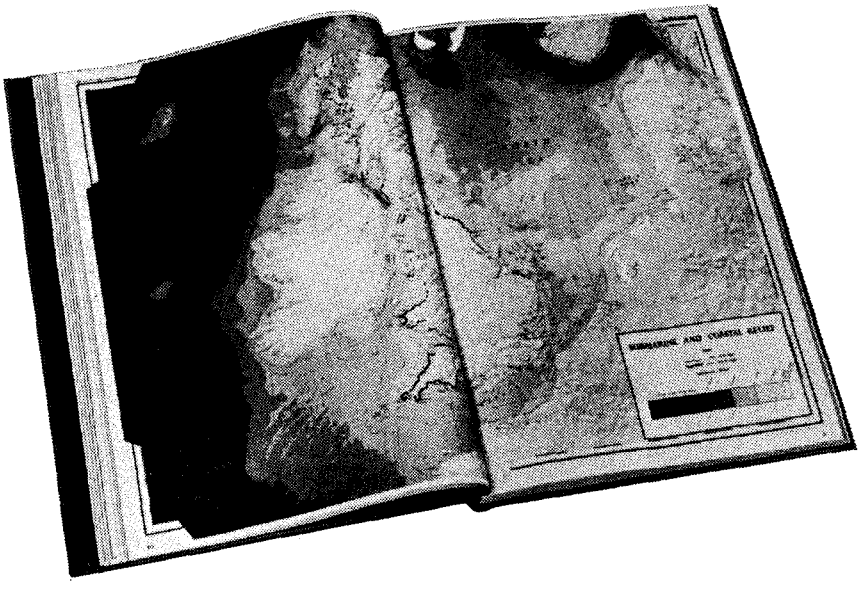
ON SNOW AND ROCK *by* GASTON REBUFFAT. One of the most remarkable mountaineers of our time provides precise instructions, written and pictorial, on the technique with which to meet every possible situation in serious climbing. 15 full-color and 295 monochrome plates. $10.00

EDGAR ALLAN POE *by* EDWARD WAGENKNECHT. "It is high time for an objective study of Poe's character and personality, based solidly on his own writing and on the testimony of his contemporaries. This Edward Wagenknecht now provides."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*. "Wagenknecht's contribution to Poe studies is one of first importance." — *Boston Herald*. $5.75

MARCH TO SARATOGA *by* HARRISON BIRD. This story of General Burgoyne and the American campaign "ranks among the best books written about that dramatic milestone in American history." — *Chicago Tribune*. Illus. $6.50



-and for a special few

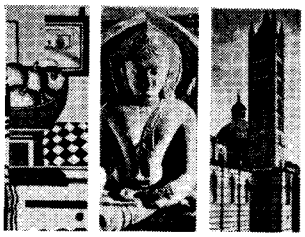


The Atlas of Britain
AND NORTHERN IRELAND

This superb new national atlas maps all the material resources of the United Kingdom within one great volume. In scope and presentation it can be said to establish a new standard for works of its kind. 200 map pages, using up to 12 printing colors, with notes; 24-page Gazetteer; gridded transparent overlay for accurate cross-reference. 20½ x 15½". Quarter Leather binding. $100.00

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
New York

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



KEYS TO ART

Text by JOHN CANADAY

Designed by Marcel Jacno

Over 370 photo-illustrations and tipped-in color plates, with a deeply perceptive text by the art critic of *The New York Times*. A brilliantly-planned tour of some of the world's most arresting painting, sculpture and architecture – all prime keys to the art of seeing art. 9" x 11¼", beautifully printed and bound in France. 12.50

At your bookseller or from
TUDOR PUBLISHING COMPANY
221 Park Ave. So., New York 3

TREAT *Your* TASTE TO THESE *rare* TEAS

	Canisters 1 lb	½ lb
Darjeeling	$2.85	$1.50
India Blend	2.60	1.38
Fancy Flowery Ceylon	3.15	1.65
Assam	3.00	1.58
English Breakfast	2.65	1.40
Imperial Russian Style	3.05	1.60
Irish Style	2.90	1.53
Smoky Lapsang Souchong	4.00	2.08
Smoky Special Mixture. (Earl Grey Style)	3.75	1.95
Pinhead Gunpowder	2.80	1.48
Young Hyson	2.90	1.53
Green P. F. Japan	2.55	1.35
Uncolored B. F. Japan	2.55	1.35
Formosa Oolong	2.95	1.55
Jasmine	3.95	2.05
Mixed Bl.-Gr.-Oolong	2.70	1.43

Discover your favorite among these exotic teas—ACCLAIMED by CONNOISSEURS and FOOD EDITORS the COUNTRY OVER for distinctive flavor and heart-warming satisfaction.

SPECIAL!

CARAVEL "*Taste Test*" ASSORTMENT

Here is an "Adventure in Flavor" for Tea lovers . . . 16 red and gold-lacquered trial-size tins of all the above listed Teas – 10 to 12 cupfuls in each.

Only $2.95

A GRAND GIFT! Your gift orders handled carefully and handsomely packaged on request. No extra charge. Satisfaction guaranteed.

32nd YEAR

"Serving America's Finest Families"
CARAVEL COFFEE CO.
37-60—77th St. Dept. A
Jackson Heights 72, L.I., N.Y.

has been stretched so far, to such a point of irresistible coercion, that convention has turned into automatism. Galbraith certainly never intended that any kind of broadly accepted wisdom should mean robotization—not even the one he brilliantly argued some years ago and that is now conventional. Repeatedly he has reassured us in the most persuasive way that every great accumulation of power inevitably determines a countervailing reaction that restores a tolerable balance.

And here we had better stop, for we don't want to get emotional. We must say quite candidly that we feel like picketing Houghton Mifflin with placards reading EPERNAY IS UNFAIR TO GALBRAITH; DR. MCLANDRESS IS UNFAIR TO NEW FRONTIERSMEN. We say as clearly and loudly as we can: this little book has in no way shaken or dimmed the abiding confidence we have in Galbraith.

New Ways In Architecture

HILTON KRAMER

THE ARCHITECTURE OF FANTASY: Utopian Building and Planning in Modern Times, by Ulrich Conrads and Hans G. Sperlich. Translated, edited, and expanded from the German by Christiane Crasemann Collins and George R. Collins. *Praeger. $16.*

ARCHITECTURE OF SKIDMORE, OWINGS & MERRILL, 1950-1962. Text by Ernst Danz, translated from the German by Ernst van Haagen. Introduction by Henry Russell Hitchcock. *Praeger. $18.75.*

Modern architecture in its early phase was more productive of projects and ideas than of actual buildings. It has thus stored up a reservoir of conceptual possibilities that architects will continue to draw on for years to come. Some of these possibilities lie glittering on the surface of current architectural practice, more often reaching us in cheapened and bowdlerized form than in a true realization of their original aims, while others lie deeply buried in old documents and diagrams and in a few living memories, as hidden from the general view as some stratum of geologic time that has not yet been excavated. For the public at large, modern architecture may still mean only the glass-enclosed geometric spaces of the so-called International Style, but in actuality this style represents only one—though, of course, a crucial one—of the many revolutionary concepts that modern designers have contributed to architectural thought. This limited understanding of architectural modernism is changing, however, and the main agency of the change is the altered perspective of those designers who have grown dissatisfied with the now standard procedures of a largely business-oriented mode of building.

As more of our architectural luminaries turn away from the austerities of the International Style and others who have always remained remote from its basic premises come forward to claim more public attention, the history of modern design is itself being rewritten to accommodate a more diverse range of interests and ideas. Architectural history, far from being a disinterested examination of the past, is once again taking its cue from the temper of the time in which it is written. Under the guise of recounting history, skillful writers are effecting some meaningful shifts of emphasis and taste, and are thus producing, albeit obliquely, a wide-ranging criticism of accepted ideas. Such historians, by reaching into the past for concepts and precedents on which they believe the future should be built, appeal to us less as archivists than as committed advocates and prophets.

The Architecture of Fantasy is architectural history in this prophetic mode. Conceived in opposition to accepted—and in the eyes of its authors, outmoded and retrograde—tastes, and executed with both scholarly finesse and a dry polemical skill, the book provides an amazing tour of the rich storehouse of far-out ideas that the past hundred years have bequeathed to the architectural imagination. These ideas take, physically, nearly every shape the mind can conceive, and their audacious creators do not always stop short even of the physically impossible. Here is the German designer Hermann Finsterlin loudly condemning

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"the necessary but dreadful horizontal," by which he means not only a building's over-all profile but the very floor under our feet. To be sure, not all the designers represented in *The Architecture of Fantasy* are in such flagrant revolt against the laws of gravity, but they are alike in their willingness to question practically all the conventional assumptions about the way buildings should look and function. We are given houses in the shape of elephants, and all manner of caves, lanterns, labyrinths, mazes, spirals, and spheres, as well as a good many less definable shapes and spaces. Included are buildings that call for the most exacting feats of structural engineering alongside others that are conceived in open rebellion against the whole idea of mechanistic necessity; buildings whose interiors are as shadowless as a slide under a microscope and others as murky as a coal mine; structures that embrace the earth with the force of a botanical or geological growth and others that pridefully eschew the least semblance of organic form in their visionary artifice.

NOT ALL of these fantastic conceptions are utopian in the sense of lying outside the scope of present architectural realities. A few, like the lovely "residence for a lover of plants" designed by the American Bruce Goff and built in Norman, Oklahoma, in the 1950's—a house that does for plant life more or less what Frank Lloyd Wright's "Falling Water" did a quarter century ago for the waterfall—can already be numbered among the building marvels of our own postwar period. But for the most part they remain daring but unrealized possibilities. Conceived either as a romantic revolt against the routinization of modern life and its systematized mundane structures or as attempts to elevate this very systematization to a more exalted spiritual plane, the architecture of fantasy has paid the price that all modes of idealistic criticism pay to obdurate reality: it must stand by and see many of its best ideas diluted and absorbed into safe and established procedures while its fundamental ambitions go unfulfilled.

A small but telling example of this

New Portraits of Africa

FIVE AFRICAN STATES: Responses to Diversity

The Congo, Dahomey, the Cameroun Federal Republic, the Rhodesias and Nyasaland, South Africa

Edited by GWENDOLEN M. CARTER

IN the whole of Africa, it would be difficult to find five states that differ more widely in character and background. Yet each, despite internal dissension resulting from racial or ethnic division and historical circumstance, is characterized by a quest for unity.

To study these countries side by side is to gain insight into the forces present in most African countries and, indeed, in most developing states the world over.

728 pages, maps, tables, $10.00

AFRICAN ONE-PARTY STATES

Tunisia, Senegal, Guinea, the Ivory Coast, Liberia, Tanganyika

Edited by GWENDOLEN M. CARTER

IT is usually assumed that if only one political party exists within a country, a totalitarian state is inevitable. In fact, this is not the case—at least, not in the six African states studied, where the drive toward unity, so characteristic of Africa, creates pressure for a single-party, but not necessarily authoritarian, state.

The authors suggest that a new and broader definition of democracy is necessary, and that we should beware of judging newly evolving structures by traditional political models. *513 pages, map, chart, tables,* $8.00

CORNELL UNIVERSITY PRESS

124 Roberts Place, Ithaca, New York

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRY NEW
KAYWOODIE PIPE TOBACCO
YOU'LL LIKE IT
Send for free sample and pipe booklet, Kaywoodie Pipes, N. Y. 22

EUROPE
An unregimented trip stressing individual freedom. Low cost yet covers all the usual plus places other tours miss. Unless the standard tour is a "must" for you, discover this unique tour before you go to Europe.
EUROPE SUMMER TOURS
255 Sequoia, Dept. R—Pasadena, California

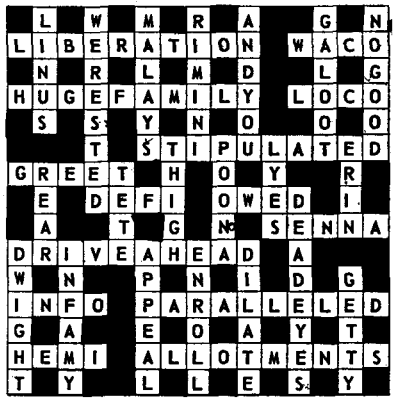
"The most learned and the most intelligent... the most stimulating and fascinating book that has ever set out to recount and explain the whole history of mankind." – H. R. TREVOR-ROPER, *New York Times Book Review*

THE RISE OF THE WEST
William H. McNeill
Beautifully illustrated, $12.50
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
Chicago and London

Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #89



Acrostician—

EASTLAND

kind of absorption can be found in the handsome new book devoted to the *Architecture of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, 1950-1962*. In the enormous office building designed by SOM (as this firm is known the world over) for the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company in Bloomfield, Connecticut—a low, glass-enclosed, strictly rectilinear structure set in a 280-acre park—the four inner courts are provided with gardens designed by the sculptor Noguchi, in which stone, gravel, water, and plants are disposed in free-form, rather Hans Arp-ish patterns to supply some visual and psychological relief from what is indeed "the necessary but dreadful horizontal" that completely dominates the very sleek and efficient design. It was, of course, out of such free-form shapes that expressionist architects like Finsterlin wished to design whole structures —whole worlds, really—but such utopian dreams have passed into the realm of our practicable building economy mainly in the form of ameliorating details and decorative accents without being allowed to modify basic conceptions.

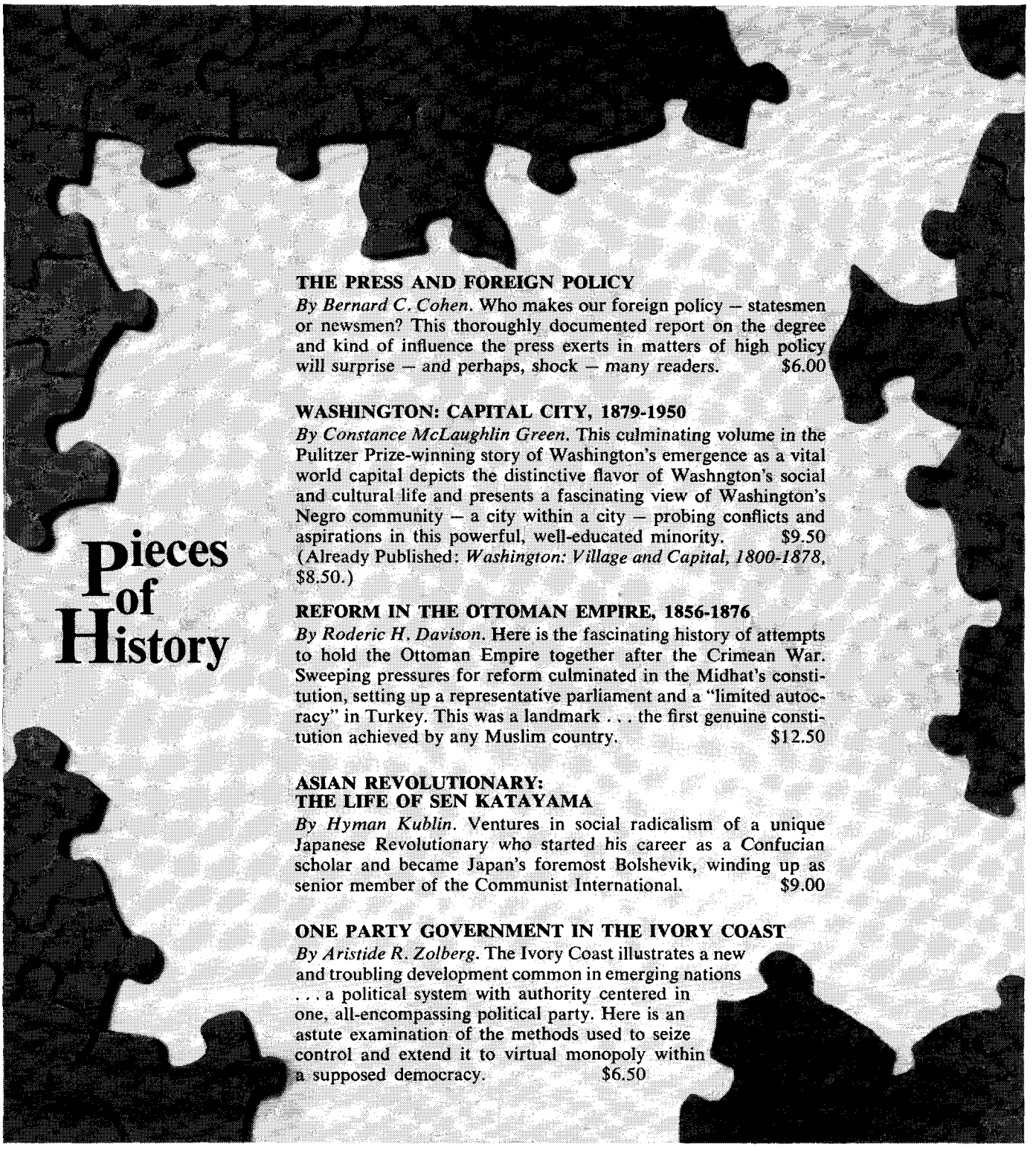
After the wonders of *The Architecture of Fantasy*, the recent accomplishments of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill—such buildings as Lever House and the Chase Manhattan Bank building in New York, the Crown Zellerbach building in San Francisco, and the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs—come as a sudden drop out of the stratosphere of the imagination back into a less interesting but clearly recognizable world.

Where the visionaries take us into the future as well as show us some oddities of the past—anywhere, in fact, but where we are, face to face with the office blocks and apartment projects that deaden our minds and oppress our spirits—SOM epitomizes the commercial building boom of the past decade. Here poetry is kept at a distance, and we are given instead the kind of prose, immensely lucid and intelligent, that an enlightened bureaucracy in full possession of advanced technological information and the latest good taste can produce at its best. There is something essentially Philistine about the majority of SOM buildings, but theirs at least is a Philistinism of a peculiarly modern kind, living on easy terms with both abstract painting and the executive temperament and able to provide them with a comfortable meeting ground.

This is undoubtedly the reason why SOM has been so astonishingly successful. Its designs have virtually set the pattern of responsible commercial building in this country since the early 1950's. Professor Hitchcock says of Lever House, built in 1951-1952, that "It opened both aesthetically and technically a new stage in the design of office buildings," and one must add that it accomplished this feat not with any large creative statement but by adapting a good deal of what difficult genius, mainly that of Mies van der Rohe, Gropius, and Le Corbusier, had already made available. In the hands of SOM designers, the audacities of the modern movement have been neatly adjusted to the needs of a commercial civilization that has found good taste to be an essential ingredient in its recipe for success. Studying an SOM building is therefore a bit like reading the *New Yorker:* you marvel at all the talent, and then you marvel at how little difference it makes.

IT IS SOBERING to realize that the utopians and the SOM designers are alike in deriving many of their ideas from common sources. The incredibly fecund and exciting movements that flourished in Germany before and after the First World War, centering mainly in expressionism and then the Bauhaus, provided in large measure the aesthetic matrix of a good deal of what one sees reproduced in both of these books. But in an art as ineluctably social as architecture the aesthetic factor is always modified, and at times drastically changed, by the social values the designer is obliged to satisfy. The utopians, working under the impetus of the anarchist and pacifist, socialist and futurist ideologies of the period, set out to remake the world, socially no less than architecturally. Their failure to fulfill their aims is thus part of the larger failure of the whole radical movement to impose its ideal vision on modern Europe and America. In the process of working out the specifically archi-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Pieces of History

THE PRESS AND FOREIGN POLICY
By Bernard C. Cohen. Who makes our foreign policy – statesmen or newsmen? This thoroughly documented report on the degree and kind of influence the press exerts in matters of high policy will surprise – and perhaps, shock – many readers. $6.00

WASHINGTON: CAPITAL CITY, 1879-1950
By Constance McLaughlin Green. This culminating volume in the Pulitzer Prize-winning story of Washington's emergence as a vital world capital depicts the distinctive flavor of Washngton's social and cultural life and presents a fascinating view of Washington's Negro community – a city within a city – probing conflicts and aspirations in this powerful, well-educated minority. $9.50
(Already Published: *Washington: Village and Capital, 1800-1878,* $8.50.)

REFORM IN THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE, 1856-1876
By Roderic H. Davison. Here is the fascinating history of attempts to hold the Ottoman Empire together after the Crimean War. Sweeping pressures for reform culminated in the Midhat's constitution, setting up a representative parliament and a "limited autocracy" in Turkey. This was a landmark . . . the first genuine constitution achieved by any Muslim country. $12.50

ASIAN REVOLUTIONARY: THE LIFE OF SEN KATAYAMA
By Hyman Kublin. Ventures in social radicalism of a unique Japanese Revolutionary who started his career as a Confucian scholar and became Japan's foremost Bolshevik, winding up as senior member of the Communist International. $9.00

ONE PARTY GOVERNMENT IN THE IVORY COAST
By Aristide R. Zolberg. The Ivory Coast illustrates a new and troubling development common in emerging nations . . . a political system with authority centered in one, all-encompassing political party. Here is an astute examination of the methods used to seize control and extend it to virtual monopoly within a supposed democracy. $6.50

Nearly 100 art scholars explore nearly 1000 years of art
STUDIES IN WESTERN ART: Acts of the Twentieth International Congress of the History of Art
Edited by Millard Meiss, et al

Volume I: **Romanesque and Gothic Art,** 80 plates. $8.50
Volume II: **Renaissance and Mannerism,** 56 plates. $8.50
Volume III: **Latin American Art and the Baroque Period in Europe,** 56 plates. $8.50
Volume IV: **Problems of the 19th and 20th Centuries,** 48 plates. $8.50
The entire set, $30.00 (a $4.00 saving)

At your bookstore

Princeton University Press Princeton, New Jersey

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tectural components of this vision, however, the Bauhaus especially was concerned with systematizing certain technical and conceptual procedures and with making them universally applicable. As heirs to the Bauhaus, and to the International Style that grew out of it, designers like SOM's have shown how easily these procedures can be adapted to quite different social goals, and at the same time how vacant of meaning they can sometimes become when separated from the vision that prompted their original creation. In place of the passionate promises of the good life that were inherent in the ideas of the great architectural innovators, we have instead the ameliorating pleasures of good taste and tactful accommodation.

Ban the Pooh!

ROBERT S. GALLAGHER

THE POOH PERPLEX, by Frederick C. Crews. *Dutton. $2.95.*

The best way to catch a Heffalump, Pooh knew instinctively, was to place a HUNNY pot at the bottom of a very deep pit and wait. There is a danger, of course, that instead of a Heffalump, the cunning trap might attract an overeager graduate student in search of hidden meanings in the guileless fantasy of A. A. Milne. The only reason this hasn't happened yet is probably that the definitive thesis is still unwritten on the typographical imagery in the early poetry of Edgar A. Guest. And now it cannot happen because Frederick C. Crews has decisively smashed the HUNNY pot and with it a great deal of the critical pretense that has resulted from the publish-or-perish policy of our institutions of higher learning.

Unless Professor Crews can match his mental agility with physical prowess, he might well forgo this season's Modern Language Association trading session. For he has transformed the toothless Pooh into a snarling, gnawing, satirical beast nipping, sometimes savagely, at the growing abuses of academic research, or rather—as anyone who has ever multiplied his royalties by revising (i.e., rearranging the chapters) his textbook knows—what presently passes for academic research.

The author, professor of English at the University of California, Berkeley, produces a hilarious parody of literary criticism through the vehicle of the freshman casebook: a series of monographs lashed together all too often with an innocuous preface and puerile study-project questions after each selection.

In twelve skillfully constructed essays Professor Crews devastates, among others, the Freudian, Marxist, and New Critics, who would have us assume that ". . . the true meaning of the Pooh stories is not as simple as is usually believed . . . but for proper elucidation requires the combined efforts of several academicians of varying critical persuasions."

Dr. Crews's not-so-mythical essayists represent many persuasions. "We live in a free society where virtually any opinion may be defended," the author explains, tongue in cheek, in his introduction of Martin Tempralis, who in a moment of youthful indiscretion gazed at Milne through Marxian eyes. After urging the teacher to balance the selection by assigning J. Edgar Hoover's *Masters of Deceit* as outside reading, Dr. Crews further identifies Mr. Tempralis as a former New York journalist who "is now both publisher and editor of the Jackson [Miss.] *White Democrat*. In 1956 he was commended by a committee of the U.S. Senate for turning over his address book from the 1930's."

Naturally, the imaginary Mr. Tempralis had little trouble demonstrating that back in 1939 Milne was merely a bourgeois author of proletarian fables. He interprets, for instance, "Pooh's nightmare of endless Heffalumps making straight for his honey supply" as simply "the very image of proletarian revolution, of the workers arising in a concerted mass to seize the means of production from the jaded bourgeoisie." It follows then that Pooh's baited pit symbolizes an "imperialistic venture of bringing back a live Heffalump (subjecting and exploiting colonial peoples). . . ."

ANOTHER contributor is Myron Masterson, who probes Milne's alter ego in "Poisoned Paradise: The Underside of *Pooh*." Dr. Crews tells us that Masterson was born in Queens but prefers to describe "himself as 'a native son of the Old West—the *genuine* Old West.' By this he probably means the Colorado School of Mines, where he is the mainstay of the English Department when not traveling. A regular contributor to *Commentary* and the *Partisan Review*, Mr. Masterson has been known as a distinguished American 'angry young man' for the past twenty years."

The thinly disguised Masterson can barely contain his scholarly glee at crushing Tigger, the capricious bouncer-pouncer of *The House at Pooh Corner*. Poor Tigger, "the embodiment of pure Dionysiac energy," has intruded into the "melancholy band of castrati" of Pooh & Co. "Bear in mind," Masterson warns, "that Tigger arrives *without a family*, indeed without any real certainty that there exist others of his species. Like Modern America, the Pooh-world is one in which a Whole Man must find himself alone, resented, and misunderstood." Class project: "Masterson's conclusions are found to arouse some disagreement, but we can all grant his point that Kanga is a 'Mom' figure, as he puts it. Write an essay on the importance of the American Mother in the home, in the community, and nation, and on the international scene today."

The Pooh Perplex is neatly timed for the Christmas-gift lists of thousands of Winnie's nostalgic fans, who need no knowledge of the vicissitudes of academic research to enjoy this hilarious spoof.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Transcendental Tax Dodge

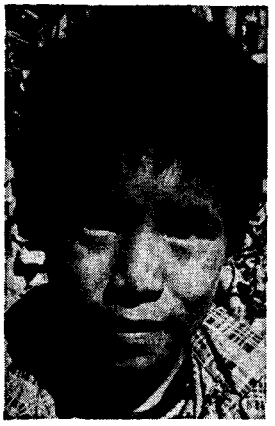
GERALD WEALES

THE COLD WAR AND THE INCOME TAX: A PROTEST, by Edmund Wilson. *Farrar, Straus. $2.95.*

One day in 1846, on his way from Walden Pond to pick up a shoe at the cobbler's, Thoreau was arrested for nonpayment of his poll tax. Although he paid other taxes—for roads, for instance—he had not paid this particular tax for several years on the theory that his refusal was a way of disassociating himself from the government of Massachusetts, of which he did not approve—primarily, as he later wrote, because it supported the institution of slavery and the Mexican War. He spent only one night in jail, hardly time to test his principles. Out of this experience came the essay "Civil Disobedience," which made little impression in its own time but which influenced Mahatma Gandhi and, through him, Martin Luther King.

ONE DAY in 1958, coming home after a journey, Edmund Wilson found a letter from the Internal Revenue office in Utica asking him when and where he had last filed an income-tax return. The question was prompted by the fact that he had filed no returns between 1946 and 1955, a delinquency which, he admits, "was due not to principle but to negligence." After five years of negotiation and what he likes to think of as harassment by the "despotic IRS system," an agreement was reached which was obviously not attractive to him but which might have been expected after a ten-year delinquency. Out of this experience came *The Cold War and the Income Tax*. At the risk of sounding like Emerson, who said he found Thoreau's conduct "mean and skulking," I would like to suggest that Wilson's little book is less a protest than a grumble.

A great many of the large and small things about which he complains deserve his and our disapprobation. The tax structure is frighten-



If you love children, your heart will go out to Tommy Littleraven, a 9-year-old American Indian boy who is attending school off the reservation for the first time. Going to school in town frightens Tommy. He is afraid that his non-Indian schoolmates are laughing at his tattered clothing, at his faulty English.

He yearns to join the school club, buy personal books, clothing, go out for a soda with the other boys. But his parents are too poor to give him pocket money. And so Tommy wanders off by himself and dreams that someday he will have the money to do what his non-Indian schoolmates do.

if you love children

Make a dream come true! You, your school or group can make this dream come true for an Indian child like Tommy. Contribute $10 a month and provide one Indian youngster with suitable clothing, personal books and a cash allowance. You will receive the photograph and story of the child you help and enjoy a warm person-to-person relationship through an exchange of letters. Please give one Indian youngster an even break—and the sense of security and confidence he needs to join the mainstream of American life.

Save the Children Federation is registered with the U. S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid and is a member of the International Union for Child Welfare

Serving Children for 32 Years
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute $120.00 annually to help an American Indian girl ☐ boy ☐
Enclosed is my first payment:
$10.00 a month ☐ $ 60.00 semi-annually ☐
$30.00 a quarter ☐ $120.00 annually ☐
I cannot sponsor a child, enclosed is contribution of $____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone_____ State_____
Contributions are income tax deductible. RE-12-5-3

MOVING?

So The Reporter can reach you at your new address without delay, please send notice of both your old and new address—four weeks in advance—to:

THE REPORTER
660 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

(A copy of your address label clipped to your notice would help)

Bernard B. Fall
The Two Viet-Nams
A Political and Military Analysis

"If there can be such a thing as an authoritative contemporary text on such a tangled and doubtful complex of problems,... this will be it."—VIRGINIA KIRKUS

PRAEGER at your bookstore $7.95

The new Columbia Encyclopedia is an ideal Christmas present

In one volume
$49.50 at all bookstores

SHIPMATES WANTED

To join beautiful sailing yacht for 10 days of barefoot beachcombing thru remote tropic islands. Your share about $185.

WRITE: CAP'N MIKE
P.O. BOX 1041-R
MIAMI BEACH, FLA., 33139

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

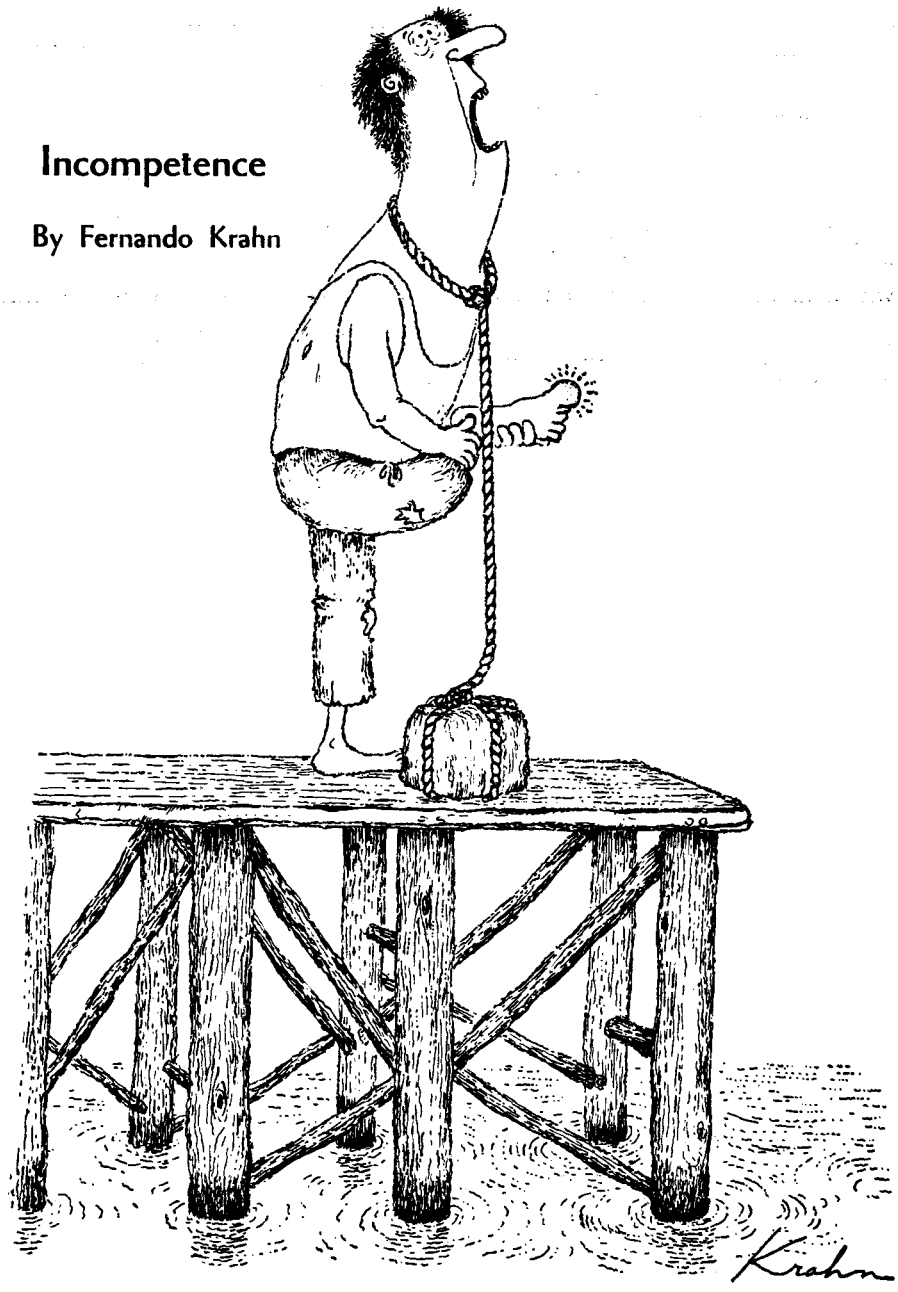
ingly complicated and it is obviously unfair—as in the case of the oil-depletion allowance. The mechanism of government has become so complicated, often pettifoggingly so, that the individual who has more than routine dealings with any branch of it is apt to find himself uncertain whom he is struggling with, although difficulties having to do with loyalty checks or the granting of contracts might better illustrate the new facelessness than Wilson's tax-delinquency case. After attacking government machinery, Wilson moves on to consider and to deplore the way American tax money is being spent. Here, too, it is easy to agree with or at least to sympathize with his point of view. It would be sensible to divert moon-shot money to education. It would be a good idea for the government to finance the publication of American classics in inexpensive, well-edited editions (as long as we're disposing of the tax money, I'd also like fifty-two government-supported professional repertory theatres, one in each state, the District of Columbia, and Puerto Rico). The experiments in biological warfare, as Wilson indicates, are revolting to anyone with a sense of decency or a respect for the human being.

THE DIFFICULTY with Wilson's book is implicit in the paragraph above. The mixture of so many kinds of protest, from the petty to the supremely important, reduces the whole to a kind of angry blancmange which, because of the book's personal impetus, has not even the taste of genuine protest. Wilson is more querulous than morally indignant. When he discusses his own affairs, he sends up an ink screen of extenuating circumstances that do indeed make him "seem naïve, and even stupid." An inescapable tone of outraged innocence runs all through the book, breaking into the open whenever Wilson remembers that the tax investigators seemed disinclined to believe what he told them. At the end, after discussing men like A. J. Muste and Maurice F. McCrackin, who are using refusal to pay taxes as a form of protest, he describes his own guess-I'll-go-eat-worms plan, which is "to outmaneuver this agreement, as well as the basic taxes themselves, by making as little money as possible and so keeping below taxable levels." Now that the lien has been lifted off his trust fund, it is doubtful that he will achieve this goal, but—even if he does—he will be taking his stand on a ground more protected than moral. *The Cold War and the Income Tax* is an unfortunate little book, bristling with hurt feelings, which does Edmund Wilson's reputation no good and which may do some harm to a number of causes that deserve better than to serve as ex post facto justification for avoiding taxes.

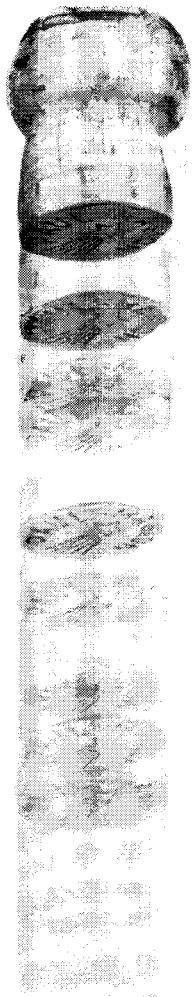
A few weeks ago, Joe Louis was on the Jack Paar TV program where he sang a duet with Pearl Bailey, an embarrassing performance made more so by a supposedly funny reference to his income-tax difficulties. Edmund Wilson may believe that his protest is in the tradition of Thoreau's "Civil Disobedience," but it is closer to the Joe Louis gag—not so much idealistic as pathetic.

Incompetence

By Fernando Krahn



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



By all means, but there is something you ought to know: there are two schools of thought on how to open a bottle of champagne. The Convivial, or New Year's Eve method, is as shown in the illustration. You work the cork up with your thumbs and then let 'er fly. The unofficial record for distance was achieved on Mardi gras 1962 at New Orleans when the cork from a Jeroboam (four-fifths of a gallon) of Paul Masson Champagne vaulted 34 feet, or 1 foot for each glass of California Champagne in the bottle.

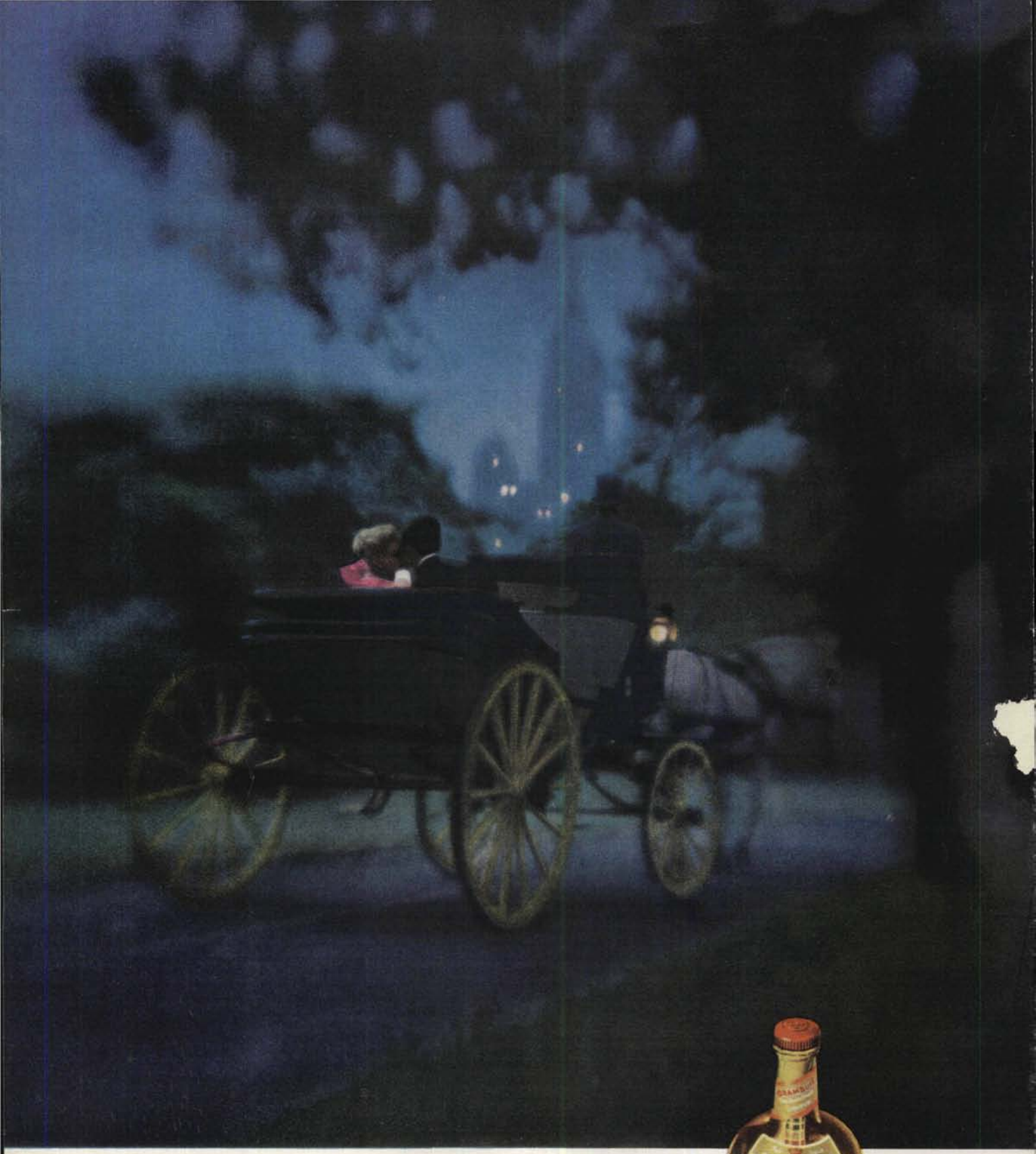
TONIGHT COULD BE THE NIGHT ?

The more discreet method, preferred by *sommeliers* and old family retainers is as follows: hold the bottle with one hand at a 45-degree angle and, with a napkin over the cork to firm up your grip, *twist* the bottle in one direction and the cork in the other until it comes free. There will be only a gentle, but emphatic, *shoosh*.

There's much to be said for each of these different styles, but the festive, delicious epilogue is the same in either case.

PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA
(Come visit us!)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Evenings that memories are made of—
so often include Drambuie

80 PROOF

After dinner, have a dram of Drambuie,
the cordial with the Scotch whisky base.

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED